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The Rt. Hon.ble JOHN Earle of Rochester,
&c. Born Ap. 1648. Died 26 July 1680.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN.

EARL of ROCHESTER:

Containing

POEMS

On SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

His Lordſhip's

LETTERS

To Mr. SAVIL and Mrs. ***

WITH

VALENTINIAN,

A TRAGEDY.

Never before Publiſhed together.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON at *Shakeſpear's* Head over-againſt *Katherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand.*

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

By Mr. *RYMER.*

AMongſt the Ancients, *Horace* deſervedly bears the Name from 'em all, for Occaſional Poems; many of which were addreſs'd to *Pollio*, *Mæcenas* and *Auguſtus* the greateſt Men, and the beſt Judges, and all his Poetry overlook'd by them. This made him of the Temper not to part with a Piece over-haſtily; but to bring his Matter to a review, to cool a little and think twice before it went out of his Hands.

On the contrary, my Lord *Rocheſter* was looſe from all Diſcipline of that kind. He found no body of Quality or a Severity ſo much above himſelf, to challenge a Deference, or to check the ordinary Licences of Youth, and impoſe on him the Obligation to copy over again, what on any Occaſion had not been ſo excellently deſign'd.

Nor did he live long enough for Maturity and cool Reflexions. He was born (as in his Life Dr. *Burnet* tells us) in 1648, and died 1680. At which Age of thirty two Years, *Horace* had done no Wonders, nor had attain'd to that *Curioſa Fœlicitas*, which ſo fairly diſtinguiſh'd him afterwards.

Neither had *Virgil* himſelf, at that Age, ventur'd out of the Woods, or attempted any thing beyond the *Roundelays* and Converſation of *Damon* and *Amaryllis*.

Nor indeed, when my Lord came to appear in the World, was *Poetry* at Court under any good Aſpect, unleſs it was notably flouriſh'd with Ribaldry and Debauch; which could not but prove of fatal Conſequence, to a Wit of his Gentleneſs and Complaiſance.

Far be it from me to inſinuate any thing like a Compariſon with the Ancients. Only we may obſerve, that no Stile or Turn of Thought came in his way, that he was not ready to improve. Something of *Ovid* he render'd into *Engliſh*, which is almoſt a Verbal Tranſlation that matches the Original. He has Paraphras'd ſomething of *Lucretius*

cretius and *Seneca*; and in his Verſes * *the Cup* he gives us *Anacreon* with the ſame Air and Gaiety: What is added, falls in ſo proper and ſo eaſy, one might queſtion whether my Lord *Rocheſter* imitates *Anacreon*, or *Anacreon* humours my Lord *Rocheſter*

* P. 27.

The *Satyr upon Man* is commonly taken to be a Tranſlation from *Boileau*. The *French* ordinarily compar'd their *Ronſards* and their *Malherbes* with *Virgil* and *Horace*: *Boileau* underſtands better. He has gone fartheſt to purge out the Chaff and Trifling ſo familiar in the *French* Poetry, and to ſettle a Traffick of good Senſe amongſt them. It may not be am'ſs to ſee ſome Lines of *Boileau* and of my Lord *Rocheſter* together, on the ſame Subject.

The PREFACE.

A Monſieur M———.

Docteur de SORB.

DE tous les Animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Qui marchent ſur la Terre, ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris *ou* Perou, *du* Japon *juſqu'à* Rome,
Le plus ſot animal, à mon avis, c'eſt l'Homme.
Quoi? dira-t-on d'abord, un ver, une ſourmi,
Un inſecte rampant qui ne vit qu'à demi,
Un taureau qui rumine, une chevre qui broute,
Ont l'eſprit mieux tourné que n'a l'homme oüi ſans doute.
Ce diſcours te ſurprend, Docteur, je l'apperçoi:
L'Homme de la Nature eſt le Chef & le Roy:
Bois, prez, champs, animaux, tout eſt pour ſon uſage;
Et lui ſeul a, dis-tu, la raiſon en partage.
Il eſt vrai, de tout temps la raiſon fut ſon lot!
Mais delà je conclus que l'Homme eſt plus Sot.

to the READER.

In ENGLISH: *By Mr.* OLDHAM.

OF all the Creatures in the World that be,
Beaſt, Fiſh or Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or fly,
Throughout the Globe, from London *to* Japan,
The arrant'ſt Fool in my Opinion's Man.
What (ſtraight I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
A tiny Mite which we can hardly ſee
Without a Perſpective, a ſilly Aſs,
Or freakiſh Ape? dare you affirm that theſe
Have greater Senſe than Man? Ay, queſtionleſs.
Doctor, I find you're ſhock'd at this Diſcourſe;
Man is, you cry, Lord of the Univerſe;
For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his Uſe and Aid;
To him alone, of all the Living Kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning Gift aſſign'd.
True, Sir, that Reaſon always was his Lot;
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

The PREFACE.

By my Lord *ROCHESTER*, thus.

WERE I (who to my Coſt already am,
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What ſort of Fleſh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo proud of being Rational.

It might vex a patient Reader, ſhould I go about very minutely to ſhew the Difference here betwixt theſe two Authors; 'tis ſufficient to ſet them together. My Lord *Rocheſter* gives us another Caſt of Thought, another Turn of Expreſſion, a Strength, a Spirit, and Manly Vigour, which the *French* are utter Strangers to. Whatever Giant *Boileau* may be in his own Country, he ſeems little more than a Man of Straw with my Lord *Rocheſter*.

What the former had expounded in a long-winded Circumference of Fourteen Lines, is here moſt happily expreſs'd within half the Compaſs. What work might that ſingle Couplet [*A Spirit free*, &c.] make for one that loves to dilate! Some able Commentator would hammer out of it all *Plato*, *Origen*, and *Virgil* too into the Bargain.

Where-

to the READER.

Whereſoever he Imitated or Tranſlated, was loſs to him: He had a Treaſure of his own; a Mine not to be exhauſted. His own Ore and Thoughts were rich and fine: His own Stamp and Expreſſion more neat and beautiful than any he could borrow or fetch from abroad.

No Imitation could bound or preſcribe whither his Flight ſhould carry him: Were the Subject light, you find him a Philoſopher, grave and profound, to Wonder: Were the Subject lumpiſh and heavy, then would his Mercury diſſolve all into Gaiety and Diverſion. You would take his *Monkey* for a Man of *Metaphyſicks* and his * *Gondibert* he ſends with all that Grimace to *demoliſh Windows*, or do ſome like *Important Miſchief*. * P. 66.

But, after all, what muſt be done for the Fair Sex? They confeſs a delicious Garden, but are told that *Venus* has her ſhare in the Ornamental Part and Imagery. They are afraid of ſome *Cupid* that levels at the next tender Dame that ſtands fair in the way; and muſt not expect a *Diana* or *Hippolitus* on every Pedeſtal.

For this matter the *Publiſher* aſſures us, he has been diligent out of meaſure, and has taken exceeding Care that every Block of Offence ſhould be remov'd.

So that this Book is a Collection of ſuch Pieces only, as may be receiv'd in a virtuous Court, and not unbecome the Cabinet of the ſevereſt Matron.

A

PASTORAL

In Imitation of the

GREEK of *MOSCHUS*;

Bewailing the DEATH of the

EARL of *ROCHESTER*.

By Mr. *OLDHAM*.

Mourn, all ye Groves, in darker Shades be ſeen;
Let Groans be heard where gentle Winds have been:
Ye Albion *Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,*
And all ye Plants, your Moiſture ſpend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flow'rs, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd again;
Let every Roſe pale as the Lily be,
And Winter Froſt ſeize the Anemone:

But

A PASTORAL on the Death, &c.

But thou O Hyacinth, *more vig'rous grow,*
In mournful Letters thy ſad Glory ſhow,
Enlarge thy Grief, and flouriſh in thy Woe:
For Bion, *the beloved* Bion's *dead.*
His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Mourn, ye ſweet Nightingales, in the thick Woods,
Tell the ſad News to all the Britiſh *Floods:*
See it to Iſis *and to* Cham *convey'd,*
To Thames, *to* Humber, *and to utmoſt* Tweed:
And bid them waft the bitter Tidings on,
How Bion's *dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,*
And with him all the Arts of graceful Song.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with ſad Grief, and droop your ſickly Wings:
In doleful Notes the heavy Loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſung when your lov'd Orpheus *fell.*
Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills and Plains,
Tell it to all the Britiſh *Nymphs and Swains,*
And bid them too the diſmal Tidings ſpread
Of Bion's *Fate, of* England's Orpheus *dead.*

Come,

A PASTORAL on the Death

Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wond'ring Plain:
Ceas'd are thoſe Lays, ceas'd are thoſe ſprightly Airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſh'd Ears:
For which the liſt'ning Streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the ſweet Sounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in Echoes ev'ry heav'nly Cloſe.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to Lethe's *Banks reports his Moan:*
Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now,
But penſive Herds that for their Maſter lowe:
Straggling and comfortleſs about they rove,
Unmindful of their Paſture, and their Love.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee his much-lov'd Son,
Does Phœbus *Clouds of Mourning Black put on:*
For thee the Fairies grieve, and ceaſe to dance
In ſportful Rings by Night upon the Plains:
The Water Nymphs *alike thy Abſence mourn,*
And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn;
Sad Echo *too does in deep Silence moan,*
Since thou art mute, ſince thou art ſpeechleſs grown

She

She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
Now thy ſweet Breath's ſtopt by untimely Fate:
Trees drop their Leaves to dreſs thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its Autumn *fall:*
Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd Head,
And ſcorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead:
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill:
The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil:
Alas! what boots it now their Hives to ſtore
With the rich Spoils of ev'ry plunder'd Flow'r,
When thou, that wert all Sweetneſs, art no more?
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ne'er did the Dolphins, on the lonely Shore,
In ſuch loud Plaints utter their Grief before:
Never in ſuch ſad Notes did Philomel
To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell:
Ne'er on the Beech did poor Alcyone
So weep, when ſhe her floating Lover ſaw:
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon thoſe Waves, where he was drown'd, ſo mourn'd.
Nor did the Bird of Memnon *with ſuch Grief*
Bedew thoſe Aſhes, which late gave him Life:
As they did now with vying Grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear Bion's *Fall.*
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

In

A PASTORAL on the Death

In ev'ry Wood, on ev'ry Tree and Buſh,
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thruſh.
And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng,
In liſt'ning Flocks, to learn his well-tun'd Song;
Now each in the ſad Conſort bear a Part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teacher's Art:
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here aſſiſt,
Let not your Murmurs in the Croud be miſt:
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to ſing, and how to love.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Whom haſt thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aſpire to reach thy matchleſs Strain?
Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Raſhly to take thy warbling Pipe in Hand?
Thy Notes remain yet freſh in ev'ry Ear,
And give us all Delight, and all Deſpair:
Pleas'd Echo *ſtill does on them meditate,*
And to the whiſtling Reeds their Sounds repeat,
Pan *only e'er can equal thee in Song,*
That Task does only to great Pan *belong:*
But Pan *himſelf perhaps will fear to try,*
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verſe.

Fair

Fair Galatea *too laments thy Death,*
Laments the ceaſing of thy tuneful Breath:
Oft ſhe, kind Nymph, reſorted heretofore
To hear thy artful Meaſures from the Shore:
Nor harſh like the rude Cyclops *were thy Lays,*
Whoſe grating Sounds did her ſoft Ears diſpleaſe:
Such was the Force of thy enchanting Tongue,
That ſhe for ever could have heard thy Song,
And chid the Hours that do ſo ſwiftly run,
And thought the Sun too haſty to go down.
Now does that lovely Nereid *for thy ſake*
*The Sea, and all her Fellow-*Nymphs *forſake.*
Penſive upon the Beech, ſhe ſits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

With thee, ſweet Bion, *all the Grace of Song,*
And all the Muſes *boaſted Art is gone:*
Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,
Whoſe Pow'r no Shepherdeſs could e'er withſtand:
All the ſoft weeping Loves *about thee moan*
At once their Mother's Darling, and their own:
Dearer waſt thou to Venus *than her Loves,*
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the laſt gaſping Kiſſes, which in Death
Adonis *gave, and with them gave his Breath.*

A PASTORAL on the Death

This Thames, *ah! this is now the ſecond Loſs,*
For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, *the* Muſes *Glory went before,*
He paſs'd long ſince to the Elyſian *Shore:*
For him (they ſay) for him thy dear-lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in ſobbing Murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:
But now, alas! thou doſt afreſh bewail,
Another Son does now thy Sorrow call:
To part with either thou alike waſt loth;
Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both:
He largely drank the Rills of ſacred Cham,
And this no leſs of Iſis *nobler Stream:*
He ſung of Heroes, and of hardy Knights,
Far-fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloody Fights, and Wars;
Pan *was his Song, and Shepherds harmleſs Jars,*
Love's peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares,
Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
And his ſoft Lays did Venus *ever pleaſe.*
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thou, ſacred Bion, *art lamented more*
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:
Old Chaucer, *who firſt taught the Uſe of Verſe,*
No longer has the Tributs of our Tears:

Milton.

Milton, *whoſe Muſe with ſuch a daring Flight,*
Led out the warring Seraphims *to fight:*
Bleſs'd Cowley *too, who on the Banks of* Cham
So ſweetly ſigh'd his Wrongs, and told his Flame:
And He, *whoſe Song, rais'd* Cooper's *Hill ſo high,*
As made its Glory with Parnaſſus *vie:*
And ſoft Orinda, *whoſe bright ſhining Name*
Stands next great Sappho's *in the Ranks of Fame:*
All now unwept, and unrelented paſs,
And in our Grief no longer ſhare a Place:
Bion *alone does all our Tears engroſs,*
Our Tears are all too few for Bion's *Loſs.*
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe,

Thee all the Herdſmen mourn in gentleſt Lays,
And rival one another in thy Praiſe:
In ſpreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On ev'ry Bark, that's worthy of the ſame:
Thy Name is warbled forth by ev'ry Tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song;
Waller the ſweeteſt of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tendreſt, and his mournfull'ſt Airs;
And I, the meaneſt of the Britiſh *Swains,*
Amongſt the reſt offer theſe humble Strains:
If I am reckon'd not unbleſs'd in Song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching Tongue:

A Pastoral on the Death

Some of thy Art; ſome of thy tuneful Breath,
Thou didſt by Will to worthleſs me bequeath:
Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didſt thy Pipe and Skill vouchſafe.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,
Were we to ſo ſevere a Lot deſign'd?
The meaneſt Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vileſt Weeds that flouriſh in the Field,
Which muſt ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall ſpring again, again more vig'rous grow:
Yon Sun, and this bright Glory of the Day,
Which Night is haſting now to ſnatch away,
Shall riſe anew more ſhining and more gay:
But wretched we muſt harder meaſure find,
The great'ſt, the brav'ſt, the witti'ſt of Mankind,
When Death has once put out their Light, in vain
Ever expect the Dawn of Life again:
In the dark Grave inſenſible they lie,
And there ſleep out endleſs Eternity.
There thou to Silence ever art confin'd,
While leſs deſerving Swains are left behind:
So pleaſe the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull Mævius *go:*
Mævius *lives ſtill; ſtill let him live for me,*
He and his Pipe ſhall ne'er my Envy be:

None

of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

None e'er that heard thy ſweet, thy artful Tongue,
Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

A fierce Diſeaſe, ſent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd Bion *hence, and ſtopp'd his hallow'd Breath:*
A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
That ſacred Heat which did his Breaſt inſpire;
Ah! what malignant Ill could boaſt that Pow'r,
Which his ſweet Voice's Magick could not cure?
Ah, cruel Fate! how coud'ſt thou chooſe but ſpare?
How cou'dſt thou exerciſe thy Rigour here?
Would thou hadſt thrown thy Dart at worthleſs me,
And let his dear, his valued Life go free:
Better ten thouſand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this beſt Work of Nature been deſtroy'd.
Come, all ye *Muſes*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ah! would kind Death alike had ſent me hence;
But Grief ſhall do the Work, and ſave its Pains;
Grief ſhall accompliſh my deſired Doom,
And ſoon diſpatch me to Elyſium:
There, Bion, *would I be, there gladly know,*
How with thy Voice thou charm'ſt the Shades below.
Sing, Shepherd, ſing one of thy Strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce Elyſian *Queen:*

A PASTORAL on the Death, &c.

She once her ſelf was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
And ſung and danc'd on the Sicilian *Plains:*
Fear not thy Song ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Fear not but 'twill the pitying Goddeſs move:
She once was won by Orpheus *heav'nly Lays,*
And gave his fair Eurydice *Releaſe.*
And thine as pow'rful (queſtion not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to theſe glad Hills again.
Ev'n I my ſelf, did I at all excel,
Would try the utmoſt of my Voice and Skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

THE

THE

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

STREPHON and *DAPHNE.*

STREPHON.

PRithee now, fond Fool, give o'er;
Since my Heart is gone before,
To what purpoſe ſhould I ſtay;
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the Time
When Diſſembling was your Crime.
In Pity now employ that Art
Which firſt betray'd, to eaſe my Heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with Pleaſure feign:
Men diſſemble ſtill with Pain.

What Advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love.

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the Reaſon, why
Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
Why the Bird will build a Neſt
Where he ne'er intends to reſt?

STREPHON

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:
Which when gain'd, in Childiſh Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd.
Flatt'ring or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes ſevere Extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange.
See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder ſpeak;

'Till

'Till a kind Rain from above
Makes a Calm, —— ſo 'tis in Love.
Flames begin our firſt Addreſs,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace:
Then you know the Showr's that fall
Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How ſhould I 'the Show'rs forget,
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet?
They kill'd Love, I knew it well,
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what Nymph it is,
Robs my Breaſt of ſo much Bliſs?
If ſhe is Fair, I ſhall be eas'd,
Thro' my Ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was ſo Fair:
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, Innocent, and Free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many Charms my Heart enthral,
But there's one above 'em all:
With Averſion ſhe does fly.
Tedious, Trading, Conſtancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel Shepherd! I ſubmit;
Do what Love and you think fit:

Change is Fate, and not Deſign.
Say you would have ſtill been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'Tis too true,
Change has greater Charms than you.
Be, by my Example, wiſe;
Faith to Pleaſure ſacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly *Swain*, I'll have you know,
'Twas my Practice long ago:
Whilſt you vainly thought me true,
I was falſe, in Scorn of you.
By my Tears, my Heart's Diſguiſe,
I thy Love and thee deſpiſe.
Womankind more Joy diſcovers
Making Fools, than keeping Lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS and *STREPHON.*

Written at the Bath *in the Year* 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE ſighs not on the Plain
So loſt a Swain as I;
Scorch'd up with Love, frozen with Diſdain,
Of killing Sweetneſs I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis *Corinna*, die.
Since firſt my dazzled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds robb'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from Place to Place.
Fram'd by ſome cruel Pow'rs above,
So Nice ſhe is, and Fair;
None from Undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, muſt love;
Who are not vain, deſpair.

ALEXIS.

The Gods no ſooner give Grace,
  But, fond of their own Art,
Severely Jealous, ever place,
To guard the Glories of a Face,
  A Dragon in the Heart.
Proud and Ill-natur'd Pow'rs they are,
  Who, peeviſh to Mankind,
For their own Honour's ſake, with care
Make a ſweet Form divinely fair:
  Then add a cruel Mind.

STREPHON.

Since ſhe's inſenſible of Love,
  By Honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by Decrees above,
Muſt ſenſible to Beauty prove,
  How Tyrannous is Fate?
I to the Nymph have never nam'd
  The Cauſe of all my Pain.

ALEXIS.

Such Baſhful neſs may well be blam'd;
For ſince to Serve we're not aſham'd,
  Why ſhould ſhe bluſh to Reign?

STREPHON.

But if her haughty Heart deſpiſe
  My humble proffer'd one;
The juſt Compaſſion ſhe denies,
I may obtain from others Eyes;
  Hers are not fair alone.

De-

Devouring Flames require new Food;
My Heart's conſum'd almoſt :
New Fires muſt kindle in her Blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Wou'dſt live when Love is loſt?
Be dead before thy Paſſion dies;
For if thou ſhou'dſt ſurvive,
What Anguiſh would thy Heart ſurprize,
To ſee her Flames begin to riſe,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what Pleaſure ſhould I meet
In my triumphant Scorn,
To ſee my Tyrant at my Feet;
While taught by her, unmov'd I ſit
A Tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle Shepherd! ceaſe, for ſhame;
Which way can you pretend
To merit ſo Divine a Flame,
Who to dull Life make a mean Claim,
When Love is at an End?
As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,
Love to my Soul doth cling;
When torn by the Herd's greedy Taſte,
The injur'd Plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the Spring.

My rifled Love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into Air,
Shou'd I that Nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſs'd in whoſe Arms I will expire,
Or at her Feet deſpair.

The *ADVICE.*

ALL Things ſubmit themſelves to your Command,
Fair *Celia* when it does not Love withſtand:
The Pow'r it borrows from your Eyes alone;
All but the God muſt yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, ſuch are the Charms you have,
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave:
Be proud to act a Mortal Heroe's Part,
And throw himſelf for Fame on his own Dart.
But Fate has otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In diff'rent Bands ſubjected Slaves, and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to obey.
That Fate like you reſiſtleſs does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he ſhall Reign.
By Harmony the Univerſe does move,
And what is Harmony but mutual Love?
Who would reſiſt an Empire ſo Divine,
Which Univerſal Nature does injoin?

See

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged Banks on either ſide.
While in their Cryſtal Streams at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they beſtow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Deſires;
Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires;
And with ſuch Paſſion, that if any Force
Stop or moleſt them in their am'rous Courſe;
They ſwell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiſs'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.
Submit then, *Celia*, ere you be reduc'd;
For Rebels vanquiſh'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe Commerce improve:
Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he ſends
Courtſhips from foreign Hearts, for your own Ends:
Cheriſh the Trade, for as with *Indians* we
Get Gold, and Jewels, for our Trumpery:
So to each other, for their uſeleſs Toys,
Lovers afford whole Magazines of Joys.
But if you're fond of Baubles, be, and ſtarve,
Your Guegaw Reputation ſtill preſerve:
Live upon Modeſty and empty Fame,
Foregoing Senſe for a fantaſtick Name.

The *DISCOVERY.*

Cælia, that faithful Servant you diſown,
Would in Obedience keep his Love his own:
But bright Ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My Heart at home in my own Breaſt did dwell,
Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell:
Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades
The ſacred Quiet of thoſe hallow'd Shades:
His fatal Flames ſhine out to every Eye,
Like blazing Comets in a Winter Sky.
How can my Paſſion merit your Offence,
That challenges ſo little Recompence?
For I am one, born only to admire;
Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
A Thing, whoſe Bliſs depends upon your Will;
Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,
My fruitleſs Sighs, and my unpity'd Pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.
Since ſo much Scorn does in your Breaſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.

Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their Graves;
But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves:
When in the Crowd yours undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More Mercy, than your Anger has deſign'd:
But Love has carefully deſign'd for me,
The laſt Perfection of Miſery.
For to my State the Hopes of common Peace,
Which ev'ry Wretch enjoys in Death, muſt ceaſe:
My worſt of Fates attend me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I muſt be no more your Slave.

WOMAN's HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phyllis continu'd ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her Mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And ſhew my ſelf a mightier *God*.

III. This

III.

This huffing *Honour* domineers
In Breaſts, where he alone has place:
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his Face.

IV.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd:
I have ſome Pleaſure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

V.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a Wretch for *Honour*'s ſake;
Whoſe Tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

VI.

Conſider *Real Honour* then,
You'll find *Hers* cannot be the ſame;
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean miſtruſtful Shame.

GRECIAN

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmoſt Grace the *Greeks* could ſhew,
When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton God of Love;
This clapp'd his Wings, that preſs'd his Vine;
And their beſt Powers united move.
While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

The MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN Age, in her Embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a Winter's Day;
Where Life and Light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

II. But;

II.

But, oh! how ſlowly Minutes roul,
When abſent from her Eyes;
That fed my Love, which is my Soul,
It languiſhes and dies.

III.

For then no more a Soul but Shade;
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breaſt, by Abſence made
The living Tomb of Love.

IV,

You wiſer Men deſpiſe me not;
Whoſe Love-ſick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

V.

Whene'er thoſe wounding Eyes, ſo full
Of Sweetneſs you did ſee;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me,

VI.

Nor cenſure us, you who perceive
My beſt belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we diſagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis ſacred Jealouſie,
Love rais'd to an Extreme;

The

The only Proof 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantaſtick Fancies fondly move;
And in frail Joys believe:
Taking falſe Pleaſures for true Love;
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when paſt,
Prove our Heart's Treaſure fix'd and dear,
And make us bleſs'd at laſt.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languiſh ſtill;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The ſtraying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wiſh all Day, all Night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine Arms then let me flie,
That my fantaſtick Mind may prove
The Torments it deſerves to try,
That tears my fix'd Heart from my Love.

III.

When weary'd with a World of Woe
To thy ſafe Boſom I retire,

Where

Where Love, and Peace, and Truth does flow,
May I contended there expire.

IV.

Leſt once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,
I fall on ſome baſe Heart unbleſt;
Faithleſs to thee, falſe, unforgiven,
And loſe my everlaſting Reſt.

To *CORINNA.*

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmleſs Frown:
When not one Charm her Face forſakes,
Love cannot loſe his own.

II.

So ſweet a Face, ſo ſoft a Heart,
Such Eyes ſo very kind,
Betray, alas! the ſilly Art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

III.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.

IV.

The Scorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears, (but more ſhe loves,)
Her Vaſſal ſhould undo her.

A SONG
Of a Young LADY.
To her Ancient Lover.

I.

ANCIENT Perſon, for whom I
All the flatt'ring Youth defie;
Long be it ere thou grow Old,
Aking, ſhaking, craſie, cold.
But ſtill continue as thou art,
Ancient Perſon of my Heart.

II.

On thy wither'd Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lie,
Brooding Kiſſes I will pour
Shall thy youthful Heat reſtore.
Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a ſecond Spring recall:

Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Perſon of my Heart.

III.

Thy Nobler Parts, which but to name,
In our Sex would be counted Shame,
By Age's frozen Graſp poſſeſs'd,
From their Ice ſhall be releas'd:
And, ſooth'd by my reviving Hand,
In former Warmth and Vigour ſtand.
All a Lover's Wiſh can reach,
For thy Joy my Love ſhall teach,
And for thy Pleaſure ſhall improve
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet ſtill I love thee without Art;
Ancient Perſon of my Heart.

A SONG.

I.

PHyllis, be gentler, I adviſe;
Make up for Time miſ-ſpent,
Which Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your Pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III. Think

III.

Think what a wretched Thing is ſhe,
Whoſe Stars contrive, in ſpight,
The Morning of her Love ſhould be,
Her fading Beauty's Night.

V.

Then if, to make your Ruin more,
You'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

TO A

LADY, in a LETTER.

I.

SUCH perfect Bliſs, fair *Chloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis Pity reſtleſs Jealouſie
Should mingle with our Love.

II.

Let us, ſince Wit has taught us how,
Raiſe Pleaſure to the Top:
You Rival Bottle muſt allow,
I'll ſuffer Rival Fop.

III. Think

III.

Think not in this that I deſign
A Treaſon 'gainſt Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine,
I leave my *Chloris'* Arms.

IV.

Since you have that, for all your haſte,
At which I'll ne'er repine,
Its Pleaſure can repeat as faſt,
As I the Joys of Wine.

V.

There's not a brisk inſipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town;
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
Him out to be your own.

VI.

Nor do you think it worth your Care,
How empty, and how dull,
The Heads of your Admirers are,
So that their Veins are full.

VII.

All this you freely may confeſs,
Yet we ne'er diſagree:
For did you love your Pleaſure leſs,
You were no Match for me.

The

The FALL.

A SONG.

HOW bleſs'd was the Created State
Of Man and Woman, ere they fell!
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate,
We need not fear another Hell!

II.

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Deſire:
Each Member did their Wills obey,
Nor could a Wiſh ſet pleaſure higher.

III.

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys ſecure:
They leſſen ſtill as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

IV.

Then, *Chloris*, while I Duty pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not you ſo ſevere to ſay,
You love me for a frailer Part.

LOVE and LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my paſt Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone:
Like Tranſitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whoſe Images are kept in ſtore
By Memory alone.

II.

The Time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The preſent Moment's all my Lot;
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phyllis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of Inconſtancy,
Falſe Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on thoſe lovely Looks I gaze,
To ſee a Wretch purſuing,
In Raptures of a bleſs'd Amaze,
His pleaſing happy Ruin;
'Tis not for Pity that I move;
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

II.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving:
But whether Life, or Death, betide,
In Love 'tis equal Meaſure:
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The Vanquiſh'd die with Pleaſure.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE a Woman! you're an Aſs,
'Tis a moſt inſipid Paſſion;

To

To chooſe out for your Happineſs,
The fillieſt Part of God's Creation.

II.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
Things deſign'd for dirty Slaves;
Drudge in Fair *Aurelia*'s Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

III.

Farewel, Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry Night to ſit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking to engender Wit.

A SONG.

I.

TO this Moment a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at firſt Sight of *Olinda*'s bright Charms:
Made proud, and ſecure, by ſuch Forces as theſe,
You may now play the Tyrant as ſoon as you pleaſe.

II.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my Deſire;
Why ſhould I decline what I cannot avoid.
And let pleaſing Hope by baſe Fear be deſtroy'd?

III. Her

III.

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why ſhould it purſue me?
And Wit has to Pleaſure been ever a Friend;
Then what room for Deſpair, ſince Delight is *Love's* End?

IV.

There can be no Danger in Sweetneſs and Youth,
Where Love is ſecur'd by Good-nature and Truth.
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleaſure complain;
While ev'ry kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurprize;
But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her Eyes:
I beheld, with the Loſs of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my Goddeſs, her Temple too weak:
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.
Help, *Love*, I diſſolve in a Rapture of Charms;
At the Thought of thoſe Joys I ſhould meet in her Arms.

Upon his leaving his.

MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I'm weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what Face can I incline,
To damn you to be only mine?
You, whom ſome kinder Pow'r did faſhion,
By Merit, and by Inclination,
The Joy at leaſt of a whole Nation.

II.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex:
And boaſt, if, by their Arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy Man.
While, mov'd by an impartial Senſe,
Favours like Nature, you diſpenſe,
With univerſal Influence.

III.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth:
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
Her willing Womb retains 'em all.

And

And ſhall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty Mind;
And be the Miſtreſs of Mankind.

UPON
Drinking in a BOWL.

I.

Vulcan, contrive me ſuch a Cup,
As *Neſtor* us'd of old:
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up;
Damask it round with Gold.

II.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with Sack
Up to the ſwelling Brim,
Vaſt Toaſts, on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may ſwim.

III.

Engráve not Battel on his Cheek;
With War I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took *Maſtrick*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars, or Conſtellations:

For I am no Sir *Sidrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

V.

But carve thereon a ſpreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

VI.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are;
May Drink and Love ſtill reign:
With Wine I waſh away my Cares,
And then to Love again.

A SONG.

I.

AS *Chloris* full of harmleſs Thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

II.

She bluſht to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III. A

III.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpight of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in every Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

IV.

Ah, Youth! (ſaid ſhe) what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Ah! let me ——— for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

V.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply:
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lye.

VI.

Thus ſhe who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train;
Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;

To call you falſe, and then to ſay
You ſhall not keep my Heart a Day:
But, alas! againſt my Will,
I muſt be your Captive ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides but weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.

The ANSWER.

I.

NOthing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn, and cold Diſdain:
I to cheriſh your Deſire,
Kindneſs us'd but 'twas in vain.

II.

You inſiſted on your Slave.
Humble Love you ſoon refus'd:

Hope

Hope not then a Power to have,
Which inglorioufly you us'd.

III.

Think not, *Thyrſis*, I will e'er,
By my Love, my Empire loſe:
You grow conſtant through Deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

IV.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I muſt feign:
Ah! forgive that only Art
Love has left your Love to gain.

V.

You that could my Heart ſubdue,
To new Conqueſts ne'er pretend:
Let the Example make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all the pow'rful Charms,
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

A SONG
To *CHLORIS.*

I.

FAIR *Chloris* in a Pig-ſty lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her:
She ſlept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they,
Complaining of the ſcorching Day,
Her Slumbers thus inſpire.

II.

She dreamt, while ſhe with careful Pains
Her ſnowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
Thus haſting to her cry'd:

III.

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, ere 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to ſave:
Reſcue your Boſom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

IV.

My ſelf had try'd to ſet him free,
Rather than brought the News:

But

But I am ſo abhor'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
I know thou wou'dſt refuſe.

V.

Struck with the News, as quick ſhe flies
As Bluſhes to her Face!
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love, ſhot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half ſo ſwift a Pace.

VI.

This Plot, it ſeems, the luſtful Slave
Had laid againſt her Honour:
Which not one God took care to ſave;
For he purſues her to the Cave,
And throws himſelf upon her.

VII.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Juſt in the happy Minute.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn:
Since that poor Swain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, *Phyllis*, no, your Heart to move
A ſurer way I'll try:
And to revenge my ſlighted Love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amyntas* lies;
And you to mind ſhall call,
The Sighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
Will then begin your Pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear Miſtreſs has a Heart
Soft as thoſe kind Looks ſhe gave me;
When with Love's reſiſtleſs Art,
And her Eyes ſhe did enſlave me.
But her Conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander;
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day aſunder.

II.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleaſures, wounding Bliſſes;
She can dreſs her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can warm with Kiſſes.
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder:
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day aſunder.

A LETTER FROM ARTEMISA *in the Town, To* CLOE *in the Country.*

CLOE, by your Command, in Verſe I write:
Shortly you'll bid me ride aſtride, and fight:
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty Flights of dang'rous Poetry.
Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold Advent'rers for the Bays,
Proudly deſigning large Returns of Praiſe;
Who durſt that ſtormy, pathleſs World explore;
Were ſoon daſh'd back, and wreck'd on the dull Shore;
Broke of that little Stock they had before.
How would a Woman's, tott'ring, Barque be toſt,
Where ſtouteſt Ships (the Men of Wit) are loſt?

When

When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe;
And my own ſelf I gravely thus adviſe:

Dear *Artemiſa!* Poetry's a Snare:
Bedlam has many Manſions; have a care;
Your Muſe diverts you, makes the Reader ſad:
You think your ſelf inſpir'd; he thinks you mad.
Conſider too, 'twill be diſcreetly done,
To make your ſelf the Fiddle of the Town.
To find th'Ill-humour'd Pleaſure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and ſcorn when you ſucceed.
Thus, like an arrant Woman, as I am,
No ſooner well convinc'd Writing's a Shame,
That *Whore* is ſcarce a more reproachful Name,
Than Poeteſs——
Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that Woo,
Becauſe 'tis th'very worſt thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the Contradiction, and the Sin,
Methinks I ſtand on thorns 'till I begin.

Y'expect to hear, at leaſt, what Love has paſt
In this lewd Town, ſince you and I ſaw laſt;
What Change has happen'd of Intrigues, and whether
The old ones laſt, and who and who's together.
But how, my deareſt *Cloe*, ſhould I ſet
My Pen to write, what I would fain forget!
Or name that loſt thing *Love*, without a Tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred Cuſtoms here?

Love,

Love, the moſt gen'rous Paſſion of the Mind;
The ſofteſt Refuge Innocence can find:
The ſafe Director of unguided Youth:
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth:
That Cordial drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down:
On which one only Bleſſing God might raiſe,
In Lands of Atheiſts, Subſidies of Praiſe:
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his Pow'r in Love:
This only Joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade:
The Rooks creep in, and it has got, of late,
As many little Cheats, and Tricks, as that.
But, what yet more a Woman's Heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex:
Our ſilly Sex, who, born like Monarchs, free,
Turn Gipſies for a meaner Liberty;
And hate Reſtraint, tho' but by Infamy:
That call whatever is not common Nice,
And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's Advice,
Forſake the Pleaſure to purſue the Vice.
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love; the Paſſion is forgot.
'Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;
And ev'n without approving they deſire.
Their private Wiſh obeys the publick Voice,
'Twixt good and bad Whimſie decides, not Choice.

Fa ſhion

Faſhions grow up for Taſte, at Forms they ſtrike;
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Bevy's a Beauty, if ſome few agree
To call him ſo, the reſt to that degree
Affected are, that with their Ears they ſee.
Where I was viſiting the other Night,
Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own Skill,
At his Requeſt, though much againſt his Will,
To come to *London*———
As the Coach ſtopt, I heard her Voice, more loud
Than a Great-belly'd Woman's in a Croud;
Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
He, for ſome Hours, obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhould be ſeen:
Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant had been,
Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in.
Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the Buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly Viſit to your drunken Friend
A Bottle ever makes you look ſo fine:
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of Wine.
Your Country drinking Breath's enough to kill:
Sour Ale corrected with a Lemon Pill.
Prithee, farewell: We'll meet again anon.
The neceſſary Thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up Stairs, and all the haſte does ſhow
That Fifty Antick Poſtures will allow,

And

And then burſt out——— Dear Madam, am not I
The ſtrangeſt, alter'd, Creature: Let me die
I find my ſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt with my being out of Town:
Rude and untaught, like any *Indian* Queen;
My Country Nakedneſs is plainly ſeen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State;
And pray who are the Men moſt worn of late?
When I was marry'd, Fools were a-la-mode;
The Men of Wit were held then incommode.
Slow of Belief, and fickle in Deſire,
Who, ere they'll be perſuaded, muſt enquire;
As if they came to ſpy, and not t'admire.
With ſearching Wiſdom, fatal to their Eaſe,
They ſtill find out why, what may, ſhould not pleaſe:
Nay, take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare
Make 'em think better of us than we are:
And, if we hide our Frailties from their Sights,
Call us deceitfull Jilts, and Hypocrities:
They little gueſs, who at our Arts are griev'd,
The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.
Inquiſitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known, creates their certain Woe.
Women ſhould theſe, of all Mankind, avoid;
For Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is deſtroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,
Bold in the Duſk, before a Fool's dull Sight,
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the glaring Light.

But the kind eaſy Fool, apt to admire,
Himſelf, truſts us, his Follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our Deſire.
Vain of his proper Merit, he, with Eaſe,
Believe me love him beſt, who beſt can pleaſe:
On him our groſs, dull, common Flatt'ries paſs;
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an Aſs:
Heavy to apprehend; though all Mankind
Perceive us falſe, the Fop, himſelf, is blind.
Who, doating on himſelf——
Thinks ev'ry one that ſees him of his Mind.
Theſe are true Womens Men — *here, forc'd to ceaſe*
Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her Peace;
She to the Window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much eſteem'd, dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
With Forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the Houſe:
The dirty, chatt'ring Monſter ſhe embrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at laſt.
Kiſs me, thou curious Miniature of Man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:
Oh! I could live and die with thee: Then on,
For half an Hour, in Compliments ſhe ran,
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the World ſhe ſent,
So very Wiſe, yet ſo Impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit,
Should be an Aſs through Choice, not want of Wit.

Whoſe

Whoſe Foppery, without the help of Senſe,
Could ne'er have roſe to ſuch an Excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
As a Philoſopher, the very Top
And Dignity of Folly, we attain
By ſtudious Search, and Labour of the Brain:
By Obſervation, Counſel, and deep Thought:
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.
We owe that Name to Induſtry and Arts;
An Eminent Fool muſt be a Fool of Parts.
And ſuch a one was ſhe; who had turn'd o'er
As many Books as Men; lov'd much, read more:
Had a diſcerning Wit; to her was known
Ev'ry one's Fault, or Merit, but her own:
All the good Qualities that ever bleſt
A Woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except Diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
But now *Mon Cher* dear Pug, ſhe cries, adieu,
And the Diſcourſe, broke off, does thus renew:
You ſmile to ſee me, who the World perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome Wit, ſo far advance
The Intereſt of Fools, that I approve
Their Merit more, than Men of Wit, in Love.
But, in our Sex, too many Proofs there are
Of ſuch whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.
This, in my Time, was ſo obſerv'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.

The

The meaneſt, common Slut, who long was grown
The Jeſt, and Scorn, of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;
Had yet left Charms enough to have ſubdu'd
Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.
Foſter could make an *Iriſh* Lord a *Nokes*;
And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
A Woman's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill reveng'd on her Undoer, Man:
How loſt ſoe'er, ſhe'll find ſome Lover more
A lewd abandon'd Fool than ſhe a Whore.
That wretched thing *Corinna*, who has run
Through all the ſev'ral ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at firſt by Love, and living then
By turning the too-dear-bought Cheat on Men:
Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
When firſt the Town her early Beauties knew:
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Preſents fed;
Youth in her Looks, and Pleaſure in her Bed:
'Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a Man of Wit:
Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeſt, and went away.
Now ſcorn'd of all, forſaken and oppreſt,
She's a *Memento Mori* to the reſt:
Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
Muſt mortgage her long Scarf, and Manto Gown;
Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Fly,
In ſome dark Hole muſt all the Winter lie:

And

And Want, and Dirt, endure a whole half Year,
That, for one Month, ſhe tawdry may appear.
In *Eaſter*-Term ſhe gets her a new Gown;
When my young Maſter's Worſhip comes to Town:
From Pedagogue, and Mother, juſt ſet free;
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:
Who with ſtrong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules;
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been Fools:
And now, with careful Proſpect to maintain
This Character, leſt croſſing of the Strain
Should mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide
A Couſin of his own to be his Bride:
And thus ſet out———
With an Eſtate, no Wit, and a young Wife:
The ſolid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:
Dunghill and Peaſe forſook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice than want of Senſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.
This o'er-grown School-Boy loſt *Corinna* wins;
At the firſt Daſh to make an Aſs begins:
Pretends to like a Man that has not known
The Vanities or Vices of the Town:
Freſh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys which he does ſeldom prove:
Healthful and ſtrong, he does no Pains endure,
But what the Fair One he adores, can cure.

Grateful

Grateful for Favours, does the Sex eſteem,
And libels none for being kind to him.
Then of the Lewdneſs of the Town complains,
Rails at the Wits, and Atheiſts, and maintains
'Tis better than good Senſe, than Pow'r, or Wealth,
To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.
The unbred Puppy, who had never ſeen
A Creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,
Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt:
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,
To buy his Miſtreſs a new Houſe for Life:
To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.
And when to th' height of Fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all's her own.
Thus, meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Baſtard-Heir to his Eſtate:
And, as the Race of ſuch an Owl deſerves,
His own dull, lawful Progeny he ſtarves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each Inſect to ſome End ordain)
Wiſely provokes kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,
To patch up Vices Men of Wit wear out.
Thus ſhe ran on Two Hours, ſome Grains of Senſe
Still mixt with Follies of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity ſhow
To *Cloe*, ſince I cannot chooſe but know,
Readers muſt reap what dulleſt Writers ſow.

By

By the next Poſt I will ſuch Stories tell,
As, join'd to theſe, ſhall to a Volume ſwell;
As true as Heav'n, more infamous than Hell.
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I.

Farewel.

A N

Epiſtolary E S S A Y,

From *M. G.* to *O. B.*

Upon their mutual P O E M S.

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town does ſo abound
With ſaucy Cenſurers, that Faults are found
With what, of late, we (in Poetick Rage)
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull Age.
But (howſoe'er Envy their Spleens may raiſe,
To rob my Brows of the deſerved Bays)
Their Thanks, at leaſt, I merit; ſince through me
They are Partakers of your Poetry:
And this is all I'll ſay in my Defence,
T'obtain one Line of your well-worded Senſe,
I'll be content t'have writ the *Britiſh Prince.*
I'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain Hope to be admir'd;

But

But from a Rule I have (upon long Trial)
T'avoid with Care all ſort of Self-denial.
Which way ſoe'er Deſire and Fancy lead)
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread:
And if expoſing what I take for Wit,
To my dear ſelf a Pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cens'ring *Criticks* fret.
Theſe whom my *Muſe* diſpleaſes are at Strife,
With equal Spleen againſt my Courſe of Life,
The leaſt Delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flatt'ring Praiſe *Man* can beſtow.
If I deſign'd to pleaſe, the way were then
To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:
The firſt's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the ſecond I deſpair of it,
Since Grace is not ſo hard to get as Wit;
Perhaps ill Verſes ought to be confin'd
In meer Good-breeding, like unſav'ry Wind.
Were reading forc'd, I ſhould be apt to think,
Men might no more write ſcurvily than ſtink:
But 'tis your Choice, whether you'll read, or no.
If likewiſe of your Smelling it were ſo,
I'd Fart juſt as I Write, for my own Eaſe,
Nor ſhould you be concern'd unleſs you pleaſe.
I'll own that you Write better than I do,
But I have as much need to Write as you.
What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,
Flows in a harſh and an inſipid Strain;

Waile

While your rich Head eaſes it ſelf of Wit.
Muſt not but *Civet Cats* have leave to ſhit?
In all I write, ſhou'd Senſe, and Wit, and Rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet ſomething ſo ſublime,
Shall ſtamp my Poem, that the World may ſee,
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me.
And that's my end; for Man can wiſh no more
Than ſo to write, as none e'er writ before,
Yet why am I no *Poet* of the Times?
I have *Alluſions*, *Similies*, and *Rhymes*,
And *Wit*; or elſe 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole Race of *Mankind* ſhou'd have none.
Unequally the partial Hand of *Heav'n*,
Has all but this One only Bleſſing giv'n.
The World appears like a great Family.
Whoſe Lord, oppreſt with Pride and Poverty,
(That to a few great Bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the num'rous Train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one Prince it makes ten thouſand Slaves.
In *Wit*, alone, 't has been Magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent,
That the moſt Avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due Diviſion's ſuch)
His own too little, or his Friends too much.

Yet

Yet moſt Men ſhow, or find, great want of Wit,
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ.
But I who am of ſprightly Vigour full,
Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.
Born to my ſelf, I like my ſelf alone;
And muſt conclude my Judgment good, or none:
For cou'd my Senſe be naught, how ſhou'd I know
Whether another Man's were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own Poetry,
That 'tis the beſt; and there's a Fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
Oh, but the World will take Offence hereby!
Why then the World ſhall ſuffer for't, not I:
Did e'er this ſaucy World and I agree,
To let it have its beaſtly Will on me?
Why ſhou'd my proſtituted Senſe be drawn,
To ev'ry Rule their muſty Cuſtoms ſpawn?
But Men may cenſure you: 'Tis two to one
Whene'er they cenſure they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, and ſo falſe, as common Fame.
It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
Haughty the Grave; and the Delightful Lewd;
Impertinent the Briſk; Moroſe the Sad;
Mean the Familiar; the Reſerv'd one Mad.
Poor helpleſs Woman is not favour'd more,
She's a ſly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.

Then who the Devil wou'd give this — to be free
From th' innocent Reproach of Infamy.
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in Deſpight
Of idle Rumour) keep at home and Write.

A

SATYR

AGAINST

MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my Coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange, prodigious Creatures *Man*,
A Spirit free, to chooſe for my own Share,
What ſort of Fleſh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo proud of being Rational.
The Senſes are too groſs; and he'll contrive
A Sixth, to contradict the other five:
And before certain Inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which Fifty times for One does err.
Reaſon, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
Which leaves the Light of Nature, Senſe, behind.

Pathleſs

Pathleſs, and dang'rous, wandring, ways, it takes,
Through Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
Whilſt the miſguided Follower climbs with Pain,
Mountains of Whimſies, heapt in his own Brain:
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs Sea, where like to drown
Books bear him up a-while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy:
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances in the dazzled Sight,
Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him underſtand,
After a Search ſo painful, and ſo long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
Hudled in Dirt, this reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know the World he ſhould enjoy.
And *Wit* was his vain frivolous Pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own Expence.
For *Wits* are treated juſt like *Common Whores*;
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
The Pleaſure paſt, a threat'ning Doubt remains,
That frights th'Enjoyer with ſucceeding Pains.

Women, and *Men of Wit*, are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Pleaſure allures, and when the Fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at Heart they hate.
But now, methinks, ſome formal Band and Beard
Takes me to task; Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd:
Then by your Favour, any thing that's writ
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd *Wit*,
Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care
Upon this Point, not to be too ſevere,
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part:
For, I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On *Wit*, which I abhor with all my Heart.
I long to laſh it, in ſome ſharp Eſſay,
But your grand Indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you rail at Reaſon and Mankind?
Bleſt glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
An everlaſting Soul hath freely giv'n;
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the Image take,
And this fair Frame in ſhining Reaſon dreſt,
To dignify his Nature above Beaſt.
Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring Influence,
We take a Flight beyond material Senſe,

Dive into Myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming Limits of the Univerſe,
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.

Hold, mighty Man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,
From *Patrick*'s Pilgrim, *Sibb*'s Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very Reaſon I deſpiſe,
This ſupernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite
Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
Comparing his ſhort Life, void of all Reſt,
To the Eternal and the ever Bleſt;
This buſie puzling Stirrer up of Doubt,
That frames deep Myſteries, then finds 'em out,
Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
The reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,
Born on whoſe Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
The Limits of the boundleſs Univerſe:
So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
And bear a cripled Carcaſs through the Sky.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whoſe Buſineſs lies
In Nonſenſe and Impoſſibilities:
This made a whimſical Philoſopher,
Before the ſpacious World his Tub prefer:
And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.

But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Governen;
Where Action ceaſes, Thought's impertinent.
Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happineſs,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Aſs.
Thus whilſt againſt falſe Reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right Reaſon, which I would obey;
That Reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes by Senſe,
And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence;
That bounds Deſires with a reforming Will,
To keep them more in Vigour, not to kill:
Your Reaſon hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites, yours would deſtroy.
My Reaſon is my Friend, yours is a Cheat:
Hunger calls out, my Reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſely yours, your Appetite does mock;
This asks for Food, that anſwers what's a Clock?

This plain Diſtinction, Sir, your Doubt ſecures;
Tis not true Reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus, I think Reaſon righted: But for Man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philoſophy,
'Tis evident Beaſts are, in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe Creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt Means, the Ends at which they aim.
If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his Hare,
Better than *Meres* ſupplies Committee-Chair;

Though

Though one's a Stateſman, th'other but a Hound;
Fowler in Juſtice will be wiſer found.
You ſee how far Man's Wiſdom here extends:
Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
Whoſe Principles are moſt gen'rous and juſt;
And to whoſe Morals you wou'd ſooner truſt.
Be Judge your ſelf, I'll bring it to the Teſt,
Which is the baſeſt Creature; Man, or Beaſt:
Birds feed on Birds, Beaſts on each other prey;
But ſalvage Man alone does Man betray.
Preſt by Neceſſity, *They* kill for Food;
Man undoes Man, to do himſelf no good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, *They* hunt
Nature's Allowance, to ſupply their Want:
But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhips, Praiſe,
Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:
With voluntary Pains works his Diſtreſs;
Not through Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs.
For Hunger or for Love, *They* bite or tear,
Whilſt wretched Man is ſtill in Arms for Fear:
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
From Fear to Fear ſucceſſively betray'd,
Baſe Fear, the Source whence his beſt Paſſions came,
His boaſted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:
The Luſt of Pow'r, to which he's ſuch a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:
To which his various Projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind:

For which he takes ſuch Pains to be thought Wiſe,
And ſcrews his Actions, in a forc'd Diſguiſe:
Leads a moſt tedious Life, in Miſery,
Under laborious, mean, Hypocriſie.
Look to the Bottom of his vaſt Deſign,
Wherein Man's Wiſdom, Pow'r and Glory join;
The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
'Tis all from Fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Meerly for Safety, after Fame they thirſt;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durſt:
And Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe:
Men muſt be Knaves; 'tis in their own Defence,
Mankind's diſhoneſt; if you think it fair,
Amongſt known Cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You'll be undone ———
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation ſave;
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a Villain than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee what Human Nature craves,
Moſt Men are Cowards, all Men ſhou'd be Knaves.
The Difference lies, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the Thing it ſelf, but the Degree;
And all the Subject Matter of Debate,
Is only who's a Knave of the Firſt Rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with Indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending Part of the proud World,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh Vanity, deviſe
Falſe Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes,
Over their Fellow-Slaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a Man there be,
(In Court a juſt Man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful Flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs, and ruin, but protect;
Since Flattery which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
If ſo upright a Stateſman you can find,
Whoſe Paſſions bend to his unbiaſs'd Mind;
Who does his Arts and Policies apply,
To raiſe his Country, not his Family.
Is there a Mortal who on God relies?
Whoſe Life his Faith and Doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up with vain aſpiring Pride,
Who for Reproof of Sins, does Man deride:
Whoſe envious Heart with ſaucy Eloquence,
Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Senſe:
Who in his Talking vents more peeviſh Lyes,
More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,

Than at a Goſſiping are thrown about,
When the Good Wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the ſenſual Tribe, whoſe Talents lie,
In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony.
Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives,
Whoſe Luſt exalted, to that Height arrives,
They act Adultery with their own Wives,
And, ere a Score of Years compleated be,
Can from the lofty Stage of Honour ſee,
Half a large Pariſh their own Progeny.
Nor doating —— who wou'd be ador'd,
For domineering at the Council-Board,
A greater Fop, in Buſineſs at Fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious Toys, affected more,
Than the gay glitt'ring Fool, at Twenty proves,
With all his Noiſe, his tawdry Clothes and Loves.
But a meek humble Man, of modeſt Senſe,
Who preaching Peace does practiſe Continence;
Whoſe pious Life's a Proof he does believe
Myſterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell ſuch Godlike Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them;
Adore thoſe Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
And with the thinking World, their Laws obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beaſt.

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

SATYR *againſt* MANKIND.

By the Reverend Mr. *Griffith.*

WEre I to chooſe what Sort of Corps I'd wear,
Not Baron Dog, *Lord* Monkey, *or Earl* Bear;
But I'd be Man, not as I am the worſt,
But Man refin'd, ſuch as he was at firſt.
The ſpeechleſs State of Brutes I would refuſe
For the ſame Cauſe another doth it chooſe.
For then the Reputation I ſhould loſe
Of Wit, Extravagance, and Mode, from whence
Reaſon is made to truckle under Senſe.
Or if to Senſe I did ſo much incline,
I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat, or Swine:
To help to break the Court-Phyſicians, who
Beſides compounding Luſts, have nought to do.
Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
Supplies to make a full-meal'd Appetite,
No Bugbear Conſcience dulling the Delight.

But what needs ſuch a Metamorphoſis?
Man, being Man, can do, ev'n more than this.
Granting the Principle, that Reaſon's Uſe
Is not to curb, but make Senſe more profuſe.
For though Man's Senſe leſs vigorous is than Brutes,
His Pander-Reaſon can contrive Recruits
For its Defects; what Sins the Senſual Man
Can't do alone, the Reaſonable can,
With uſeful Wit; for Senſuality,
An half unfaſhion'd Sinner doth deſcry;
He's modiſhly debauch'd, who can tell why,
That ſpurs up ſlow-paced Luſt by Argument,
Which to tir'd Senſe gives no Divertiſement,
But calls for more when all its Sin is ſpent.
And though the flagging Wretch would be content,
(Diſabled for more Vice) now to repent:
Upbraiding Reaſon checks the puny Motion,
Bids it cheer up, and gives it t'other Potion;
Till after all, when Nature hath given o'er,
And Art can buoy up aged Senſe no more,
Reaſon reſerves this Remedy, at laſt,
To think thoſe Pleaſures which it cannot taſte.
In this the thinking Fool may become wiſe,
And yet think on, that all his Thinking lies
In Notions of Venereal Myſteries.
Hence ſprang the Reaſoning Art in former Days
Of Spintriæ Oſcis; *and the Modern Ways*
By Baths, laſcivious Pictures, Giggs and Plays.

If this be Reaſon's Uſe, no more we'll call
Clodius *Incontinent, but Rational;*
And boaſt the Reaſon of Sardanopal.
Reaſon nick-nam'd, like Quakers *new-found Light,*
One while call'd Spirit, alias *Appetite.*
A ſtupid Reaſon, which none will defend,
But he that hath with Brutes one common End,
Debaſing Reaſon! Coupling every Aſs,
Ev'n with my Lord in the ſame Reaſoning Claſs.
I'll be no Student in this learned School,
I'd rather be the Human Thinking Fool;
The cloiſter'd Coxcomb able to converſe
(Although alone) with the whole Univerſe,
And reaſoning into Heav'n, mount from thence
Poſt Gazettes *of Divine Intelligence,*
And ſacred Knowledge moſt remote from Senſe.
Might I be plac'd in that exploded Sphere,
I'd not alone forgive that witty Jeer,
But boaſt the Name of Reaſoning Engineer.
But as for Man, made perfect and upright,
Why not the Image of the Infinite?
Were this a Scandal to his Glory; muſt
We for his Honour's ſake his Word diſtruſt?
Or is an Image ſuch a very Same
With what it repreſents, that it muſt claim
Its full Perfections? Sure my Picture might
Be painted like me? and yet void of Sight:

Muſt

Muſt the firſt Draught of Man be vilify'd,
Scorn'd and contemn'd, 'cauſe Man himſelf hath ſtray'd?
Or did not Eve *ſufficiently tranſgreſs,*
And baſtardiſe Poſterity? unleſs
Man, little as he is, be made much leſs.
Though he does not his higher End purſue
So well as doth the more Ignoble Crew
Of Birds and Beaſts (that little have to do.)
The Difficulty of his lofty End,
Above the others doth his Cauſe defend.
And in the Means of Diſproportion pleads,
Choice ſways the one, Inſtinct the other leads.
'Tis not 'cauſe Jowler's *wife he takes the Hare,*
But 'tis becauſe Jowler *cannot forbear;*
Though in the Chair of State ſome lolling ſit,
That therefore none can ſit upright in it,
Is an ill Conſequence, and void of Wit.
But you your ſelf have taught Man ſuch a Way
Unto his Happineſs, that he muſt ſtray;
For if his Senſe muſt uſher in his Reſt,
And never be abridg'd of its Requeſt,
He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er bleſt.
As for Pride-gendering Philoſophy
(A captious Word) 'tis what you'll have it be.
Its own Diſtinctions have an Art to ſhew
'Tis good or bad, or neither, as pleaſe you.
Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
Yet in the Love of Wiſdom all agree.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, which all acknowledge to be good,
But hath the Fate to be miſunderſtood.
Yet, though Fools crowd amongſt Philoſophers,
The Fault is not the Sciences, but theirs.
With all their Flaws our Bedlam-*Schools I'd chooſe,*
Before the madder Taverns, lowder Stews.
Though both are Slaves, I rather do reſpect
The Stoick *than th'*Epicurean *Sect.*
If Senſe or Reaſon, one muſt be deny'd,
Reaſon wou'd tell me, Reaſon muſt abide,
The leſs obnoxious, and the ſureſt Guide.
But ſince kind Nature hath deſign'd them both,
For human Compliment I ſhould be loth,
To give up blindfold Senſe to its own Will,
Or grant a Tyrant-Reaſon leave to kill
Such uſeful Faculties; my Reaſon ſhall
Govern my Subject Senſe, but not enthrall,
Nor ſhall officious Senſe preſume to act,
Till Juſtice Reaſon authoriſe the Fact.
That Human Nature is corrupt, I grant,
But was't the Uſe of Reaſon, or the Want
That pufft out the warm Breath of Love? From whence
Sprang Murder firſt, but from malicious Senſe?
Which having once uſurpt Queen Reaſon's Throne,
Was not contented with one Sin alone,
But falling headlong, plainly ſhows (alas)
By too too fatal Proof, that that which was.
The beſt, corrupted, to the worſt doth paſs.

Hence

Hence the acuteſt Wits, when they're defil'd,
Turn moſt extravagant, profane and wild,
Defend Debaucheries, and Senſe advance,
To reaſon Reaſon out of Countenance,
Making their Knowledge worſe than Ignorance.
But muſt Humanity be quite eras'd,
Becauſe it is from what it was defac'd?
Or muſt the little Reaſon Men yet hold
For their Improvement, be for Dogs-fleſh ſold?
Sometimes the Gameſter whom ill Fortune croſſes,
With his laſt Stake recovers all his Loſſes.
He's but a weak Phyſician that gives o'er
His weaker Patient, whom he might reſtore:
But may he ſuffer an Eternal Curſe,
That dares preſcribe a Remedy that's worſe
Than the Diſeaſe it ſelf: When Jowler's *lame,*
No one expects that he ſhould catch the Game,
But that he may hereafter, I am ſure
'Tis beſt not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
He that feels Qualms of Conſcience in his Breaſt,
Let him not batter Reaſon with a Beaſt,
But purge the Guilt, with which he is oppreſt.
That Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe,
Is a good Argument for my Defence.
If Senſe with that which hath ſo great a Fame
Be inconſiſtent, Senſe is much to blame.
And Reaſon will (ſpight of your Rhime and Tide
Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide
For having ſuch a Virtue on her ſide.

And Valour too takes Part with her, for Senſe
(As you contrive it) puts no Difference
Between the Valiant, that are ſo for Fear,
And Cowards that would be, but do not dare.
Reaſon could ne'er frame ſuch a witty Thing,
That Men ſhould fight for fear of Quarrelling.
All Men, you ſay, for Fools or Knaves muſt go,
And he's a Man himſelf that calls them ſo.
And being Man is at his own Choice free,
Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be;
Let him be either, or elſe both, for me.
But let me, Sir, requeſt, before you ſlip
Into your Dog, or Bear, or Monkeyſhip,
Whether you think their brutiſh Form procures
Any Advantages exceeding yours?
Both Dog and Bear, as well as Men, will fight,
And (to no purpoſe too) each other bite.
And as for Puggy, all his Virtues lie
In Aping Man, the only Thing you fly.
The wiſeſt Way theſe Evils to redreſs,
Is to be what you are, nor more, nor leſs;
That is, not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monkey neither,
But a rare Something of them all together.

THE

THE

MAIM'D DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS ſome brave *Admiral*, in former War
Depriv'd of Force, but preſt with Courage ſtill,
Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill;

II.

From whence (with Thoughts full of Concern) he views
The wiſe and daring Conduct of the Fight:
And each bold Action to his mind renews,
His preſent Glory and his paſt Delight.

III.

From his fierce Eyes Flaſhes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away;
Tranſported thinks himſelf amidſt his Foes,
And abſent, yet enjoys the bloody Day.

IV.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Love and Wine's unlucky Chance
Driv'n from the pleaſing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance;

V.

My Pains at laſt ſome Reſpite ſhall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain:

When

When Fleets of Glaſſes ſail around the Board,
From whoſe Broadſides Vollies of Wit ſhall rain.

VI.

Nor ſhall the ſight of honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted Soldiers from the Wars;
Paſt Joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Shou'd ſome brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair Inviter meanly ſhrink,
'Twould pleaſe the Ghoſt of my departed Vice,
If, at my Council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or ſhou'd ſome old-complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Night's brisk Alarms;
I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear Arms.

IX.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortreſs won;
Windows demoliſh'd, Watches overcome,
And handſom Ills by my Contrivance done.

X.

With Tales like theſe I will ſuch Heat inſpire,
As to important Miſchief ſhall incline;
I'll make him long ſome ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdneſs they're call'd to by Wine.

XI.

Thus Stateſman-like I'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from Danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing elſe, be Wiſe.

Upon *NOTHING.*

I.

Nothing! thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
That hadſt a Being ere the World was made,
And (well fixt) art alone, of Ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When Primitive *Nothing* Something ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united —— What.

III.

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole Original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV.

Yet *Something* did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſs's Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.

V. Matter,

V.

Matter, the wickedſt Offspring of thy Race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obſcur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

VII.

But Turn-coat Time aſſiſts the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

VIII.

Tho' Myſteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pries
Into thy Boſom, where the Truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the Wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part with thee the Wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great Negative, how vainly wou'd the Wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe?
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull Philoſophies.

XI.

Is, or *is not*, the Two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or falſe, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect, or deſtroy, the vaſt Deſigns of Fate;

XII. When

XII.

When they have rack'd the *Politician*'s Breaſt,
Within thy Boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.

XIII.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* ſtill permit,
That Sacred Monarchs ſhould at Council ſit,
With Perſons highly thought at beſt for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilſt weighty *Something* modeſtly abſtains,
From Princes Coffers, and from Stateſmens Brains,
And Nothing there like ſtately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with Fools in grave Diſguiſe,
For whom they reverend Shapes, and Forms deviſe,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furrs, and Gowns, when they like thee look wiſe.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Britiſh* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Diſpatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

XVII.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his beſt Friend,
Kings Promiſes, Whores Vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Lucretius,

Lucretius, in his Firſt BOOK, has theſe Lines.

OMnis enim per ſe Divûm Natura neceſſe eſt
Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab noſtris rebus, ſejunctaque longè:
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus, nihil indiga noſtri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.

Thus tranſlated.

THE *Gods*, by Right of Nature, muſt poſſeſs
An everlaſting Age of perfect Peace:
Far off remov'd from us and our Affairs;
Neither approach'd by *Dangers*, or by *Cares:*
Rich in themſelves, to whom we cannot add:
Not pleas'd by *Good* Deeds; nor provok'd by *Bad.*

ELEGIA

ELEGIA IX.

Ovidii Amorum. Lib. 2.

Ad CUPIDINEM.

O Nunquam pro me ſatis indignate Cupido,
O in corde meo deſidioſe Puer!
Quid me, qui miles nunquam tua ſigna reliqui,
Ledis? & in Caſtris vulneror ipſe tuis?
Cur tua fax urit, figit tuus arcus Amicos?
Gloria pugnantes vincere major erat.
Quid? non Hæmonius, *quem cuſpide perculit, Heros,*
Confoſſum medica poſtmodo juvit ope?
Venator ſequitur fugientia, capta relinquit:
Semper & inventis ulteriora petit.
Nos tua ſentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma:
Pigra reluctanti ceſſat in Hoſte manus.
Quid juvat in nudis hamata recondere tela
Oſſibus? Oſſa mihi nuda relinquit Amor.

Tot

THE

Ninth ELEGY

IN THE

Second Book of OVID's *Amours,*

TRANSLATED.

To *LOVE.*

O Love! how cold and ſlow to take my Part?
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart:
Why, thy old faithful Soldier wilt thou ſee
Oppreſs'd in thy own Tents? They murther me.
Thy *Flames* conſume, thy *Arrows* pierce thy Friends;
Rather on Foes purſue more Noble Ends.
Achilles' Sword would certainly beſtow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, Hopes ſtill lead on before.
We thine own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick Blows,
Whilſt thy tame Hands unmov'd againſt thy Foes,
On Men diſarm'd, how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.

Tot ſine amore viri, tot ſunt ſine amore puellæ:
Hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.
Roma, *niſi immenſum Vires promoviſſet in Orbem,*
Stramineis eſſet tunc quoque tecta caſis.
Feſſus in acceptos Miles deducitur agros;
Tutaque depoſito poſcitur enſe rudis:
Longáque ſubductam celant navalia Pinum:
Mittitur in ſaltus carcere liber equus.
Me quoque, qui toties merui ſub amore puellas,
Defunctum placidè vivere Tempus erat.
Vive, Deus, poſito ſiquis mihi dicat amore,
Deprecer; uſque adeò dulce puella malum eſt.
Cum bene partaſum eſt, animique revanuit ardor,
Neſcio quo miſera turbine mentis agor.
Ut rapit in præceps dominum, ſpumantia fruſtra
Fræna retentantem, durior oris equus;
Ut ſubitus, propè jam prenſâ tellure, carinam
Tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit;
Sic me ſæpe refert incerta Cupidinis aura:
Notaque purpureus tela reſumit Amor.
Fige puer; poſitis nudus tibi præbeor armis;
Hic tibi ſunt vires, hic tua dextra valet.
Huc tanquam juſſæ veniunt jam ſponte ſagittæ,
Vix ullis prædæ me pota pharetra tua eſt.

Infelix

Millions of dull Men live, and ſcornful Maids:
We'll own Love valiant when he theſe invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World ſnatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
But the old Soldier has his reſting Place;
And the good batter'd Horſe is turn'd to Graſs:
The haraſs'd Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to pleaſe,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her Eaſe.
For me then, who have truly ſpent my Blood
(Love) in thy Service; and ſo boldly ſtood
In *Celia*'s Trenches; were't not wiſely done,
Ev'n to retire, and live in Peace at home?
No— might I gain a *Godhead* to diſclaim
My glorious Title to my endleſs Flame;
Divinity with Scorn I would forſwear:
Such ſweet, dear, tempting Devils *Women* are,
Whene'er thoſe Flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce, black Storm pour down upon my Mind:
Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horſemen, who, in vain,
Their Fury-flaming Courſers would reſtrain.
As Ships, juſt when the Harbour they attain,
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden Blaſts, to Sea again:
So Love's fantaſtick Storms reduce my Heart
Half reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart,
Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,
And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.
Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from ev'ry Part,
You'll ſcarce diſcern the Quiver from my Heart.

Infelix, totâ quicunque quieſcere nocte
Suſtinet, & ſomnos præmia magna vocat.
Stulte, quid eſt ſomnus, gelidæ niſi mortis imago?
Longa quieſcendi tempora fata dabunt.
Me modò decipiant voces fallacis amicæ:
Sperando certè gaudia magna feram.
Et modò blanditias dicat; modò jurgia nectat;
Sæpe fruar dominâ; ſæpe repulſus eam.
Quòd dubius Mars eſt; per te, privigne Cupido, eſt:
Et movet exemplo victricus arma tuo.
Tu levis es, multóque tuis ventoſior alis;
Gaudiaque ambiguâ daſque negaſque fide.
Si tamen exaudis pulchrâ cum matre rogantem,
Indeſerta meo pectore regna gere.
Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puellæ;
Ambobus populis ſic venerandus eris.

What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull Reſt,
Or think himſelf in lazy Slumbers bleſt?
Fool — is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?
There's time for Reſt, when Fate hath ſtopt your Breath:
Me may my ſoft deluding Dear deceive;
I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe.
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide:
Often may I enjoy; oft be deny'd.
With doubtful Steps the God of War does move
By thy Example, in ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing;
Who knows when Joy or Anguiſh thou wilt bring,
Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slaves Requeſt,
Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breaſt:
And let th'inconſtant, charming Sex,
Whoſe wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne:
The Vaſſal World is then thy own.

THE CHORUS of the Second Act OF *SENECA's TROAS,* Concludes with theſe Lines.

POST mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil,
Velocis ſpacii meta noviſſima.
Spem ponant avidi, ſoliciti metum.
Quæris quo jaceas poſt obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.
Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chaos.
Mors individua eſt noxia corpori,
Nec parcens animæ. Tenara, & aſpero
Regnum ſub domino, limen & obſidens
Cuſtos non facili Cerberus oſtio,
Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,
Et par ſolicito fabula ſomnio.

The latter End of the

CHORUS of the Second Act

OF

SENECA'S TROAS, *Tranſlated.*

AFter Death Nothing is, and Nothing Death;
The utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath.
Let the ambitious Zealot lay aſide
His Hope of Heav'n; (whoſe Faith is but his Pride)
Let ſlaviſh Souls lay by their Fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this Life they ſhall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;
And to that Maſs of Matter ſhall be ſwept,
Where things deſtroy'd with things unborn are kept;
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.
For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules
The everlaſting fiery Goals,
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools,
With his grim grieſly Dog that keeps the Door,
Are ſenſeleſs Stories, idle Tales,
Dreams, Whimſies, and no more.

To His Sacred

MAJESTY,

On His Reſtoration,

In the YEAR 1660.

(*Written at Twelve Years old.*)

VIRtue's Triumphant Shrine! who do'ſt engage
At once Three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage;
Which in extatick Duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their Home:
Whilſt *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It ſelf the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
And Loyal *Kent* renews her Arts again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men;
Forgive this diſtant Homage, which does meet
Your bleſs'd Approach on ſedentary Feet:
And though my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The Weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you; yet, Great SIR, approve
My manly Wiſhes, and more vig'rous Love;

In

In whom a cold Reſpect were Treaſon to
A Father's Aſhes, greater than to You;
Whoſe one Ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring Loyalty, your *Wilmot's* Son.

Wadh. Coll.

Rocheſter.

In Obitum Seren. *MARIÆ* Princip. *Auran.*

IMpia blaſphemi ſileant concilia vulgi:
Abſolvo medicos, innocuamque manum.
Curâſſent alios facili medicamine Morbos:
Ulcera cum veniunt, Ars nihil ipſa valet.
Vultu femineo quævis vel puſtula vulnus
Lethale eſt, pulchras certior enſe necat.
Mollia vel temeret ſe quando mitior ora,
Evadat forſan femina, Diva nequit.
Cui par eſt Animæ Corpus, quæ tota venuſtas,
Formæ quis potis eſt, hæc ſupereſſe ſuæ?

Johan. Comes Roſſen.

è Coll. Wadh.

To Her Sacred

MAJESTY:

THE

QUEEN-MOTHER,

On the Death of

MARY, *Princeſs of* Orange.

(Written at Twelve Years old.)

RESpite, Great Queen, your juſt and haſty Fears:
There's no Infection lodges in our Tears.
Though our unhappy Air be arm'd with Death,
Yet Sighs have an untainted guiltleſs Breath.
Oh! ſtay a-while, and teach your equal Skill
To underſtand, and to ſupport our Ill.
You that in mighty Wrongs an Age have ſpent,
And ſeem'd to have out-liv'd ev'n Baniſhment:
Whom trait'rous Miſchief fought its earlieſt Prey,
When to moſt Sacred Blood it mades its way;

And

And did thereby its black Deſign impart,
To take his Head, that wounded firſt his Heart:
You that unmov'd Great *Charles* his Ruin ſtood,
When Three Great Nations ſunk beneath the Load:
Then a young Daughter loſt, yet Balſam found
To ſtanch that new and freſhly-bleeding Wound:
And, after this, with fixt and ſteddy Eyes
Beheld your Noble *Glouceſter*'s Obſequies:
And then ſuſtain'd the Royal *Princeſs* Fall;
You only can lament her Funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our ſad Complaints loſt in the empty Wind;
Thoſe Winds that bid you ſtay, and loudly roar
Deſtruction, and drive back to the firm Shore:
Shipwreck to Safety, and the Envy fly,
Of ſharing in this Scene of Tragedy.
While Sickneſs, from whoſe Rage you poſt away,
Relents, and only now contrives your Stay:
The lately fatal and infectious Ill
Courts the fair Princeſs, and forgets to kill,
In vain on Fevers Curſes we diſpenſe,
And vent our Paſſion's angry Eloquence:
In vain we blaſt the Miniſters of Fate,
And the forlorn Phyſicians imprecate;
Say they to Death new Poiſons add and Fire;
Murder ſecurely for Reward and Hire;
Art's Baſilisks, that kill whom e'er they ſee,
And truly write Bills of Mortality:

Who

Who, leſt the bleeding Corps ſhould them betray,
Firſt drain thoſe vital ſpeaking Streams away.
And will you, by your Flight, take part with theſe?
Become your ſelf a Third, and new Diſeaſe?
If they have caus'd our Loſs, then ſo have you,
Who take your ſelf and the fair *Princeſs* too.
For we depriv'd, an equal Damage have
When *France* doth raviſh hence, as when the Grave.
But that your Choice th'Unkindneſs doth improve,
And Dereliction adds to your Remove.

ROCHESTER,
of *Wadham* College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOme few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
That 'tis ſtill better to be pleas'd, than not;
And therefore never their own Torment plot.
While the malicious *Critticks* ſtill agree,
To loath each Play they come and pay to ſee.
The firſt know 'tis a meaner part of Senſe
To find a Fault, then taſte an Excellence:
Therefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like, while theſe
Are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe.
Poets and Women have an equal Right
To hate the Dull, who dead to all Delight,
Feel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight.
'Twas Impotence did firſt this Vice begin;
Fools cenſure Wit, as old Men rail at Sin:
Who envy Pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And good for nothing, would be wiſe at laſt:
Since therefore to the Women it appears,
That all the Enemies of Wit are theirs:
Our Poet the dull Herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his *Fate* my prove, 'twill be his *Pride*
To ſtand, or fall, with Beauty on his Side.

An

Q. HORATII FLACCI

LIB. I. SAT. X.

NEmpe incompoſito dixi pede currere verſus
Lucili. quis tam Lucili fautor inepte eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quòd ſale multo
Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera: nam ſic
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.
Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris: (& eſt quædam tamen hîc quoque virtus),
Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt, modò triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modò rhetoris, atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. ridiculum acri
Fortiùs & melius magnas plerumque ſecat res:
Illi, ſcripta quibus comœdia priſca viris eſt,

Hoc

An ALLUSION to

The 10*th* Satyr *of the* 1*ſt Book of* Horace.

WEll Sir, 'tis granted, I ſaid *Dryden*'s Rhimes
Were ſtol'n, unequal, nay dull many times:
What fooliſh Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial, to deny me this?
But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, juſtly pleas'd the Town,
In the ſame Paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Maſs,
That Stuffs up his looſe *Volumes*, muſt not paſs:
For by that Rule, I might as well admit,
Crown's tedious Scenes, for Poetry and Wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your falſe Senſe
Hits the falſe Judgment of an Audience
Of clapping Fools aſſembling, a vaſt Crowd,
Till the throng'd Playhouſe crack with the dull Load;
Though ev'n that Talent merits, in ſome ſort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;
Which blund'ring *Settle* never cou'd attain,
And puzling *Otway* labours at in vain.
But within due Proportion, circumſcribe
What e'er you write, that with a flowing Tide,

The

Hoc ſtabant, hoc ſunt imitandi: quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, neque ſimius iſte,
Nil præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.

At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
Miſcuit. O ſeri ſtudiorum! quine putetis
Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit. At ſermo linguâ concinnus utrâque
Suavior, ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt.
Cùm verſus facias, teipſum percontor, an, & cùm
Dura tibi peragenda rei ſit cauſa Petilli,
Scilicet oblitus patriæque patriſque, Latinè
Cùm Pedius cauſas exſudet Poplicola, atque
Corvinus; patriis intermiſcere petita
Verba foris malis, Canuſini more bilinguis?
Atqui ego cùm Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Verſiculos; vetuit me tali voce Quirinus
Poſt mediam noctem viſus, cùm ſomnia vera:
In ſilvam non ligna feras inſanius, ac ſi
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.

Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo;

The Style may riſe; yet in its Riſe forbear,
With uſeleſs Words, t'oppreſs the weary'd Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite,
For Elegance ſake, ſometimes allay the Force
Of *Epithets*, 'twill ſoften the Diſcourſe;
A Jeſt in Scorn points out, and hits the Thing
More home, than the moroſeſt Satyr's Sting.
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon* did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *Etheredge* copies not at all,
But is himſelf a ſheer Original.
Nor ſhat ſlow Drudge in ſwift Pindaric Strains,
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
And rides a jaded Muſe, whipt, with looſe Reins.
When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
And *Hannibal* a whining amorous Slave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd Fuſtian Fool
In *Busby's* Hands, to be well laſht at School.
Of all our Modern Wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
But haſty *Shadwell*, and ſlow *Wicherley*.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd Works do yet impart,
Great Proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
With juſt bold Strokes, he daſhes here and there,
Showing great Maſtery, with little Care;
Scorning to varniſh his good Touches o'er,
To make the Fools and Women praiſe em' more.

But

Quæ nec in æde ſonent certantia, judice Tarpâ,
Nec redeant iterum atque iterum ſpectanda theatris.
Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente ſenem, comis garrire libellos,
Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum
Facta canit pede ter percuſſo: forte epos acer,
Ut nemo, Varius ducit: molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ.
Hoc erat, experto fruſtra Varrone Atacino,
Atque quibuſdam aliis, melius quod ſcribere poſſem;
Inventor minor: neque egò illi detrahere auſim
Harentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, ſape ſerentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. age, quæſo,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero?
Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acci?
Non ridet verſus Ennî gravitate minores,
Cùm de ſe loquitur, non ut majore repreſſus?
Quid vetat & noſmet Lucilî ſcripta legentes,
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, & euntes

Mol-

But *Wicherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
He wants no Judgment, and he ſpares no Pains:
He frequently excels; and at the leaſt,
Makes fewer Faults than any of the reſt.
Waller, by Nature for the *Bays* deſign'd,
With Force and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
In *Panegyrick*, does excel Mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things,
To praiſe great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.
For pointed Satyr I wou'd *Buckhurſt* chooſe,
The beſt good Man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe.
For Songs and Verſes mannerly obſcene,
That can ſtir Nature up by Springs unſeen,
And, without forcing Bluſhes, warm the Queen;
Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs Power impart
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Hearts,
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire
Betwixt declining Virtue, and Deſire;
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away,
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of Wit;
For, he to be a tearing *Blade*, thought fit
To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob;
And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*.
But to be juſt, 'twill to his Praiſe be found,
His Excellencies more than Faults abound:

Nor

Molliùs? ac ſi quis pedibus quid claudere ſenis
Hoc tantùm contentus, amet ſcripſiſſe ducentos
Ante cibum verſus, totidem cœnatus; (Etruſci
Quale fuit Caſii rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe libriſque
Ambuſtum propriis) fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem,
Quàm rudis, & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
Quàmque poetarum ſeniorum turba: ſed ille,
Si foret hoc noſtrum fato dilatus in ævum;
Detereret ſibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur; & in verſu faciendo
Sæpe caput ſcaberet, vivos & roderet ungues.

Sæpe ſtylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi ſint
Scripturus: neque te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus, an tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
Non ego. nam ſatis eſt equitem mihi plaudere: ut audax,
Contemtis aliis, explosa Arbuſcula dixit.
Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quòd
Vellicet abſentem Demetrius? aut quòd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?

Horat.

Nor dare I from his ſacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he beſt deſerves to wear.
But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnſon* dull?
Beaumont and *Fletcher* uncorrect, and full
Of lewd Lines, as he calls 'em? *Shakeſpear's* Stile
Stiff and affected? To his own, the while
Allowing all the Juſtice that his Pride
So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To ſearch and cenſure *Dryden's* Works, and try
If thoſe groſs Faults his choice Pen doth commit,
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
Or if his lumpiſh Fancy does refuſe
Spirit and Grace to his looſe ſlattern Muſe?
Five Hundred Verſes ev'ry Morning writ,
Prove him no more a Poet, than a Wit:
Such ſcribling Authors have been ſeen before:
Muſtapha, the *Iſland Princeſs*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an Hour.
To write what may ſecurely ſtand the *Teſt*,
Of being well read over thrice at leaſt;
Compare each Phraſe, examine ev'ry Line,
Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
Scorn all Applauſe the vile Rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know:
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken Thing,
To wiſh thy *Works* might make a Play-houſe ring,

With

Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliuſque
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque
Fuſcus; & hæc utinam Viſconem laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere poſſum,
Pollio; te, Meſſala, tuo cum fratre; ſimulque
Vos Bibuli, & Servi; ſimul his te, candide Furni;
Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos
Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc, ſint qualiacunque,
Arridere velim; dolituros, ſi placeant ſpe
Deteriùs noſtrâ. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Diſcipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

I puer, atque meo citus hæc ſubſcribe libello.

The

With the unthinking Laughter, and poor Praiſe
Of Fops and Ladies, Factious for thy Plays?
Then ſend a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
From the ſhrewd Judges in the drawing Room.
I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
But ſay with *Betty Morice* heretofore,
When a Court Lady call'd her *Buckley*'s Whore;
I pleaſe one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
Let all the Coxcombs dance to bed to you.
Should I be troubled when the *Purblind Knight*,
Who ſquints more in his Judgment, than his Sight,
Picks ſilly Faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town,
For Scabs and Coach-room cry my Verſes down?
I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me
If *Sidley*, *Shadwel*, *Shephard*, *Wicherley*,
Godolphin, *Butler*, *Buckhurſt*, *Buckingham*,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to Name,
Approve my Senſe, I count their Cenſure Fame.

THE

The following VERSES were written by Sir *Car. Scrope*, on his being reflected upon at the latter End of the foregoing Copy.

In Defence of SATYR.

WHen Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Fletcher, *rul'd the Stage,*
They took ſo bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there was ſcarce a Knave, or Fool, in Town,
Of any Note, but had his Picture ſhown;
And (without doubt) though ſome it may offend,
Nothing helps more than Satyr, *to amend*
Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend.
Princes may Laws ordain; Prieſts gravely preach
But Poets moſt ſucceſsfully will teach.
For as a Paſſing-Bell frights from his Meat,
The greedy ſick Man, that too much wou'd eat;
So when a Vice *rid'culous is made,*
Our Neighbours Shame keeps us from growing bad.
But wholeſom Remedies few Palates pleaſe,
Men rather love what flatters their Diſeaſe;
Pimps, Paraſites, Buffoons, *and all the Crew,*
That under Friendſhip's Name, weak Men undo;

Find

Find their falſe Service kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell bold Truths to do us good.
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
A Man without ſome Sickneſs of the Mind.
In vain we wiſe wou'd ſeem, while ev'ry Luſt
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Duſt.
Here for ſome needleſs Gain, a Wretch is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and ſlav'd about the World;
While the Reward of all his Pains and Care,
Ends in that deſpicable Thing, his Heir.
There a vain Fop *mortgages all his Land,*
To buy that gaudy Play-thing a Command,
To ride a Cock-horſe, wear a Scarf at's Arſe,
And play Jack-pudding *in a* May-day Farce.
Here one whom Fate to be a Fool thought fit,
In ſpight of its Decree will be a Wit.
But wanting Strength t'uphold his ill-made Choice,
Set up for Lewdneſs, Blaſphemy and Noiſe.
There at his Miſtreſs' Feet a Lover lies,
And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himſelf has made.
Theſe, and a thouſand Fools unmention'd here,
Hate Poets all, becauſe they Poets fear;
Take heed (they cry) yonder Mad Dog *will bite,*
He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit;
Come but in's way, and ſtraight a new Lampoon
Shall ſpread your mangled Fame about the Town.

But why am I this Bugbear *to ye all?*
My Pen is dipt in no ſuch bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
Or hear him abſent wrong'd, and not defend;
Who for the ſake of ſome ill-natur'd Jeſt,
Tells what he ſhou'd conceal, invents the reſt;
To fatal Midnight Quarrels, can betray
*His brave * Companion, and then run away;*
Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
Then put it off, with ſome Buffoon Conceit;
This, this is he, you ſhou'd beware of all,
Yet him a pleaſant witty Man, you call;
To whet your dull Debauches up and down,
You ſeek him as top Fidler *of the Town.*
But if I laugh when the gay Coxcombs *ſhow,*
To ſee the Booby Sotus *dance* Provoe.
Or Thatt'ring Porus, *from the Side-Box grin,*
Trick'd like a Lady's Monkey new made clean.
To me the Name of Railer *ſtraight you give,*
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
But Wenches to their Keepers true ſhall turn,
Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands ſcorn,
Great Heroes Flattery and Clinches hate,
And long in Office *die without Eſtate;*
Without a Fee, great Council Cauſes plead,
The Country Knav'ry want, the City Pride;
Ere that black Malice in my Rhymes you find,
That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.

But

* *Col.* Downs.

But then perhaps you'll ſay why do you write?
What you think harmleſs Mirth, the World thinks Spight.
Why ſhou'd your Fingers itch to have a Laſh
At Simons *the* Buffoon, *or* Cully Baſh?
What is't to you, if Alidor's *fine Whore*
Lies with ſome Friend, whilſt he's ſhut out of Doors?
Conſider pray, that dang'rous Weapon Wit
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.
Whip but a Cur, as you ride through the Town,
And ſtraight his fellow Curs the Quarrel own;
Each Knave or Fool, that's conſcious of a Crime,
Though he ſcapes now, looks for't another time.
Sir, I confeſs all you have ſaid is true,
But who has not ſome Folly to purſue?
Miſo *turn'd* Quixot, *fancy'd Battels fights,*
When the fifth Bottle had increas'd your Lights.
Warlike dirt Pies, our Hero Paris *forms,*
Which deſp'rate Beſſus *without Armour ſtorms.*
Cornus, *the kindeſt Husband e'er was born,*
Still courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn.
Invites him home to Dinner, fills his Veins
With the hot Blood, which his dear Doxy *drains.*
Grandio *believes himſelf a* Beau-Garçon,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down;
And with his ſaucy Love plagues half the Town.
While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with Goſnel, *that old Hag, a-bed.*
But ſhou'd I all the crying Follies tell,
That rouze the ſleeping Satyr *from his Cell;*

I to my Reader ſhou'd as tedious prove,
As that old Spark Albanus, *making Love.*
Or florid Roſcius, *when with ſome ſmooth Flam,*
He gravely on the Publick tries to ſham.
Hold then, my Muſe, 'tis time to make an end,
Leſt taxing others, thou thy ſelf offend.
The World's a Wood, in which all loſe their Way,
Though by a different Path, each goes aſtray.

On the ſuppos'd Author of a late POEM *in Defence of* SATYR.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,
In Satyrs Praiſe, to a low untun'd Strain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy Perſon we more clearly ſee
That's Satyr of Divine Authority,
For God made one on Man when he made thee.
To ſhew there were ſome Men, as there are Apes,
Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in Shapes:
In thee are all theſe Contradictions join'd,
That make an *Aſs* prodigious and refin'd.
A Lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's Deſpight, and Nature's Scorn;

And

And art grown up the moſt ungrateful Wight,
Harſh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;
Yet Love's thy Buſineſs, Beauty thy Delight.
Curſe on that ſilly Hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy Madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy griſly Face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe aukward Follies, that expreſs
Thy loathſome Love, and filthy Daintineſs.
Who needs wilt be an ugly *Beau-Garçon*,
Spit at, and ſhun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town;
Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow, thou art plac'd
To fright the tender Flock that long to taſte:
While every coming Maid, when you appear,
Starts back for Shame, and ſtraight turns chaſte for fear.
For none ſo poor or proſtitute have prov'd,
Where you made Love, t'endure to be belov'd,
'Twere Labour loſt, or elſe I wou'd adviſe:
But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wiſe.
Half witty, and half mad, and ſcarce half brave,
Half honeſt (which is very much a Knave)
Made up of all theſe Halfs, thou can'ſt not paſs
For any thing intirely, but an *Aſs*.

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EPILOGUE.

AS Charms are Nonſenſe, Nonſenſe ſeems a Charm,
Which Hearers of all Judgment does diſarm;
For Songs and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
And Doggrel takes, which *Smiths* in Sattin ſing.
Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run;
We find that Wit's the Monſter you would ſhun,
And by my Troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince with Vice and Folly Wit is fed,
Through Mercy 'tis moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn Puppets now at your Deſire,
In their Mouth's Nonſenſe, in their Tail's a Wire,
They fly through Crowds of Clouts and Showr's of Fire.
A kind of loſing *Loadum* is their Game,
Where the worſt Writer has the greateſt Fame.
To get vile Plays like theirs, ſhall be our Care;
But of ſuch *aukward* Actors we *deſpair*.
Falſe taught at firſt ——
Like Bowls ill biaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They're further off, than when they firſt begun.
In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
There's one is ſuch a dear familiar Spark,

He

He yawns as if he were but half awake;
And fribling for free ſpeaking, does *miſtake*;
Falſe Accent, and neglectful Action too.
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an Ape's Mock-face,
By near reſembling Man, do Man diſgrace.
Through pac'd ill Actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half Players, like half Wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the Age
Of the great * Wonder of the *Engliſh* Stage;
Whom Nature ſeem'd to form for your Delight,
And bid him ſpeak, as ſhe bid *Shakeſpear* write.
Thoſe Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art,
Mimick his Foot, but not his ſpeaking Part
Let them the *Traitor*, or *Volpone* try;
Could they ———
Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Caſſius* die,
They ne'er had ſent to *Paris* for ſuch Fancies,
As Monſters Heads and *Merry-Andrew*'s Dances:
Wither'd, perhaps, not periſh'd we appear,
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th'old Poets dreſs'd your Miſtreſs Wit before,
Theſe draw you on with an old painted Whore,
And ſell, like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice o'er.
Yet they may ſcorn our Houſe and Actors too,
Since they have ſwell'd ſo high to hector you.

* *Major* Mohun.

They cry, Pox o' theſe *Covent-Garden* Men,
Damn 'em, not one of them but keeps out Ten;
Were they once gone, we for thoſe thund'ring Blades
Should have an Audience of ſubſtantial Trades,
Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and *great Nephew* Æolus.
O how the merry Citizen's in Love
With——
Pſyche, *the Goddeſs of each Field and Grove.*
He cries, I'faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd Stuff.
So to their Houſe the graver Fops repair,
While Men of Wit find one another here.

A

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the

Court at WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING *CHARLES* II.

By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

WIT has of late took up a Trick t'appear
Unmannerly, or at the beſt, ſevere:
And Poets ſhare the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard your Scorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe Ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.
You Men would think it an ill-natur'd Jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you do your beſt.
Then rail not here; though you ſee Reaſon for't:
If Wit can find it ſelf no better Sport,
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at Court.

Wit's Buſineſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright;
'Tis no Wit to be always in the Right;
You'll find it none, who dare be ſo to-night.
Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a Play,
To ſpy out Faults, in what we Women ſay.
For us, no matter what we ſpeak, but how:
How kindly can we ſay —— *I hate you now?*
And for the Men, if you'll laugh at 'em, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I deſcend to loſe a Pray'r
On thoſe ſmall Saints in Wit? the God ſits there.

To the KING.

To you, (Great SIR) my Meſſage hither tends:
From Youth, and Beauty, your Allies and Friends,
See my Credentials written in my Face,
They challenge your Protection in this Place;
And hither come with ſuch a Force of Charms,
As may give check ev'n to your proſp'rous Arms.
Millions of *Cupids* hov'ring in the Rear,
Like Eagles following fatal Troops, appear:
All waiting for the Slaughter which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold Gazers who this Night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft Captivity,
From which old Age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal Conſequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, *Great Prince*,
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak Defence.

Be

Be generous and wiſe, and take our Part:
Remember we have Eyes, and You a Heart;
Elſe You may find, too late, that we are Things
Born to kill Vaſſals, and to conquer *Kings.*
But oh to what vain Conqueſt I pretend!
While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend,
Our Victory Your Empire more aſſures;
For Love will ever make the Triumph Yours.

To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and Others, Whether of City, Town, or Country,

ALEXANDER BENDO

Wiſheth all Health and Proſperity.

WHEREAS this famous *Metropolis* of *England,* (and were the Endeavours of its worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Virtue, I ſhould not ſtick to denounce it in a ſhort time, the *Metropolis* of the whole *World*): Whereas this City (as moſt great ones are) has ever been infeſted with a numerous Company of ſuch, whoſe Arrogant Confidence, backing their Ignorance, has enabled them to impoſe upon the People, either premeditated Cheats, or at beſt, the palpable, dull, and empty Miſtakes of their ſelf-deluded Imaginations in Phyſick, Chymical, and Galenick, in Aſtrology, Phyſiognomy, Palmeſtry, Mathematicks, Alchymy,

Alchymy, and even in Government it ſelf; the laſt of which I will not propoſe to diſcourſe of, or meddle at all in, ſince it no ways belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the reſt do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more ſafe; I think equally Honeſt, and therefore more Profitable: But as to all the former, they have been ſo erroneouſly practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Needineſs for the moſt part (if not the reſtleſs Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to ſtraggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Profeſſions themſelves, though originally the Products of the moſt Wiſe Mens laborious Studies and Experiences; and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come; ſeem by this Baſtard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wiſdom, Learning, Perſpicuouſneſs, and Truth, with which they were ſo plentifully ſtock'd, and now run into a Repute of meer Miſts, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits ſuch as in the Management of theſe idle Profeſſors indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) *Gentlemen*, *Ladies*, and *Others*, deem it but juſt, that I, who for ſome Years have, with all Faithfulneſs and Aſſiduity, courted theſe Arts, and receiv'd ſuch ſignal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themſelves, and truſted me with their greateſt Secrets, ſhould, with an Earneſtneſs and Concern more than ordinary,

take

take their Parts againſt thoſe impudent Fops, whoſe ſaucy impertinent Addreſſes and Pretenſions have brought ſuch Scandal upon their moſt immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Beſides, I hope you will not think I could be ſo impudent, that if I had intended any ſuch foul Play my ſelf, I would have given you ſo fair Warning by my ſevere Obſervations upon others. *Qui alterum incuſat probri, ipſum ſe intueri oportet*, Plaut. However, *Gentlemen*, in a World like this (where Virtue is ſo exactly counterfeited, and Hypocriſy ſo generally taken notice of, that every one, arm'd with Suſpicions, ſtands upon his Guard againſt it) 'twill be very hard for a Stranger eſpecially, to eſcape a Cenſure.

All I ſhall ſay for my ſelf on this Score, is this: If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the ſake of that chiefly, ought I to be conſtrued a true Man, who is the Counterfeit's Example, his Original, and that which he employs his Induſtry and Pains to imitate and copy: Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat by his Wits and Endeavours makes himſelf ſo like me, that conſequently I cannot avoid reſembling of him? Conſider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt; the Politician and the Fool; they are the ſame in many things, and differ but in *one* alone. The valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it: So does

does the Coward; one only Point of Honour, and that's Courage (which, like falſe Metal, one only Trial can diſcover) makes the Diſtinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richeſt, whilſt Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the Difference is real Caſh, a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the laſt found out, and till then the leaſt perceiv'd.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, delibgrating, cloſe, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, cloſe, prying Fools? If then the Difference betwixt all theſe (though infinite in effect) be ſo nice in all Appearance, will you expect it ſhould be otherwiſe betwixt the falſe Phyſician, Aſtrologer, &c. and the true? The firſt calls himſelf Learned Doctor, ſends forth his Bills, gives Phyſick and Counſel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do juſt as much; 'tis only your Experience muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt them, to which I willingly ſubmit my ſelf: I'll only ſay ſomething to the Honour of the Mountebank, in caſe you diſcover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis: He is one then who is fain to ſupply ſome higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft: He draws great Companies to him, by undertaking ſtrange Things which can never be effected.

The Politician (by his Example, no doubt) finding how the People are taken with ſpecious miraculous.

culous Impoſſibilities, plays the ſame Game, proteſts, declares, promiſes I know not what things, which he's ſure can ne'er be brought about: The People believe, are deluded, and pleas'd; the Expectation of a future Good, which ſhall never befal them, draws their Eyes off of a preſent Evil. Thus are *They* kept and eſtabliſhed in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; *He*, in Greatneſs, Wealth and Power: So you ſee the *Politician* is, and muſt be a *Mountebank* in State-Affairs, and the *Mountebank* (no doubt if he thrives) is an arrant *Politician* in Phyſick.

But, that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly at this time to ſerve my Country.

Firſt, I will, by the Leave of God, perfectly cure that *Labes Britannica*, or Grand *Engliſh* Diſeaſe, the *Scurvy*, and that with ſuch Eaſe to my *Patient*, that he ſhall not be ſenſible of the leaſt Inconvenience whilſt I ſteal his Diſtemper from him; I know there are many who treat this Diſeaſe with *Mercury*, *Antimony*, *Spirits* and *Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I ſhall meddle very little, and with great Caution, but by more ſecure, gentle, and leſs fallible Medicines, together with the Obſervation of ſome few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the *Patient*, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looſeneſs of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains

and

and Laſſitude in the Limbs and Joints, eſpecially the Legs. And, to ſay Truth, there are few Diſtempers in this Nation that are not, or at leaſt proceed not originally from, the Scurvy; which were it well rooted out (as I make no queſtion to do it of all thoſe who ſhall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of ſo many Gouts, Aches, Dropſies and Conſumptions: Nay, even thoſe thick and ſlimy Humours which generate Stones in the Kidnies and Bladder, are for the moſt part Offſprings of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to ſet down all its malignant Race; but thoſe who addreſs themſelves here, ſhall be ſtill inform'd by me in the Natures of their Diſtempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: ſo will all reaſonable People be ſatisfy'd, that I treat them with Care, Honeſty and Underſtanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather myſterious than uſeful and ſatisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diſeaſes and Diſtempers; it behoves a *Phyſician*, I am ſure, to underſtand them all: But if any one come to me (as I think there are very few have eſcap'd my *Practice)* I ſhall not be aſham'd to own to my *Patient*, where I find my ſelf to ſeek, and at leaſt he ſhall be ſecure with me from having Experiments try'd upon him; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of the grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in thoſe of the

the leſſer Quacks and Mountebanks. It is thought fit, that I aſſure you of great Secrecy, as well as Care in Diſeaſes, where it is requiſite, whether Venereal, or other; as ſome peculiar to Women, the Green-ſickneſs, Weakneſſes, Inflammations, or Obſtructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. (For I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean Sound; it is enough that I make my ſelf underſtood. I have ſeen Phyſicians Bills as Bawdy as *Aretine*'s Dialogues, which no Man that walks warily before God can approve of). But I cure all Suffocations in thoſe Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulſions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other ſtrange Accidents, not fit to be ſet down here; perſuading young Women very often that their *Hearts* are like to break for Love, when, God knows, the Diſtemper lies far enough from that Place.

Likewiſe Barrenneſs proceeding from any accidental Cauſe, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect; (for Nature is eaſily aſſiſted, difficultly reſtor'd, but impoſſible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himſelf had at firſt created and beſtowed it). Cures of this kind I have done ſignal and many, for the which I doubt not but I have the good Wiſhes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had elſe pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Eſtates and Poſſeſſions, to be inherited by Strangers.

As

As to Aſtrological Predictions, Phyſiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwiſe, (Palmeſtry I have not Faith in, becauſe there can be no Reaſon alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their conſiderable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themſelves.

I ſay, my own Practice has convinc'd me more than all the ſage and wiſe Writings extant of thoſe Matters: For I might ſay this for my ſelf, (did it not look like Oſtentation) that I have very ſeldom fail'd in my Predictions, and often been very ſerviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this way, I am ſure is not fit to be deliver'd in Print.

Thoſe who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I ſuppoſe, come to me about it; ſuch as have, I make no queſtion of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be aſham'd to ſet down here, my Willingneſs to practiſe rare Secrets (though ſomewhat collateral to my Profeſſion) for the Help, Conſervation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comelineſs: A thing created at firſt by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Eſtabliſhment of mutual Love between Man and Woman: God had beſtow'd on Man the Power of Strength and Wiſdom, and there-

thereby render'd Woman liable to the Subjection of his abſolute Will; it ſeem'd but requiſite that ſhe ſhould be endu'd likewiſe in Recompence, with ſome Quality, that might beget in him Admiration of her, and ſo enforce his Tenderneſs and Love.

The Knowledge of theſe Secrets I gather'd in my Travels abroad, (where I have ſpent my Time ever ſince I was Fifteen Years old, to this my nine and twentieth Year) in *France* and *Italy*: Thoſe that have travell'd in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there aſſiſt Nature in the Preſervation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the ſame Countenance with thoſe of Fifteen; Ages are no way diſtinguiſh'd by Faces: Whereas here in *England*, look a Horſe in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you preſently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you ſuch Remedies, that without deſtroying your Complexion (as moſt of your Paints and Dawbings do) ſhall render them purely fair, clearing and preſerving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, and Pimples, any Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, ſo the Face be not ſeam'd or ſcarr'd.

I will alſo preſerve and cleanſe your Teeth, white and round as Pearls, faſtening them that are looſe; your Gums ſhall be kept intire, and red as Coral, your Lips of the ſame Colour, and ſoft as you could wiſh your lawful Kiſſes.

I will likewiſe adminiſter that which ſhall cure the worſt of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally periſh'd, and impoſthumated; as alſo certain and infallible Remedies for thoſe whoſe Breaths are yet untainted, ſo that nothing but either a very long Sickneſs, or old Age it ſelf, ſhall ever be able to ſpoil them.

I will beſides (if it be deſir'd) take away from their Fatneſs who have over-much, and add Fleſh to thoſe that want it, without the leaſt Detriment to their Conſtitutions.

Now ſhould *Galen* himſelf look out of his Grave, and tell me theſe were Bawbles below the Profeſſion of a Phyſician, I would boldly anſwer him, that I take more Glory in preſerving God's Image in its unblemiſh'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I ſhould do in patching up all the decay'd Carcaſſes in the World.

They that will do me the favour to come to me, ſhall be ſure from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till eight at Night, at my Lodgings in *Tower-ſtreet*, next Door to the Sign of the *Black Swan*, at a *Goldſmith*'s Houſe, to find

Their Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preſerving your humble Servant *Rocheſter*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which, for want of good Wine, more than Company (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conſcience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken *to wean you from your pernicious Reſolutions of Diſcretion and Wiſdom!* And if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongſt you Stateſmen) ſhew it, by directing the Bearer to the beſt Wine in Town; and pray let not this higheſt Point of *ſacred Friendſhip* be perform'd *ſlightly*, but

go

go about it, *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Prieſts to Sacrifice, or as diſcreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-diſcerning Palate (the beſt judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, 'till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord----- will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou doſt hope to *outdo Machiavel*, or *equal Me*, ſend ſome good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul at laſt find Reſt, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and *Lewdneſs!* May'ſt thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy *domeſtic Wit*; *belov'd* and *cheriſh'd* for thy *foreign Intereſt* and *Intelligence.*

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot ſhake off the Stateſman intirely, for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almoſt a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my ſelf, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Proſperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindneſs to me, which is the only Error I wiſh to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all ſtung with my Lord *M*———'s mean Ambition, but I aſpire to my Lord *L*———'s generous Philoſophy: They who would be great in our little Government, ſeem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who with much Endeavour, and ſome Danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which ſolid Pigs would diſdain, if they were not ſtarving. Theſe Reflections, how idle ſoever they ſeem to the Buſy, if taken into Conſideration, would ſave you many weary Step in the Day, and help *G*———*y* to many an Hours Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G*———*y* would be rich;

rich; and by my troth, there is ſome Senſe in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wiſh him many Millions, that his Soul may find Reſt. You write me word, That I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd for the the Diſproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a ſinging Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you pleaſe, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to ſhew your ſelf in the Country this Summer, contrive ſuch a Crew together, as may not be aſham'd of paſſing by *Woodſtock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *G——y*, we will make a ſhift to delight his Gravity. I am ſorry for the declining D——ſs, and would have you generous to her at this Time; for that is true Pride and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THis Day I received the *unhappy News* of my own *Death and Burial.* But, hearing what *Heirs* and *Succeſſors* were decreed me in *my Place*, and chiefly in *my Lodgings*, it was no ſmall Joy to me, that *thoſe Tidings* prove *untrue*; my Paſſion *for Living* is ſo increaſed, that I omit *no Care of my ſelf*; which, *before*, I never thought *Life worth the Trouble of taking.* The King who knows me to be a *very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it *an eaſy matter* for me *to die*, now I *live chiefly out of Spight.* Dear Mr. *Savile*, afford me ſome News from your *Land of the Living*; and though I have little Curioſity to hear who's *well*, yet I would be *glad* my few *Friends* are *ſo*, of whom *you* are no more *the leaſt* than *the leaneſt*. I have *better Compliments* for you, but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs my ſelf,

Your faithful, affectionate,

Adderbury *near* Banbury, *Feb.* ult. *humble Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middleſex.*

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great Strait what to write to you; the Stile of *Buſineſs* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Miniſtry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can truſt with Confidence all thoſe *You* are liable to, *ſo well I know you*, and *ſo perfectly I love* you. We are in ſuch a *ſettled Happineſs*, and ſuch *merry Security* in this place, that, if it were not for *Sickneſs*, I could paſs my Time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of *malicious miſtaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expoſe *new Rarities* of *that kind* every day. The News I have to ſend, and the ſort alone which could be ſo to *you*, are things *gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare not truſt to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour* and *Protection*, and *whoſe Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly if it might ſuit with your *Character*, at your times of Leiſure, to Mr. *Baptiſt*'s Acquaintance, the happy Conſequence would be *Singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a ſhare not

worthy *the greateſt Ambaſſadors*, nor to be deſpis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greateſt and graveſt* of *this Court* of *both Sexes* have taſted his *Beauties*; and, I'll aſſure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here* in *this point* mainly; and there is no part of the *plot* carried with ſo much *Secrecy* and *Vigour* as *this*. Proſelytes, of conſequence, are daily made, and Lord *S*——'s *Impriſonment* is no *check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter*'s *Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. *S*——'s Apology, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his *Oration-Conſolatory* on my Lady *D*——'s Death, and a *Politick Diſſertation* between my Lady *P*—— 's and Captain *Dangerfield* with many other *worthy Treatiſes* of the *like nature*, are things worthy your peruſal; but I durſt not ſend 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Conſequence* it might draw upon your *Circumſtances* and *Character*; but if they will admit a *Correſpendence* of that *kind*, in which *alone* I dare preſume to think my ſelf *capable*, I ſhall be very *induſtrious* in that way, or any *other*, to keep you from *forgetting*

Your moſt affectionate,

Whitehall,
Nov. 1.
—— 79.

obliged, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WERE I as *Idle* as *ever*, which I ſhou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a ſmall *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *diſhevell'd Rays* gild the Tops of the *Palaces in Leather-lane:* Then ſhould *thoſe vile Enchanters* Baſten *and* Ginman, lead forth their *Illuſtrious Captives in Chains of Quickſilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms* to *the loathſome Banks of a dead Lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, ſhou'd break the horrid Silence, and ſpeak the *moſt paſſionate Fine things* that ever *Heroic Lover* utter'd; which being *ſoftly* and *ſweetly* reply'd to by Mrs. *Roberts*, ſhould *rudely* be *interrupted* by *the envious* F——. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till *the gentle Reader bath'd* with the *Tribute* of his Eyes *the Names* of ſuch *unfortunate Lovers* —— And this (I take it) wou'd be a moſt excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my moſt *Pocky Friends, Companions and Miſtreſſes.* But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the wiſe* have it) when a Man *half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but ſo it falls out in my

Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapſe*, brought by a *Fever*, the *Stone*, and ſome other *ten Diſeaſes more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd ſome days ago; and now I fear I muſt *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long ſince *written for Inſtruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

But he who lives not Wiſe and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf ſtill in October.

About which time, in all probability, there may be a Period added to a *Ridiculous Being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my Return from *Newmarket*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more *ſurprized* at the *Indirectneſs* of Mr. *P*'s *Proceeding*, than *over-joyed* at his *Kindneſs and Care for yours*. *Miſery makes*

makes all Men leſs or more diſhoneſt; and I am not *aſtoniſhed* to ſee *Villany* induſtrious for Bread; *eſpecially* living in *a place* where it is often ſo *de gayeté de Cœur*. I believe the *Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get ſome Money, or elſe he is *put upon it* by Somebody, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can againſt me: However, I will ſearch into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Poſt or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me ſuch *a Proof* of your *Friendſhip*; and I am now ſenſible, that it is *Natural* for you to be *kind* to me, and can *never more* deſpair of it.

I am your faithful, obliged,

humble Servant,

Biſhop Stafford,
Apr. 5. 80.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Ambaſſador in *FRANCE.*

Begun, Whitehall, May 30*th*, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *ſincerely*) but *Idleneſs* on one ſide, and not *knowing* what to ſay on the *other*, has hindred me from writing to you, after ſo *kind a Letter* and *the Preſent* you ſent me, for which I return you at laſt my humble Thanks. *Changes* in *this place* are *ſo frequent*, that *F—— himſelf* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to-day*, or what will enſue *to-morrow*; and *Accidents* are *ſo extravagant*, that my Lord *W—* intending to *Lye*, has with a *Prophetick Spirit*, *once told Truth*. Every Man *in this Court* thinks he ſtands fair for *Miniſters*; ſome give it to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Halifax*; but Mr *Waller* ſays *S—* does all; I am ſure my Lord *A —* does little, which your Excellence will eaſily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Diſcourſe of *Politick Perſons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himſelf upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the

the King, it is very *auſpicious* and *advantageous to the drift of the preſent Councils:* The reſt of the *Scots*, and eſpecially D. *H*—— are very inquiſitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make a *handſome Figure in this Conjuncture* at *London*. What the D. of *Monmouth* will effect, is now the general *Expectation*, who took *Poſt unexpectedly*, left *all* that had offer'd their Service in *this Expedition*, in the *lurch*; and being attended only by Sir *Thomas Armſtrong*, and Mr. *C*—— will, without queſtion, have the *full Glory* as well of the *Prudential* as the *Military Part* of this *Action intire to himſelf*. The moſt *Profound Politicians* have weighty *Brows* and *careful Aſpects* at preſent, upon a *Report* crept abroad, *That Mr.* Langhorn, *to ſave his Life, offers a Diſcovery of* Prieſts *and* Jeſuits *Lands, to the value of fourſcore and ten thouſand Pounds a Year*; which being accepted, it is feared, *Partiſans* and *Undertakers* will be found out to advance a conſiderable Sum of *Money* upon this *Fund*, to the *utter Interruption of Parliaments*, and the *Deſtruction of many hopeful Deſigns*. This, I muſt call *God* to witneſs, was never hinted to me in *the leaſt* by Mr. *P*—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taſte of my *ſerious Abilities*, and to let you know I have a great *Goggle-eye* to *Buſineſs:* And now I cannot deny you a ſhare in the *high ſatisfaction* I have received at the account which flouriſhes

riſhes here of your high *Proteſtancy* at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never ſo honour'd, as ſince your *Reſidence* and *Miniſtry* in *France*, to that *Degree*, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be ſitting at your Return, or otherwiſe the *Mayor* and *Common Council* will petition the *King* you may be *Dignified* with the *Title of that place*, by way of *Earldom*, or *Dukedom*, *as his* Majeſty *ſhall think moſt proper to give, or you accept.*

Mr. S— is a Man of that *Tenderneſs of Heart and approved Humanity*, that he will doubtleſs be highly *afflicted* when he hears of the *unfortunate Pilgrims*, though he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of *his own beſt Concubine*, and *your fair Kinſwoman M*— who now ſtarves. The Packet inclos'd in your laſt, I read with all the ſenſe of Compaſſion it merits, and if I can prove ſo unexpectedly happy to ſucceed in my *Endeavours* for that Fair Unfortunate, ſhe ſhall have a ſpeedy account. I thank *God*, there is yet a *Harry Savile* in *England*, with whom I drank your Health laſt Week, at Sir *William Coventry*'s, and who, in *Features*, *Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me ſo lively an *Idea* of *Your ſelf*, that I am reſolved to retire into *Oxfordſhire*, and enjoy him till *Shilve* come, or *You* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

To

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

ANY kind of Correſpondence with ſuch a Friend as You, is very agreeable; and therefore You will eaſily believe, I am very ill when I loſe the Opportunity of writing to you. But Mr. *Povy* comes into my mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I muſt tell You, I pray for *Your happy Reſtoration*; but was not at all ſorry for Your *glorious Diſgrace*, which is an Honour, conſidering the *Cauſe*. I would ſay ſomething to the *Serious* part (as You were pleas'd to call it) of Your *former* Letter; but it will diſgrace my *Politicks* to differ from yours, who have wrought now ſome time under the *beſt* and *keeneſt Stateſmen* our *Cabinet* boaſts of; But to confeſs the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your Meaſures juſt contrary to your* Rivals, *live in Peace with all the World, and eaſily with the* King; *Never be ſo Ill-natur'd to ſtir up his Anger againſt others, but let him forget the uſe of a Paſſion, which is never to do you good: Cheriſh his Love where-ever it inclines, and be aſſur'd You can't commit greater Folly,*

Folly, than pretending to be Jealous; but on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart, and all the Faculties You have, contribute to his Pleasure all You can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so you be at one end, 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when You can, at other times help it. ——— Thus I have given You an account how unfit I am to give the Advice You propos'd: Besides this, You may judge, whether I was a good *Pimp*, or no. But some thought *otherwise*; and so truly, I have renounc'd *Business*; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject, and for this time, I beg this may suffice, from

Your humble and most affectionate

faithful Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only choose to employ my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languish all the Day

in

in the tediouſneſs of doing nothing, that I write to You; but owning that (tho' You excel moſt Men in Friendſhip and Good-nature) You are not quite exempt from all Human Frailty; I ſend this to hinder You from forgetting a Man who loves You very heartily. The *World*, ever ſince I can remember, has been ſtill ſo inſupportably the ſame, that 'twere vain to hope there were any Alterations; and therefore I can have no *Curioſity* for *News*; only I would be glad to know if the Parliament be like to ſit any time; for the *Peers* of *England*, being grown of late Years very conſiderable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Seſſion. *Livy* and Sickneſs has a little inclin'd me to *Policy*; when I come to Town, I make no queſtion but to change that *Folly* for ſome leſs; whether *Wine* or *Women* I know not; according as my *Conſtitution* ſerves me: Till then, (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When you Dine at my Lord *Liſle*'s, let me be remember'd.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehenſible, as what they *pretend* to repreſent; but apparently as frail as thoſe they govern —— This is a Seaſon of Tribulation; and I piouſly beg of Almighty *God*, that the *ſtrict Severity* ſhewn to one ſcandalous *Sin* amongſt us, may expiate for all grievous *Calamities* —— So help them *God*, whom it concerns!

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

IF *Sack and Sugar be a Sin*, God *help the Wicked*; was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of *Tore*, lov'd a Glaſs of *Wine*, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and ſometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Savile*) forgive me, if I confeſs, that, upon ſeveral Occaſions, you have put me in mind of this fat *Perſon*, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your preſent Circumſtances, I cannot but ſay with my ſelf, if loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lauderdale*, bring Baniſhments and *Pox*, the *Lord* have Mercy upon poor *Thieves* and *S——s!* But, by this time, all your Inconveniences (for, to a Man of your very good Senſe, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part, I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But moſt Human Affairs are carried on at the ſame *Nonſenſical* rate, which makes me, (who am now grown *Superſtitious*) think it a Fault to laugh at the *Monkey* we have here,

here, when I compare his *Condition* with *Mankind*. You will be very Good-natur'd, if you keep your Word, and write to me ſometimes: And ſo Good-night, dear Mr. *Savile*.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

WHether *Love*, *Wine*, or *Wiſdom*, (which rule you by turns) have the preſent *Aſcendant*, I cannot pretend to determine at this Diſtance; but *Good-nature*, which waits about you with more Diligence than *Godfrey* himſelf, is my *Security*, that you are *Unmindful* of your abſent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I never was criminal enough to *merit*, ſince to the black and fair *Counteſs* I villanouſly *betray'd* the daily Addreſſes of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the *firſt Bottle*, and upon the *ſecond*, on my Conſcience, wou'd have renounc'd *them and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That ſecond Bottle* (Harry!) *is the ſincereſt, wiſeſt, and moſt impartial downright Friend we have*; tells us Truth of *our ſelves*, and forces us to ſpeak Truths of *others*; baniſhes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *Diſtruſt* from our *Hearts*; ſets

us

us above the *mean Policy of Court Prudence*, which makes us lye to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *Betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before *God*) I believe the *erranteſt Villain breathing is honeſt as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of *that Tribe* dare venture upon him, at leaſt among the *Courtiers* and *Stateſmen*. I have ſeriouſly conſider'd one Thing, That of the three Buſineſſes of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks* and *Drinking*; the *laſt* is the only Exerciſe at which you and I have not prov'd our ſelves *errant Fumblers*: If you have not *Vanity* to think *otherwiſe*; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they ſhall determine, live and die *their Drunkards*, or *entire Lovers*. For as we mince the Matter, it is hard to ſay which is the moſt *tireſome Creature*, *Loving Drunkard*, or the *Drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd your fat *Buttock a Gallop* to *Portſmouth*, I doubt not but through extreme *Galling*, you now lie Bed-rid of the *Piles*, or *Fiſtula in Ano*, and have the leiſure to write to your Country Acquaintance; which if you omit, I ſhall take the liberty to conclude you very *Proud*. *Such a Letter* ſhould be directed to me at *Adderbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within theſe three Days. From

Your obedient humble Servant,

Bath, June 22.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WHether *Love*, or the *Politicks*, have the greater Intereſt in your Journey to *France*, becauſe it is argued among *wiſer* Men, I will not conclude upon; but hoping ſo much from your Friendſhip, that, without reſerve, you will truſt me with the time of your ſtay in *Paris*; I have writ this to aſſure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Reſolutions are to improve this Winter, for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*; and if the *Temptation* of ſeeing you be added to the *Deſires* I have already, the Sin is ſo ſweet, that I am reſolved to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos à malo.* ——

ROCHESTER.

Oxford, Sept. 5.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

'TIS not the *Leaſt* of my Happineſs, that I think you love me; But the *Firſt* of all my *Pretenſions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to deſerve it. If there be a *Real Good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which, all others are meer fantaſtical. How few of us are fit Stuff to make that Thing, we have daily the melancholy Experience.

However, dear *Harry!* Let us not give out, nor deſpair of bringing that about, which, as it is the moſt difficult and rare Accident of Life, is alſo the beſt; nay (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has ſo intirely poſſeſs'd me ſince I came into the Country, (where, only, one can think; for you at Court think not at all; or, at leaſt, as if you were ſhut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing but the Noiſe that is made about you) that I have made many ſerious Reflections upon it, and amongſt others, gather'd one Maxim, which I deſire ſhou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. *G*--; That, *We are bound in* Morality *and common* Honeſty,

Honeſty, *to endeavour after Competent Riches*; ſince it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneaſy in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm and clear in their Friendſhips. A very poor Fellow is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thouſand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd within himſelf. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philoſophy to the *Dog-days*, and living alone: To prevent the Inconveniencies of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on *Sunday* next, in Viſitation to my Lord Treaſurer. Be ſo Politick, or be ſo Kind (or a little of both, which is better) as to ſtep down thither, if famous Affairs at *Windſor* do not detain you. Dear *Harry*, I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If you ſee the Dutcheſs of *P*——— very often, take ſome Opportunity to talk to her about what I ſpoke to you at *London*.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honeſt Man to be happy in his Friends, ſure I were marked out for the worſt of Men; ſince no one ne'er loſt ſo many as I have done, or knew to make ſo few. The Severity you ſay the Dutcheſs of *P*—— ſhews to me, is a Proof, that 'tis not in my Power to deſerve well of any body; ſince (I call truth to witneſs) I have never been guilty of an Error, that I know, to her: And this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Miſtake of being kind to me, never to exſpect a grateful Return; ſince I am ſo utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wiſhes, to ſerve you in my Words; to obſerve, ſtudy, and to obey you in all my Actions, is too little; ſince I have perform'd all this to her, without ſo much as an offenſive Accident. And yet ſhe thinks it juſt to uſe me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope ſhe were in the wrong, I muſt have a very melancholy Opinion of my ſelf. I wiſh your Intereſt might prevail with her, as a Friend of hers, not mine, to tell how I have deſerved

ſerved it of her, ſince ſhe has ne'er accuſed me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunninger than I to perſuade her ſo. I can as well ſupport the Hatred of the whole World as any body, not being generally fond of it. Thoſe whom I have obliged may uſe me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by thoſe who have obliged me, and to whoſe Service I am ever bound, is ſuch a Curſe, as I can only wiſh on them who wrong me to the Dutcheſs.

I hope you have not forgot what *G——y* and you have promis'd me; but within ſome time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I ſhall ſcarce think of coming till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be ſo that my Maſter has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Sheppard* is a Man of a fluent Stile, and coherent Thought; if, as I ſuſpect, he writ your Poſtſcript.

I wiſh my Lord *Halliſax* Joy of every Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU, who have known me theſe Ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Perſons, the By-word of Stateſmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the irreconcilable Averſion of fine Gentlemen, who are the ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me ſeldom ſad, even under theſe weighty Oppreſſions; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, ſmall Legs, red Eyes and Noſe (if you conſider that Trifle too) can have the Power to repreſs the natural *Alacrity* of my careleſs Soul; eſpecially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit, and Good-nature; two Qualities able to tranſport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking? I wonder at *M——*'s flaunting it in Court with ſuch fine Clothes; ſure he is an alter'd Perſon ſince I ſaw him; for, ſince I can remember, neither his own ſelf, nor any belonging to him, were out of Rags: His Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in appearance; for of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand *C—ts*, than Second hand *Shoes*;

Shoes; tho' I muſt confeſs to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftner. I wiſh the *King* were ſoberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may poſſibly be omitted; I mean the ridding his Kingdom of ſome old Beauties, and young Deformities, who ſwarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himſelf like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock ſhall clear the whole Pariſh of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The *King* had never ſuch an Opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave muſt never expect to be rid of, unleſs he ſet up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* or *Coſſacks*. For the Libel you ſpeak of, upon that moſt unwitty Generation, the preſent *Poets*, I rejoice in it with all my Heart, and ſhall take it for a Favour if you will ſend me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly that has a Spleen to thoſe Rogues, tho' never ſo dully expreſs'd. And now, dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my ſelf with an handſom Period.

ROCHESTER.

To

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THO' I am almoſt *Blind*, utterly *Lame*, and ſcarce within the Hopes of ever ſeeing *London* again, I am not yet ſo wholly mortified and dead to the Taſte of all Happineſs, not to be extremely reviv'd at the receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all Probability might have laid me aſide in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and muſt now think you ſuch a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man, whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir *G. H.* or Sir *Carr*, at ſuch an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am miſtaken; For the hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, ſo much is true, that we went into the River ſomewhat late in the Year, and had a Friſk for forty Yards in the Meadow to dry our ſelves. I will appeal to the *King* and the *Duke*, if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord *Chancellor*, and the *Archbiſhops* both, when they were *Schoolboys*? And, at theſe Years, I heard the one

one declaim'd like *Cicero*, the other preach'd like St. *Auſtin*: Prudenter Perſons, I conclude, they were, even in Hanging-ſleeves, than any of the flaſhy Fry (of which I muſt own my ſelf the moſt unſolid) can hope to appear, even in their Manhood.

And now (Mr. *Savile*) ſince you are pleas'd to quote your ſelf for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat *Nudities* led the *Coranto* round *Roſamond*'s fair Fountain, while the poor violated *Nymph* wept to behold the ſtrange Decay of Manly Parts, ſince the Days of her dear *Harry* the Second. And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutchmen merry*; a Thing I would avoid like killing *Punaiſes*, the filthy Savour of *Dutch Mirth* being more terrible. If *GOD*, in Mercy, has made 'em huſh and melancholy, do not you rouſe their ſleeping *Mirth*, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wiſh my ſelf in Town to ſerve him in ſome refin'd Pleaſure; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutchman* to think of.

The beſt Preſent I can make at this Time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the *King* may hear his Tunes, when he is eaſy and private; becauſe I am ſure they will divert him extremely: And may he ever have *Harmony* in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears:

May he dream pleaſantly, wake joyfully, love ſafely and tenderly, live long and happily; ever pray (Dear *Savile*) *Un Bougre laſſe qui ſera toute ſa fontue reſte de Vie*,

Voſtre fidel Amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the ſurprizing Account of my Lady *Dutcheſs*'s more than ordinary Indignation againſt me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horſe, of which I ſtill remain Bruis'd and Bed-rid, and can now ſcarce think it a Happineſs that I ſav'd my Neck. What ill *Star* reigns over me, that I'm ſtill mark'd out for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd barbarouſly to thoſe I am obliged to! Had I been troubleſome to her in pinning the Dependance of my *Fortune* upon her Solicitations to the *King*, or her

her Unmerited Recommendations of me to ſome Great Man, it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if ſhe had ſought any Occaſion to be rid of a uſeleſs Trouble: But, a Creature, who had already received of her all the Obligations he ever could pretend to, except the Continuance of her good Opinion, for the which he reſolv'd, and did direct every Step of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why ſhould ſhe take the Advantage of a falſe idle Story, to hate ſuch a Man; as if it were an Inconveniency to her to be harmleſs, or a Pain to continue juſt? By that *God* that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the leaſt Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted *Treaſon*, conceal'd Arms, train'd Regiments for a *Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a Man of *Common Honeſty*, who will juſtify a Tittle of her Accuſation, I am contented never to ſee her. After this, ſhe need not bid me come to her, I have little Pride or Pleaſure in ſhewing my ſelf where I am accuſed of a Meanneſs I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a ſhrewder Trial of my *Honeſty*, than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutcheſs of *P*—— more an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the firſt, it ſhall be the moſt malicious thing I will ever ſay of her. For her generous Reſolution of not hurting me to the *King*, I thank her; but ſhe muſt think a

Man much obliged, after the calling of him Knave, to ſay ſhe will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Counteſs of *P*——, whatever ſhe has heard me ſay, or any body elſe, of her, I'll ſtand the *Teſt* of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how ſevere ſoever ſhe pleaſes to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue ſo. I do not know how to aſſure my ſelf the D. will ſpare me to the *King*, who would not to you; I am ſure ſhe can't ſay I ever injur'd you to her, nor am I at all afraid ſhe can hurt me with you; I dare ſwear you don't think I have dealt ſo indiſcreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendſhip I profeſs to you. And, to ſhew You I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and deſire her to give me the fair hearing ſhe would afford any Footman of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a leſs worthy Creature (for ſuch a one, I aſſure my ſelf, my Accuſer is) unleſs it be for her Service, to wrong the moſt faithful of her Servants; and then I ſhall be proud of mine. I would not be run down by a Company of Rogues, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore, Dear *Harry*, ſend me word, how I am with other Folks; if you viſit my Lord Treaſurer, name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tell me ſincerely how he takes it: and if you hear the *King* mention me, do the Office of a Friend to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THE Lowſineſs of Affairs in this Place is ſuch, (forgive the unmannerly Phraſe! Expreſſions muſt deſcend to the Nature of things expreſs'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much leſs one of a publick Character, with the Retail of them; the general Heads, under which this whole Iſland may be conſider'd, are Spies, Beggars, and Rebels, the Tranſpoſitions and Mixtures of theſe make an agreeable Variety; Buſy *Fools*, and Cautious *Knaves* are bred out of them, and ſet off wonderfully; tho' of this latter ſort, we have fewer now than ever; *Hypocriſy* being the only Vice in decay amongſt us, few Men here diſſemble their being Raſcals; and no Woman diſowns being a Whore. Mr. *Oates* was try'd two Days ago for *Buggery*, and clear'd: The next Day he brought his Action to the *King's Bench* againſt his Accuſer, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the Number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Proteſtant Cauſe*.

I have ſent you herewith a * Libel, in which my own ſhare is not the leaſt; the *King* having peruſed it, is no way diſſatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr. *D*——, his Patron my L— *M*—— having a Panegyrick in the midſt; upon which happen'd a handſom Quarrel between his L— p, and Mrs. *B* — at the Dutcheſs of *P*—; ſhe call'd him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds than any man alive; to which he anſwer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never cared to be employed in making —— Rogue and Bitch enſued, 'till the *King*, taking his Grandfather's Character upon him, became the Peacemaker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you ſtill to love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

* *Eſſay on Satyr.*

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU are the *Only* Man of *England* that keep *Wit* with your *Wiſdom*; and I am happy in a *Friend* that excels in both; were your *Good nature* the leaſt of your *Good Qualities*, I durſt not preſume upon it, as I have done; but I know you are ſo ſincerely concerned in ſerving your Friends truly, that I need not make an *Apology* for the Trouble I have given you in this Affair.

I daily expect more conſiderable Effects of your Friendſhip, and have the *Vanity* to think, I ſhall be the better for your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you pleaſe to diſtinguiſh from *Profers* and *Windham*, and comply with *Roſers* and *Bull*, not forgetting *John Stevens*, you ſhall find me

Your moſt ready

and moſt obedient Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LOVE-LETTERS.

To Mrs. ——

MADAM,

SO much *Wit* and *Beauty*, as You have, ſhou'd think of nothing leſs than doing *Miracles*; and there cannot be a *Greater* than to continue to *love* Me: affecting every thing is *mean*, as loving Pleaſure, and being *fond* where you find *Merit*; but to pick out the *wildeſt*, and moſt *fantaſtical odd* Man alive, and to place your *Kindneſs* there, is an Act ſo *brave* and *daring*, as will ſhew the *Greatneſs* of your Spirit, and *diſtinguiſh* You in *Love*, as you are in *all things* elſe, from Womankind. Whether I have made a *good* Argument for *my ſelf*, I leave you to *judge*; and beg you to believe me, whenever I tell you what Mrs. *R.* is, ſince I give you ſo *ſincere* an Account of her humbleſt Servant: Remember the Hour of a *ſtrict* Account, when, both Hearts are to be *open*, and we obliged to ſpeak *freely* as you order'd.

order'd it *Yeſterday*, for ſo I muſt ever call the *Day* I ſaw you *laſt*, ſince all time between that and the next *Viſit* is no part of my *Life*, or at leaſt like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-ſickneſs*, wherein I am *dead* to all *Joy* and *Happineſs*. Here's a damn'd impertinent *Fool* bolted in, that hinders me from ending my *Letter*; the Plague of —— take him and any Man or Woman alive that take my *Thoughts* off of *You*: But in the *Evening* I will ſee you, and be *happy* in ſpite of all the *Fools* in the World.

MADAM,

IF there be yet alive within you the leaſt Memory of me, which I can hope only, becauſe of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindneſs, as the younger, ſhould out-live mine: Give me leave to aſſure you, I will meet it very ſhortly with ſuch a ſhare on my ſide, as will juſtify me to you from all *Ingratitude*; tho' your *Favours* are to me the greateſt *Bliſs* this *World*, or *Womankind*, which I think *Heaven*, can beſtow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *Addition* to one of the higheſt Misfortunes, my *Abſence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the leaſt *Occaſion* of doing you any *Service* ſince I left you: It ſeems, till I am capable of greater *Merit*, you reſolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at *all*. Pray conſider when you give another

leave to *ſerve* you *more* than I, how much *Injuſtice* you run the hazard of committing, when it will not be in your power to *reward* that *more deſerving* Man with half ſo much Happineſs as you have thrown away upon my *Worthleſs* Self,

Your reſtleſs Servant.

MADAM,

I Know not well who has the *worſt* on't, you who love but little, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; ſure, to be half-kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and *Madneſs* both in *Love* and *Reaſon*, bears a better Character than a moderate ſtate of either. Would I could bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then confidently pretend you had too juſt Exceptions either againſt me or my *Paſſion*, the *Fleſh* and the *Devil*; I mean all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that *fat*, with the other *lean* One of yours, whoſe prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man, upon *Earth*, who loves you beſt. I, who ſtill perſuade my ſelf, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am Happy, find this none of the leaſt, that you are too unlike theſe People every way, to agree with them in any Particular. This is writ between ſleeping and waking, and I will not anſwer for its being *Senſe*; but, I dreaming you were at Mrs. *N*——'s with five or ſix *Fools*, and the *Lean* Lady, wak'd in one of your

Hor-

Horrours, and, in Amaze, Fright, and Confuſion, ſend this to beg a kind one from you, that may remove my *Fears*, and make me as Happy as I am Faithful.

Dear MADAM,

YOU are ſtark Mad, and therefore the fitter for me to love; and that is the Reaſon, I think, I can never leave to be

Your humble Servant.

MADAM,

TO convince you how juſt I muſt ever be to you, I have ſent this on purpoſe, that you may know you are not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts*; and ſince ſo much Merit as you have, and ſuch convincing Charms (to me at leaſt) need not wiſh a greater Advantage over any to forget you, is the only *Reprieve* poſſible for a Man ſo much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am ſo far from wiſhing, that I conjure you by all the aſſurance of *Kindneſſes* you have ever made me proud and happy with, that not two Days can paſs without ſome *Letter* from you to me: You muſt leave 'em, *&c.*— to be ſent to me with *ſpeed*. And till the *bleſt* Hour wherein I ſhall ſee you again, may Happineſs of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both

in

in *Love* and *Jealouſy*, pray Mankind may be from you.

MADAM,

THERE is now no Minute of my Life that does not afford me ſome new *Argument* how much I love you; the little *Joy* I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleaſing *Perplexity* of endleſs *Thoughts* which I fall into, wherever you are brought to my *Remembrance*; and laſtly, the continual *Diſquiet* I am in, during your *Abſence*, convince me ſufficiently, that I do you *Juſtice*, in loving you, ſo as *Woman* was never loved before.

MADAM,

YOUR ſafe *Delivery* has delivered me too from *Fears* for your ſake, which were, I'll promiſe you, as *burthenſome* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wiſh*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the Child is of the *ſoft Sex* I love. Shortly my Hopes are to ſee you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no Body but your ſelf open the *Box* I ſent you; I did not know, but that in *Lying-in* you might have uſe of thoſe *Trifles*: *Sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I could come

come at no *more* of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power, of uſe to your Service, let me know it.

MADAM,

THIS is the firſt Service my Hand has done me, ſince my being a *Cripple*, and I wou'd not employ it in a *Lie* ſo ſoon; therefore, pray believe me *ſincere*, when I aſſure you that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you:

P. S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd *write*, but my *Heart thinks* a great deal more.

MADAM,

NOTHING can ever be ſo *dear* to me as you are; and I am ſo *convinc'd* of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilſt I live: Believe all I ſay, for that is the kindeſt thing imaginable, and when you can deviſe any way that may make me appear ſo to you, inſtruct me in it, for I need a better *Underſtanding*, than my own, to ſhew my *Love*, without wrong to it.

MADAM,

MADAM,

NOW, as I love you, I think I have reaſon to be *Jealous*; your Neighbour came in laſt Night with all the *Marks* and *Behaviour* of a *Spy*; every Word and Look imply'd that ſhe came to ſolicite your *Love* or *Conſtancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I wiſh my *Fears*. May no Man ſhare the *Bleſſings* I enjoy, without my *Curſes*; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho' he deſerves 'em not: but ſhou'd you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon my ſelf; for he, whom you are kind to, is ſo bleſt, he may ſafely ſtand the *Curſes* of all the World without repining; at leaſt, if like me, he be ſenſible of nothing but what comes from Mrs———

MADAM,

YOU are the moſt afflicting fair Creature in the World; and however you wou'd perſuade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to excuſe, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you: When you think of receiving an Anſwer with Common Senſe in it, you muſt write *Letters* that give leſs *Confuſion* than your laſt:

I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow wearieſt of it.

MADAM,

YESTERDAY it was impoſſible to anſwer your Letter, which I hope, for that reaſon, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleas'd to expreſs your ſelf ſo extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to anſwer to you. Give me ſome *Reaſon* upon your own account only, to be ſorry I ever had the Happineſs to know you, ſince I find you repent the *Kindneſs* you ſhew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you; and, that I might be no happier in your Favours, than you could be in my *Love*, you have contriv'd it ſo well, to make them equal to my Hatred; ſince that cou'd do no more than theſe pretend to, take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this not to exempt my ſelf from any Service I can do you, (for I can never *forget* how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the *Love* that gives you the *Torment* of *Repentance* on your ſide, and me the *Trouble* of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjuſt and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.

MADAM,

MADAM;

YOU ſhall not fail of —— on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, it is uſually my Cuſtom when I wrong ſuch as they to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* that matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one whc belonged to you; and for your own ſhare if I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you ſhou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is ſo unqueſtionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World muſt know, I cannot offend you, without being ſorry for it.

MADAM,

THO' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptneſs enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of our *Safety*, which is the only thing in the World *weighs* more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; ſuch I am ſure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, That unleſs you can *deceive* them, they will certainly cozen you. If I am not ſo *wiſe* as they, and therefore leſs *fit* to adviſe you, I am at leaſt more *concern'd* for you, and for that reaſon

the

the likelier to prove *honeſt*, and the rather to be *truſted*. Whether you will come to the *Duke's* Play-houſe to Day, or at leaſt let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you pleaſe, by the *Bearer*.

MADAM,

MIGHT I be ſo happy to receive ſuch *Proofs* of your *Kindneſs*, as I my ſelf wou'd *chooſe*, one of the greateſt I cou'd think of were, that all my *Actions*, however they appear'd at firſt, might be interpreted as meant for your *Service*; ſince nothing is ſo *agreeable* to my Nature, as ſeeking my own *Satisfaction*; and ſince you are the beſt *Object* of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a *Jealouſy* or *Fear*? You have the ſtrongeſt *Security* our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can *live* to no End ſo much, as that of pleaſing and ſerving you.

MADAM,

I Have not ſinn'd ſo much as to deſerve to live two whole Days without ſeeing of you. From your *Juſtice* and *Good-nature* therefore I will preſume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your ſake uſe not that Power (which you

you find you have abſolutely over me) ſo unmercifully as you did laſt time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you, by all the Reaſons imaginable, how neceſſary 'tis to preſerve you faultleſs, and make me happy; and alſo, that you believe and uſe me like the moſt Faithful of all your Servants, &c.

MADAM,

DEAREST of all that ever was Deareſt to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wiſh it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I ſaw you laſt, I who have no way to expreſs my Kindneſs to you, but Letters, which cannot ſpeak it half; whether ſhall I think my ſelf more unfortunate, who cannot tell you how much I love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd. I would fain bring it about, if it were poſſible, to wait upon you to Day; for beſides that I never am without the paſſionate Deſire of being with you, at this time I have ſomething to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleaſant News; but I am in Chains here, and muſt ſeek out ſome Device to break 'em for a quarter of an Hour.

MADAM,

MADAM,

IT is impoſſible for me to neglect what I love, as it would be impertinent to profeſs Love where I had none; but I take the vanity to aſſure my ſelf, you cannot conclude ſo ſeverely both of my Truth and Reaſon, as to ſuſpect me for either of thoſe Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miſcarriage of my Letters, I beſeech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Cenſure, but do me the Right to believe the laſt thing poſſible in the World, is the leaſt Omiſſion of either Kindneſs or Service to you: I wiſh the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reaſon to complain of any Body, at leaſt, it wou'd be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Thoſe Wretches you ſpeak of in your Letter, are ſo little valuable, that you will eaſily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more conſiderable part of the World, who will ever find their Intereſt, and make it their Vanity to ſerve you. And now to let you know how ſoon I propoſe to be out of Pain, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as your Kindneſs can make me, I ſhall have but very little room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. *This Morning your Meſſenger came.*

MADAM

MADAM,

I Found you in a Chiding Humour to Day, and ſo I left you; to Morrow I hope for better Luck: 'till when, neither you, nor any you can employ, ſhall know whether I am under or above Ground; therefore lie ſtill, and ſatisfy your ſelf, that you are not, nor can be half ſo kind to Mrs.— as I am:

Good-Night.

MADAM,

MY Faults are ſuch, as among reaſonable People, will ever find Excuſe; but to you I will make none, you are ſo very full of *Myſtery:* I believe you make your *Court* with good Succeſs, at leaſt I wiſh it; and as the kindeſt thing I can ſay, do aſſure you, you ſhall never be my *Pattern*, either in *Good-nature*, or *Friendſhip*, for I will be after my own rate, not yours,

Your humble Servant.

MADAM;

I Am far from delighting in the *Grief* I have given you, by taking away the *Child*; and you, who made

made it ſo abſolutely neceſſary for me to do ſo, muſt take that Excuſe from me, for all the Ill-nature of it: On the other ſide, pray be aſſur'd, I love *Betty* ſo well, that you need not apprehend any *Neglect* from thoſe I employ; and I hope very ſhortly to reſtore her to you a finer *Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little ſhew ſoever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very ſucceſsful, if you pleaſe to follow it; and ſince *Diſcretion* is the thing alone you are like to want, pray ſtudy to get it.

MADAM,

I Came to Town late laſt Night, tho' time enough to receive News from the King very ſurprizing, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I muſt beg that I may ſpeak with you this Morning, at ten a Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: The *Affair* is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none more than that it has diſturb'd the *Heaven* of *Thought* I was in, to think, after ſo long an *Abſence*, I had liv'd to be again bleſt with ſeeing my Deareſt Dear, Mrs. ——

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Am forc'd at laſt to own, That 'tis very uneaſy to me to live ſo long without hearing a word of you, eſpecially when I reflect how *Ill-natured* the World is to *pretty* Women, and what Occaſion you may have for their Service. Beſides, I am unſatisfied yet, why that *Inconſiderable* Service you gave me leave to do you, and which I left poſitive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the *Omiſſion* reflect upon my *Servant*, or my ſelf, that I might puniſh the one, and clear the other. I have often wiſh'd, I know not why, but I think for your ſake more than my own, that Mrs. —— might forget me quite: but I find it wou'd trouble me of all things, ſhou'd ſhe think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but when-ever ſhe wou'd make me happy; if ſhe can yet wiſh me ſo, let her command ſome real Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the beſt *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.

MADAM,

MY Viſit Yeſterday was intended to tell you, I had not *Din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho' for a certain *Reaſon* I cou'd not very well expreſs with *Words*) was however ſufficiently made appear,

appear, ſince you could not be ſo very *Ill-natured* to make ſevere Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em love you ſo blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what Fault you cou'd find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of *Kindneſs* and *Duty* to you; and whilſt theſe two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear ſtaying at Home ſo much gives you the *Spleen* (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore ſent you the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon; if that *Diverſion* cou'd put you into ſo good a Humour, as to make you able to endure me again, I ſhou'd be very much oblig'd to the *Stage*. However, if your *Anger* continue, ſhew your ſelf at the *Play*, that I may look upon you, and go *Mad*. Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*: and if I muſt ſuffer I wou'd chooſe that way.

MADAM,

THO' not for *real Kindneſs* ſake, at leaſt to make your own Words good, (which is a Point of Honour proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me ſome *undeniable Proofs* that you *love* me. If there be any in my *Power* which I have yet neither given nor offer'd, you muſt explain your ſelf; I am perhaps very dull, but withal very ſincere: I could wiſh, for your ſake, and my own, that your

your Failings were ſuch: but be they what they will, ſince I muſt love you, allow me the liberty of telling you ſometimes unmannerly *Truths*, when my *Zeal* for your Service cauſes, and your own *Intereſt* requires it: Theſe *Inconveniences* you muſt bear with from thoſe that love you with greater regard to you than themſelves; ſuch a One I pretend to be, and I hope; if you do not believe it, you will in time find it.

You have ſaid ſomething that has made me fancy to Morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me ſee you before you ſpeak with any other Man, there are Reaſons for it. *Deareſt* of all my *Deſires*. I expect your *Commands*.

An Hour after I left You.

MADAM,

I Have a very juſt *Quarrel* to *Buſineſs*, upon a thouſand *Faults*, and will continue it, whilſt I live, ſince it takes from me ſome Hours of your Company. 'Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my *Ill-fortune*, and ſend me word where I ſhall then find you.

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Was juſt beginning to write you word, that I am the moſt *Unlucky* Creature in the World, when your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for you tempt me by deſiring me to do the thing upon Earth I have the moſt *ſogdneſs* of, at this time; that is, going with you to *Windſor*; but the Devil has laid a *Block* in my way, and I muſt not, for my Life ſtir out of Town theſe ten Days. You will ſcarce believe me in this Particular, as you ſhou'd do, but I will convince you of the Truth, when I wait on you; in the mean time (to ſhew the *Reality* of my *Intentions*) there is a Coach ready hired for To-morrow, which, if not true, you may diſprove me, by making uſe of it.

MADAM,

BElieve me, (*Deareſt* of all *Pleaſures*) that thoſe I can receive from any thing but You, are ſo extremely dull they hardly deſerve the Name. If You diſtruſt me, and all my Profeſſions, upon the ſcore of *Truth* and *Honour*, at leaſt let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my greateſt Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *Notorious*, that I mind nothing but my own

Satisfaction. You may be ſure I cannot chooſe but love You above the World, whatever becomes of the *King*, *Court*, or *Mankind*, and all their *Impertinent* Buſineſs. I will come to you this Afternoon.

MADAM,

THAT I do not ſee You, is not that I wou'd not, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not do every Day of my Life, but for theſe Reaſons You ſhall know hereafter. In the mean time, I can give You no Account of your *Buſineſs* as yet; but of my own part, which I am ſure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full *Satisfaction* in a very ſhort time to all your *Deſires:* When 'tis done, I will tell you ſomething that, perhaps, may make you think that I am Mrs.——

Sunday

Your humble Servant.

MADAM,

TILL I have mended my Manners I am aſham'd to look you in the Face, but ſeeing you is as neceſſary to my Life, as Breathing; ſo that I muſt ſee you, or be yours no more; for that's the Image

I have

I have of Dying. The Sight of you then, being my Life, I cannot but confeſs, with an humble and ſincere Repentance, that I have hitherto liv'd very ill; receive my Confeſſion, and let the Promiſe of my future Zeal and Devotion obtain my Pardon, for laſt Night's *Blaſphemy* againſt you, my *Heaven*; ſo ſhall I hope, hereafter, to be made Partaker of ſuch *Joys* in your Arms, as meeting Tongues but faintly can expreſs. *Amen.*

MADAM,

I Aſſure you I am not half ſo faulty as unfortunate in ſerving you; I will not tell you my Endeavours, nor excuſe my Breach of Promiſe; but leave it to you to find the Cauſe of my doing ſo ill, to one I wiſh ſo well to; but I hope to give you a better account ſhortly. The Complaint you ſpoke to me, concerning *Miſs*, I know nothing of, for ſhe is as great a Stranger to me, as ſhe can be to you. So, thou pretty Creature, Farewel.

Your humble Servant,

MADAM,

YOUR Letter ſo tranſports me, that I know not how to anſwer it, the Expreſſions are ſo ſoft, and ſeem to be ſo ſincere, that I were the

unreaſonableſt Creature on Earth, could I but ſeem to diſtruſt my being the happier: and the beſt Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Footman*, where-ever I am, whether at St. *James*'s, *Whitehall*, or home. They are at preſent pulling down ſome part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to ſee you there; but I will wait on you at any other Place, what time you pleaſe.

MADAM,

I Could ſay a great deal to you, but will conceal it till I have Merit: ſo theſe ſhall be only to beg your Pardon for deſiring your Excuſe till *Monday*, and then you ſhall find me an honeſt Man, and one of my Word. So Mrs.——

Your Servant.

MADAM,

MY Omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Errour, had I been guilty of it through *Neglect* towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two days in a Place, ſince Mrs.— went away; which I ought to have given you notice

tice of, and have let you known, that her Crime was, making her Court to— with Stories of you; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* ſhe underwent to be ſeen in Company of ſo horrid a Body as your ſelf, in order to the obtaining of her ——'s *Employment*; and laſtly, that my —— was ten times prettier than that naſty B— I was ſo fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgement ſhe made you for all your *Favours*, and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*, which, upon your Account, ſhe received from

Your humble Servant, &c.

MADAM,

ANGER, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet ſo powerful with me, as to make me diſown this great *Truth*, That I love you above all things in the World: But I thank *God*, I can diſtinguiſh, I can ſee very *Woman* in you, and from your ſelf am convinc'd I had never been in the wrong in the Opinion of *Women*: 'Tis impoſſible for me to curſe you; but give me leave to pity my ſelf, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it; but I am ſorry you make me an Example to prove it: It ſeems (as you excel in every thing) you ſcorn to grow leſs in that noble Quality of uſing

your *Servants* very hardly: You do well not to forget it, and rather practiſe upon me, than loſe the Habit of being very *Severe*; for you that chooſe rather to be Wiſe than Juſt or Good-natur'd, may freely diſpoſe of all things in your Power, without Regard to one or the other. As I admire you I would be glad I could imitate you; it were but Manners to endeavour it; which, ſince I am not able to perform, I confeſs you are in the right to call that Rude, which I call Kind; and ſo keep me in the wrong for ever, which you cannot chooſe but take great delight in: You need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want ſomething to upbraid me with.

Three a Clock in the Morning.

VALENTINIAN:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is alter'd by the late

EARL of *Rochester,*

And Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXII.

THE PREFACE.

I Am deſir'd to let the World know, that my late Lord Rocheſter *intended to have alter'd and corrected this Play much more than it is, before it had come abroad, and to have mended not only thoſe Scenes of* Fletcher *which remain, but his own too, and the Model of the Plot it ſelf. If therefore the Reader do not find it every where to anſwer the great Reputation of the Author; if he think the Plot too thin, or any of the Scenes too long, 'tis hop'd he will be ſo juſt to remember, that he looks upon an unfiniſh'd Piece, and what Faults ſoever of this or any other kind ſome may pretend to ſee, who cannot yet forgive my Lord the having had more Wit than themſelves, we have all the reaſon imaginable to conclude from the Correctneſs of his other Poetry, that had he liv'd to put the laſt Hand to this, he wou'd have left true Criticks and impartial Judges no buſineſs but to admire; eſpecially if we conſider how much he has menued*

the

old Play by that little he has done to it, for he had but juſt drawn it into a regular Form, and laid the Plan of what he farther deſign'd, when his Country and his Friends had the irreparable Misfortune to loſe him. But as the looſeſt Negligence of a great Genius is infinitely preferable to that obſcura diligentia, *of which* Terence *ſpeaks, the obſcure Diligence and labour'd Ornaments of little Pretenders; and as the rudeſt Drawings of famous Hands have been always more eſteem'd (eſpecially among the knowing) than the moſt perfect Pieces of ordinary Painters, the Publiſhers of* Valentinian *cou'd not but believe, the World wou'd thank 'em for any thing that was of my Lord* Rocheſter's *manner, tho' it might want ſome of thoſe nicer Beauties, thoſe Grace-ſtrokes and finiſhing Touches, which are ſo remarkable both in his former and latter Writings: and yet as imperfect as* Valentinian *is left, I am of Opinion his Enemies will not meet with that occaſion in it for their Ill-nature, which perhaps they expect; for beſides that my Lord has made it a Play, which he did not find it, the chief Buſineſs of it (as* Fletcher *had contriv'd it) ending with the* Fourth Act, *and a new Deſign, which has no kind of relation to the other, is introduc'd in the* Fifth, *contrary to a Fundamental Rule of the Stage; I ſay beſides that 'tis now adorn'd with that neceſſary Beauty of a Play, the Unity of Action, and judiciouſly heighten'd and reform'd through the whole conduct of the Plot from what it was, thoſe Scenes which my Lord has added, have a gracefulneſs in the Caſt, a juſtneſs in the Senſe, and a nobleneſs in the Genius, altogether like himſelf, which (to do my Lord but a bare Right) is far beyond that of moſt Men who write now, and equal even to the Fancy of* Fletcher, *which I think no Man's can exceed; there is a chearfulneſs in it that is every where entertaining, and a Mettle that never tires. But as*

my

my Lord in the ſuiting of his Style to that of Fletcher, *(which he here ſeems to have endeavour'd, that the Play might look more of a Piece) cannot with any juſtice be deny'd the Glory of having reach'd his moſt admir'd Heights, and to have match'd him in his Fancy, which was his chief Excellence, ſo it muſt be alſo confeſs'd, that my Lord's conſtant living at Court, and the Converſation of Perſons of Quality, to which from his greeneſt Youth both his Birth and his Choice had accuſtom'd him, gave him ſome great Advantages above this ſo much and ſo juſtly applauded Author, I mean, a nicer knowledge both of Men and Manners. If it were at all proper to purſue a Compariſon, where there is ſo little Reſemblance, tho'* Fletcher *might be allow'd ſome Preference in the skill of a Play-Wright, (a thing my Lord had not much ſtudy'd) in the contrivance and working up of a paſſionate Scene, yet my Lord had ſo many other far more eminent Virtues to lay in the contrary Scale, as muſt neceſſarily weigh down the Balance, for ſure there has not liv'd in many Ages (if ever) ſo extraordinary, and I think I may add ſo uſeful a Perſon, as moſt* Engliſhmen *know my Lord to have been, whether we conſider the conſtant good Senſe, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Converſation, or the vaſt Reach and Compaſs of his Invention, and the wonderful Depths of his retir'd Thoughts, the uncommon Graces of his Faſhion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit, the becoming gentleneſs, the bewitching ſoftneſs of his Civility, or the force and fitneſs of his Satyr; for as he was both the Delight and the Wonder of Men, the Love and the Dotage of Women, ſo he was a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the publick Cenſor of Folly. Never did Man ſtay in his Company un-entertain'd, or leave it un-inſtructed; never*

was

was his Underſtanding biaſs'd, or his Pleaſantneſs forc'd; never did he laugh in the wrong Place, or proſtitute his Senſe to ſerve his Luxury; never did he ſtab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue, with a baſe and cowardly Inſult, or ſmooth the Face of proſperous Villany, with the Paint and Waſhes of a mercenary Wit; never did he ſpare a Fop for being rich, or flatter a Knave for being great. As moſt Men had an Ambition (thinking it an indiſputable Title to Wit) to be in the number of his Friends, ſo few were his Enemies, but ſuch as did not know him, or ſuch as hated him for what others lov'd him; and never did he go among Strangers but he gain'd Admirers, if not Friends, and commonly of ſuch who had been before prejudic'd againſt him. Never was his Talk thought too much, or his Viſit too long; Enjoyment did but increaſe Appetite, and the more Men had of his Company, the leſs willing they were to part with it. He had a Wit that cou'd make even his Spleen and his Ill-humour pleaſant to his Friends; and the publick chiding of his Servants, which would have been Ill-breeding and intolerable in any other Man, became not only civil and inoffenſive, but agreeable and entertaining in him. A Wit that cou'd pleaſe the moſt moroſe, perſuade the moſt obſtinate, and ſoften the moſt obdurate. A Wit whoſe Edge cou'd eaſe by cutting, and whoſe Point cou'd tickle while it prob'd. A Wit that us'd to nip in the very Bud the growing Fopperies of the Times, and keep down thoſe Weeds and Suckers of Humanity; nor was it an Enemy to ſuch only as are troubleſome to Men of Senſe in Converſation, but to thoſe alſo (of a far worſe Nature) that are deſtructive of publick Good, and pernicious to the common Intereſt of Mankind; that Vein of Knavery that has of late Years run

through

through all Orders and Degrees of Men among us, ſpreading it ſelf like a peſtilential Poiſon through the great and leſſer Arteries of our ſeeming ſtrong-built Leviathan, damping and corrupting the Blood, and choaking the very vital Spirits of the Kingdom.

I might here take occaſion to point out in particular, and laſh (as they deſerve) thoſe daily-increaſing Vices and long uncorrected Follies, which are our preſent Grievances: the Subject is but too fruitful, and the Uſefulneſs too apparent, nor cou'd I ever purchaſe Reputation at a cheaper Rate; nothing is more eaſy than to pull off the thin Veil, and bare the vileneſs of thoſe odious Practices, which ſome who art ready at any time to run with a Multitude to do miſchief, *applaud for the higheſt Virtue and Merit; nothing requires leſs skill, than to baffle and expoſe to univerſal Contempt thoſe ſlight and trivial Notions, which others who ſeem* given over to believe a Lye, *cry up for Maſterpieces of Wit and Reaſon; to name 'em for Arguments is to ridicule 'em, and but to ſtate 'em right is to confute 'em. But common Prudence will teach a Man not to hurt himſelf, while he vainly endeavours the good of others; for as there never was any Time or Country that wanted Satire ſo much, that cou'd bear it ſo little as ours, ſo the Men I wou'd reform are a ſort of harden'd irreclaimable Blockheads, whoſe Underſtandings ſeem perfect* Solids, *as dead to Wit, and as inſenſible of Reaſon, as if their Souls and their Bodies (according to* Hobbes's *Philoſophy) were both made of the ſame ſtuff, and equally impenetrable; ſo ty'd to their little Prejudices, and ſo wilful in their Blindneſs, that were they in a Storm at Sea, that threaten'd every moment thoſe* Lives and Fortunes *of which they are ſometimes*

times ſo unneceſſarily prodigal, it wou'd be impoſſible to make 'em own there were a breath of Wind ſtirring, unleſs it ſuited with their Humours, or was to the purpoſe of their Folly. With them Seeing in ſome Caſes is not Believing, and the moſt perfect Senſe they have [if it croſs their Inclination] muſt paſs for an Iriſh Evidence. *I ſhall leave therefore to their own Conduct and Deſtiny this forlorn Hope of Ignorance and Stupidity, and return to what I was ſaying of my Lord* Rocheſter.

He had a Wit that was accompanied with an unaffected Greatneſs of Mind, and a natural Love to Juſtice and Truth; a Wit that was in perpetual War with Knavery, and ever attacking thoſe kind of Vices moſt, whoſe malignity was like to be moſt diffuſive, ſuch as tended more immediately to the prejudice of publick Bodies, and were of a common Nuſance to the Happineſs of humane kind. Never was his Pen drawn but on the ſide of good Senſe, and uſually imploy'd like the Arms of the ancient Heroes, to ſtop the progreſs of Arbitrary Oppreſſion, and beat down the Brutiſhneſs of headſtrong Will; to do his King and Country juſtice upon ſuch publick State-Thieves, as wou'd beggar a Kingdom to enrich themſelves, who abuſing the Confidence, and undeſerving the Favour of a gracious Prince, will not be aſham'd to maintain the cheating of their Maſter, by the robbing and ſtarving of their fellow-Servants, and under the beſt Form of Government in the World bluſh not to live upon the Spoil of others, 'till by their impudent Violations of Right they grow like Beaſts of Prey. Hoſtes humani Generis. *Theſe were the Vermin whom [to his eternal Honour] his Pen was continually pricking and goading. A Pen, if not ſo happy in the Succeſs, as generous in the Aim, as either the Sword of* Theſeus, *or the Club of* Hercules;

nor

nor was it leſs ſharp than that, or leſs weighty than this. If he did not take ſo much care of himſelf as he ought, he had the Humanity however to wiſh well to others, and I think I may truly affirm, he did the World as much good by a right Application of Satire, as he hurt himſelf by a wrong purſuit of Pleaſure.

I muſt not here forget, that a conſiderable time before his laſt Sickneſs, his Wit began to take a more ſerious Bent, and to frame and faſhion it ſelf to publick Buſineſs; he begun to inform himſelf of the Wiſdom of our Laws, and the excellent Conſtitution of the Engliſh *Government, and to ſpeak in the Houſe of Peers with general Approbation; he was inquiſitive after all kind of Hiſtories that concerned* England, *both ancient and modern, and ſet himſelf to read the Journals of Parliament Proceedings. In effect he ſeem'd to ſtudy nothing more, than which way to make that great Underſtanding God had given him, moſt uſeful to his Country; and I am confident, had he liv'd, his riper Age wou'd have ſerv'd it, as much as his Youth had diverted it. Add to this, the Generouſneſs of his Temper, and the Affability of his good Senſe; the Willingneſs he ſtill ſhow'd to raiſe the oppreſs'd, and the Pleaſure he took to humble the proud; the conſtant readineſs of his Parts, and that great preſence of Mind, that never let him want a fit and pertinent Anſwer to the moſt ſudden and unexpected Queſtion, [a Talent as uſeful as 'tis rare] the admirable Skill he was maſter of, to countermine the Plots of his Enemies, and break through the Traps that were laid for him, to work himſelf out of the Entanglement of unlucky Accidents, and repair the Indiſcretions of his Youth, by the quickneſs and fineneſs of his Wit; the ſtrange facility he had to talk to*

all

all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himſelf good Company to all kind of People at all times; ſo that if we wou'd find a Soul to reſemble that beautiful Portraiture of Man, with which Lucretius [*according to his ſublime manner of Deſcription*] *compliments his Friend* Memmius, *when he ſays that* Venus, *the Goddeſs of Beauty, and ſecond Cauſe of all things, had form'd him to excel* [*and that upon all Occaſions*] *in every neceſſary Grace and Virtue; I ſay, if we wou'd juſtify this charming Picture, and clear it from Flattery even to human Nature, we muſt ſet it by my late Lord* Rocheſter; *of him it may be truly ſaid in the fulleſt Senſe of the Words,*

——Quem tu Dea, tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus

What laſt, and moſt of all, deſerves admiration in my Lord, was his Poetry, which alone is Subject enough for perpetual Panegyrick. But the Character of it is ſo generally known, it has ſo eminently diſtinguiſh'd it ſelf from that of other Men, by a thouſand irreſiſtible Beauties; every Body is ſo well acquainted with it, by the Effect it has had upon 'em that to trace and ſingle out the ſeveral Graces, may ſeem a Task as ſuperfluous, as to deſcribe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Miſtreſs's Face. 'Tis ſufficient to obſerve, that his Poetry, like himſelf, was all Original, and has a ſtamp ſo particular, ſo unlike any thing that has been writ before, that as it diſdain'd all ſervile imitation, and copying from others, ſo neither is it capable (in my Opinion) of being Copy'd, any more than the manner of his Diſcourſe could be Copy'd; the Excellencies are too many and too maſterly;

maſterly; on the other ſide the Faults are few, and thoſe inconſiderable; their Eyes muſt be better than ordinary, who can ſee the minute Spots with which ſo bright a Jewel is ſtain'd, or rather ſet off, for thoſe it has are of the kind which Horace *ſays can never offend,*

——— Quas aut incuria fudit;
Aut humana parùm cavit Natura,

Such little Negligences as Humanity cannot be exempt from, and ſuch as perhaps were neceſſary to make his Lines run natural and eaſy: For as nothing is more diſagreeable either in Verſe or Proſe than a ſlovenly looſeneſs of Style, ſo on the other hand too nice a Correctneſs will be apt to deaden the Life, and make the Piece too ſtiff; between theſe two Extremes is the juſt Character of my Lord Rocheſter's *Poetry to be found; nor do I know any thing that the ſevereſt Critick, who will be impartial, can object, unleſs he will ſay (as ſome have done) that there is not altogether ſo much ſtrength and cloſeneſs in my Lord's Style as in that of one of his* * *Friends, a Perſon of great Quality and Worth, whom I think it not proper to name, becauſe he has never yet publickly own'd any of his Writings, tho' none have been more generally or more juſtly admir'd; but if my Lord's Senſe be not always ſo ſtrong and full [for often it is] as that of this Honourable Perſon his Friend, yet in revenge the Spirit that diffuſes it ſelf through the Whole, and warms and animates every Part, the newneſs of his Thought, the livelineſs of his Expreſſion, the purity of his Phraſe, and the delicacy of his Turn is admirable; if he does not ſay ſo much in ſo little Compaſs, yet he ſays always enough to pleaſe;*

* Lord *Dorſet.*

what

what he wants in Force, is ſupply'd in Grace, and where he has not this ſtrength and fulneſs of Senſe, that is ſo much his Friend's particular Talent, he has Touches that are more affecting, ſo that when we do not find it, we do not miſs it. To conclude this Point, his Poetry has every where a Tincture of that unaccountable Charm in his Faſhion and Converſation, that peculiar Becomingneſs in all he ſaid and did, that drew the Eyes and won the Hearts of all who came near him.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Cook*, the Firſt Day.

Written by Mrs. *BEHN*.

WITH that Aſſurance we to Day Addreſs,
As Standard Beauties, certain of Succeſs,
With careleſs Pride, at once they charm and vex,
And ſcorn the little Cenſures of their Sex.
Sure of the unregarded Spoil, deſpiſe
The needleſs Affectation of the Eyes,
The ſoft'ning Languiſhment that faintly warms,
But truſt alone to their reſiſtleſs Charms.
So we, ſecur'd by undiſputed Wit,
Diſdain the damning Malice of the Pit,
Nor need falſe Arts to ſet great Nature off,
Or ſtudy'd Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.
Ye wou'd-be-Criticks, ye are all undone,
For here's no Theme for you to work upon.
'Faith ſeem to talk to Jenny, *I adviſe,*
Of who like's who, and how Love's Markets riſe.
Try, theſe hard Times, how to abate the Price;
Tell her how cheap were Damſels on the Ice.
'Mongſt City *Wives and Daughters that came there,*
How far a Guinea went at *Blanket-Fair.
Thus you may find ſome good Excuſe for failing
Of your beloved Exerciſe of Railing.

That

* The Fair on the *Thames* ſo call'd.

PROLOGUE.

That when Friend cries--- How did the Play ſucceed?
Demme, I hardly minded —— what they did.
We ſhall not your Ill-nature pleaſe to Day,
With ſome fond Scribler's new uncertain Play,
Looſe as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,
Or Love and Honour that o'er-runs the Stage.
Fam'd and ſubſtantial Authors give this Treat,
And 'twill be Solemn, Noble all, and Great.
Wit, ſacred Wit, is all the Buſineſs here,
Great Fletcher, *and the greater* Rocheſter.
Now name the hardy Man one Fault dares find
In the vaſt Work of Two ſuch Heroes join'd.
None but great Strephon's *ſoft and pow'rful Wit,*
Durſt undertake to mend what Fletcher *writ.*
Diff'rent their heav'nly Notes: yet both agree
To make an everlaſting Harmony.
Liſten, ye Virgins, to his charming Song,
Eternal Muſick dwelt upon his Tongue.
The Gods of Love and Wit inſpir'd his Pen,
And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theme.

Now, Ladies, you may celebrate his Name,
Without a Scandal on your ſpotleſs Fame.
With Praiſe his dear-lov'd Memory purſue,
And pay his Death what to his Life was due.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
VALENTINIAN.

Spoken by Mrs. *COOK*, the Second Day.

'TIS not your Eaſineſs to give Applauſe,
This long-hid Jewel into Publick draws:
Our matchleſs Author, who to Wit gave Rules,
Scorns Praiſe, that has been proſtitute to Fools;
To factious Favour, the ſole Prop and Fence
Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all Pretence,
And for their Flatt'ries brings you Truth and Senſe.
Things we our ſelves confeſs to be unfit
For ſuch Side-Boxes and for ſuch a Pit.
To the Fair Sex ſome Compliment were due,
Did they not ſlight themſelves in liking you;
How can they here for Judges be thought fit,
Who daily your ſoft Nonſenſe take for Wit;
Do on your ill-bred Noiſe for Humour doat,
And chooſe the Man by the Embroider'd Coat?
Our Author lov'd the Youthful and the Fair,
But ev'n in thoſe their Follies could not ſpare;
Bid them diſcreetly uſe their preſent Store,
Be Friends to Pleaſure, when they pleaſe no more;

Deſir'd

PROLOGUE.

Desir'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,
If some remaining Spark their Hearts enrages,
At home to quench their Embers with their Pages.
Pert, patch'd and painted, there to spend their Days;
Nor crowd the Fronts of Boxes at New Plays:
Advisd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,
And Fops of Forty to give over Dressing.
By this he got the Envy of the Age;
No Fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.
Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,
And others said he too obscenely writ.
Dull Niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,
Abortive Pang of Vanity and Spite!
It shows a Master's Hand, 'twas Virgil's *Praise,*
Things low and abject to adorn and raise.
The Sun on Dungbils shining is as bright,
As when his Beams the fairest Flower invite;
But all weak Eyes are hurt by too much Light.
Let then these Owls *against the* Eagle *preach,*
And blame those Flights which they want Wing to reach.
Like Falstaffe *let them conquer Heroes dead,*
And praise Greek *Poets they could never read.*
Criticks should Pers'nal Quarrels lay aside,
The Poet from the Enemy divide.
'Twas Charity that made our Author Write,
For your Instruction 'tis we Act to Night;
For sure no Age was ever known before,
Wanting an Æcius *and* Lucina *more.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Intended for *Valentinian*,

To be ſpoken by Mrs. *BARRET*.

NOW would you have me rail, ſwell and look big,
Like rampant Tory *over couchant* Whig.
As ſpit-fire Bullies ſwagger, ſweat and roar,
And brandiſh Bilbo, when the Fray is o'er.
Muſt we huff on, when we're oppos'd by none?
But Poets are moſt fierce, on thoſe who're down.
Shall I jeer Popiſh Plots *that once did fright us,*
And with moſt bitter Bobs taunt little Titus?
Or with ſharp Style on ſneaking Trimmers *fall,*
Who civilly themſelves Prudential *call?*
Yet Witlings to true Wits as ſoon may riſe,
As a Prudential Man can e'er be wiſe.
No, even the worſt of all, yet I will ſpare
The nauſeous Floater, changeable as Air,
A naſty thing, which on the Surface rides,
Backward and forward with all Turns of Tides,
An Audience I will not ſo courſely uſe;
'Tis the lewd way of ev'ry common Muſe.
Let Grubſtreet *Pens ſuch mean Diverſion find,*
But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.

We

PROLOGUE.

We of Legitimate Poets ſing the Praiſe,
No kin to th' ſpurious Iſſues of theſe Days.
But ſuch as with Deſert their Laurels gain'd,
And by true Wit Immortal Names obtain'd.
*Two like Wit-*Conſuls *rul'd the former Age,*
With Love and Honour grac'd that flouriſhing Stage,
And t'ev'ry Paſſion did the mind engage.
They Sweetneſs firſt into our Language brought,
They all the Secrets of Man's Nature ſought,
And laſting Wonders in Conjunction wrought.

Now joins a Third, a Genius *as ſublime*
As ever flouriſh'd in Rome's *happieſt Time.*
As ſharply could he wound, as ſweetly engage,
As ſoft his Love, and as divine his Rage;
He charm'd the tender'ſt Virgin to Delight,
And with his Style did fierceſt Blockheads fright.
Some Beauties here I ſee ——
Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms,
And languiſh'd in the Circle of his Arms.
But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,
Under his Laſh your whole vaſt Herd did fall.
Oh fatal Loſs! that mighty Spirit's gone!
Alas! his too great Heat went out too ſoon!
So fatal is it vaſtly to excel;
Thus young, thus mourn'd, his lov'd Lucretius *fell.*

And now ye little Sparks who infeſt the Pit,
Learn all the Rev'rence due to ſacred Wit.

Diſturb

PROLOGUE.

Diſturb not with your empty Noiſe each Bench,
Nor break your bawdy Jeſts to th' Orange-Wench;
Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,
Vent your No-wit, and ſpurious Railery:
That noiſy Place, where meet all ſorts of Tools,
Your huge fat Lovers, and conſumptive Fools,
Half Wits and Gameſters, and gay Fops, whoſe Tasks
Are daily to invade the dang'rous Masks:
And all ye little Brood of Poetaſters
Amend, and learn to Write from theſe your Maſters.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Valentinian, Emperor.
Æcius, The *Roman* General.
Maximus, Lieutenant-General.
Pontius, Captain.
Lycinius, *Balbus*, *Proculus*, *Chylax*. } Servants to the Emperor.
Lycius, An Eunuch belonging to *Maximus*.
Lucina, Wife to *Maximus*.
Claudia, *Marcellina*, } Ladies attending *Lucina*.
Ardelia, *Phorba*, } Lewd Women belonging to the Court.
Phidias, *Aretus*, } Friends to *Æcius*, and Servants to the Emperor.

VALEN-

VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain flies up with the Muſick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, and diſcovers the Emperor paſſing through to the Garden, attended with a great Court; Æcius *and* Maximus *ſtay behind.*

MAXIMUS, ÆCIUS.

MAXIMUS.

GREAT is the Honour, which our Emperor
Does, by his frequent Viſits, throw on *Maximus*;
Not leſs than thrice this Week has his gay Court,
With all its Splendor ſhin'd within my Walls:
Nor does this glorious Sun beſtow his Beams
Upon a barren Soil: My happy Wife,

Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart,
Crowns the ſoft Moments of each welcome Hour,
With ſuch Variety of ſucceſſive Joys,
That loſt in Love, when the long Day is done,
He willingly would give his Empire up,
For the Enjoyment of a Minute more:
While I ——
Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,
Am at the Court ador'd as much as ſhe,
As if the vaſt Dominion of the World
He had exchang'd with me for my *Lucina*.

ÆCIUS.

I rather wiſh he would exchange his Paſſions,
Give you his Thirſt of Love for yours of Honour:
And leaving you the due Poſſeſſion
Of your juſt Wiſhes in *Lucina's* Arms,
Think how he may, by force of Worth and Virtue,
Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,
Which he neglects for Garlands made of Roſes;
Whilſt, in Diſdain of his ill-guided Youth,
Whole Provinces fall off, and ſcorn to have
Him for their Prince, who is his Pleaſures Slave.

MAXIMUS.

I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,
For falling off ſo faſt from this wild Man,
When, under our Allegiance be it ſpoken,
And the moſt happy Tie of our Affections,
The whole World groans beneath him: By the Gods,
I'd rather be a Bondſlave to his Panders,
Conſtrain'd by Power to ſerve their vicious Wills,
Than bear the Infamy of being held
A Favourite to this Fool-flatter'd Tyrant.

Where

Where lives Virtue,
Honour, Diſcretion, Wiſdom? Who are call'd
And choſen to the ſteering of his Empire,
But Whores, and Bawds, and Traitors? Oh my *Ætius*,
The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth
Of Men made up for Goodneſs ſake, like Shells
Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action;
Only your happy ſelf, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than Favour ——

ÆCIUS.

No more, my worthy Friend, tho' theſe be Truths,
And tho' theſe Truths would ask a Reformation,
At leaſt a little Mending —— Yet remember
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done
Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods. Pure Incenſe
('Till ſome unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,)
Burns ever there. We muſt not put 'em out,
Becauſe the Prieſts who touch theſe Sweets are wicked.
We dare not, deareſt Friend; nay more, we cannot,
While we conſider whoſe we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver,
While Majeſty is made to be obeyed;
And not inquir'd into.

MAXIMUS.

Thou beſt of Friends and Men, whoſe wiſe Inſtructions
Are not leſs charitable, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I ſpeak it with Ambition,
For, by the Gods, I do not. Why, my *Ætius*,
Why are we thus? Or how became thus wretched?

ÆCIUS.

You'll fall again into your Fit.

MAXIMUS.

I will not.
Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans?*
No more the Followers of their mighty Fortunes?
But conquer'd *Gauls*, and Quivers of the *Parthians?*
Why is the Emperor, this Man we honour,
This God that ought to be——

ÆCIUS.

You are too Curious.

MAXIMUS.

Give me leave—Why is this Author of us——

ÆCIUS.

I dare not hear you ſpeak thus.

MAXIMUS.

I'll be modeſt——
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we Beholders! Miſconceive me not,
I ſow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore,
And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous and faſt to *Rome!* Why are their Virtues
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thouſand Battles,
Their Honours Time out-daring?
I think for our Example.

ÆCIUS.

You ſpeak well.

MAXIMUS.

Why are we Seeds of thoſe then to ſhake Hands
With Bawds and baſe Informers? Kiſs Diſcredit,
And court her like a Miſtreſs? Pray your leave yet,
You'll ſay the Emperor's young, and apt to take

Impreſ-

Impreſſion from his Pleaſures,
Yet even his Errors have their good Effects,
For the ſame gentle Temper which inclines
His Mind to Softneſs, does his Heart defend
From ſavage Thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,
Which thro' the Streets of *Rome* in Streams did flow
From Hearts of Senators, under the Reigns
Of our ſeverer warlike Emperors;
While under this ſcarcely one Criminal
Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law,
And the whole World diſſolv'd into a Piece,
Owes its Security to this Man's Pleaſures.
But, *Ætius*.—— be ſincere, do not defend
Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.
You know this Virtue is his greateſt Vice:
Impunity is the higheſt Tyranny:
And what the fawning Court miſcalls his Pleaſures,
Exceeds the Moderation of a Man:
Nay, to ſay juſtly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,
And ſuch as ſhake our Worths with foreign Nations.

ÆCIUS.

You ſearch the Sore too deep; and let me tell you,
In any other Man, this had been Treaſon,
And ſo rewarded: Pray depreſs your Spirit;
For tho' I conſtantly believe you honeſt,
(You were no Friend for me elſe;) and what now
You freely ſpeak, but good you owe to th' Empire:
Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
Hear not with that Diſtinction mine do; few you'll find
Admoniſhers, but Urgers of your Actions,
And to the heavieſt (Friend;) and pray conſider
We are but Shadows, Motions others give us;

And tho' our Pities may become the Times,
Our Powers cannot; nor may we juſtify
Our private Jealouſies by open Force.
Wife, or what elſe to me it matters not,
I am your Friend; but durſt my own Soul urge me,
And by that Soul I ſpeak my juſt Affections,
To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
And give the Helm my Virtue holds to Anger,
Tho' I had both the Bleſſings of the *Bruti*,
And both their Inſtigations, tho' my Cauſe
Carry'd a Face of Juſtice beyond theirs,
And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
That daring Soul that firſt taught Diſobedience,
Should feel the firſt Example.

MAXIMUS.

Miſtake me not, my deareſt *Æcius*,
Do not believe, that through mean Jealouſy
How far the Emperor's Paſſions may prevail
On my *Lucina's* Thoughts to our Diſhonour,
That I abhor the Perſon of my Prince.
Alas! that Honour were a trivial Loſs,
Which ſhe and I want merit to preſerve;
Virtue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near
Lucina's Heart, to leave him ſuch a Fear;
No private Loſs or Wrong inflames my Spirits.
The *Roman* Glory, *Æcius*, languiſhes;
I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,
And when the Emperor pleaſes to afford
Time from his Pleaſures, to take care of thoſe,
I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life
Still ready for his Service.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

Now you are brave,
And, like a *Roman*, juſtly are concern'd.
But ſay he be to blame: Are therefore we
Fit Fires to purge him? No, my deareſt Friend,
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor muſt that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by the Teeth.
Our honeſt Actions, and the Truth that breaks
Like Morning from our Service, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he ſees,
And not 'till then truly repents his Errors.

MAXIMUS,

My Heart agrees with yours: I'll take your Counſel,
The Emperor appears; let us withdraw;
And as we both do love him, may he flouriſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA,

VALENTINIAN.

Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to eſcape
The Cenſure both of Tyrannous and Proud,
While your Admirers languiſh by your Eyes,
And at your Feet an Emperor deſpairs!
Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
To ſuffer tamely under mortal Hate?
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs?
Forc'd by whoſe great Commands the knowing World
Submits to own your Beings and your Power:
And muſt I feel the Torments of Neglect?
Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?
But 'tis not you, poor harmleſs Deities,

That can make *Valentinian* ſigh and mourn!
Alas! all Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!
How ſoon could I ſhake off this heavy Earth,
Which makes me little lower than your ſelves,
And ſit in Heaven an Equal with the Firſt;
But Love bids me purſue a nobler Aim;
Continue Mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,
From whoſe fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,
And bend her Will to ſave a bleeding Heart,
I in her Arms ſuch Bleſſings ſhould obtain,
For which th' unenvy'd Gods might wiſh in vain.

LUCINA.

Ah! Ceaſe to tempt thoſe Gods and Virtue too!
Great Emperor of the World, and Lord of me!
Heav'n has my Life ſubmitted to your Will!
My Honour's Heav'n's, which will preſerve its own.
How vile a thing am I when that is gone!
When of my Honour you have rifled me,
What other Merit have I to be yours?
With my fair Fame let me your Subject live,
And ſave that Humbleneſs you ſmile upon:
Thoſe gracious Looks, whoſe Brightneſs ſhould rejoice,
Make your poor Handmaid tremble, when ſhe thinks
That they appear like Light'ning's fatal Flaſh,
Which by deſtructive Thunder is purſu'd,
Blaſting thoſe Fields on which it ſhin'd before!
And ſhould the Gods abandon worthleſs Me,
A Sacrifice to Shame and to Diſhonour;
A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Caſar's* Fame!
For what Crime yet unknown ſhall *Maximus*
By me and *Cæſar* be made infamous?
The faithfull'ſt Servant, and the kindeſt Lord?

So

So true, ſo brave, ſo generous, and ſo juſt,
Who ne'er knew Fault; why ſhould he fall to Shame!

VALENTINIAN.

Sweet Innocence! Alas! your *Maximus*
(Whom I like you eſteem!) it is no Danger,
If Duty and Allegiance be no Shame!
Have I not Prætors through the ſpacious Earth,
Who in my Name do mighty Nations ſway?
Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right,
Their Temporary Governments I change,
Divide or take away, as I ſee good;
And this they think no Injury nor Shame;
Can you believe your Husband's Right to you,
Other than what from me he does derive?
Who juſtly may recal my own at pleaſure;
Am I not Emperor? This World my own?
Given me without a Partner by the Gods?
And ſhall thoſe Gods, who gave me all, allow
That one leſs than my ſelf ſhould have a Claim
To you, the Pride and Glory of the whole?
You, without whom the reſt is worthleſs Droſs;
Life a baſe Slavery, Empire but a Mock:
And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curſe!
No, only Bleſſing, *Maximus* and I
Muſt change our Provinces, the World ſhall bow
Beneath my Scepter, graſp'd in his ſtrong Hand,
Whoſe Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,
And wiſe Integrity ſecure the reſt
In all thoſe Rights the Gods to me have given:
While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
The ſervile Pride of Government deſpiſe!
Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heav'n in Thee,

And ſeek for all my Glory in thoſe Eyes.

LUCINA.

Had Heav'n deſign'd for me ſo great a Fate
As *Cæſar's* Love, I ſhould have been preſerv'd
By careful Providence for him alone,
Not offer'd up at firſt to *Maximus*;
For Princes ſhould not mingle with their Slaves,
Nor ſeek to quench their Thirſt in troubled Streams.
Nor am I fram'd with Thoughts fit for a Throne.
To be commanded ſtill has been my Joy;
And to obey, the height of my Ambition.
When young, in anxious Cares I ſpent the Day,
Trembling for fear, leſt each unguided Step
Should tread the Paths of Error and of Blame:
'Till Heav'n in gentle Pity ſent my Lord,
In whoſe Commands my Wiſhes meet their End,
Pleas'd and ſecure while following his Will;
Whether to live or die, I cannot err.
You, like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,
I, a low Myrtle, in the humble Vale,
May flouriſh by your diſtant Influence;
But ſhould you bend your Glories nearer me,
Such fatal Favour withers me to Duſt.
Or I in fooliſh Gratitude deſire
To kiſs your Feet, by whom we live and grow
To ſuch a height, I ſhould in vain aſpire,
Who am already rooted here below,
Fix'd in my *Maximus's* Breaſt I lie!
Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die.

VALENTINIAN.

Ceaſe to oppreſs me with a thouſand Charms!
There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms!

Your

Your Beauty had ſubdu'd my Heart before,
Such Virtue could alone enſlave me more:
If you love *Maximus* to this degree!
How would you be in love, did you love me?
In her, who to a Husband is ſo kind,
What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?
I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn
By flowing Streams of kindled Flames o'er-born;
When North Winds drive the Torrent with a Storm:
Theſe Fires into my Boſom you have thrown,
And muſt in pity quench 'em in your own:
Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th' inflaming Pow'r,
Which was ordain'd to caſt an Emperor
Into Love's Fever kindly did impart
That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart,
Thro' all thoſe Joys. [*Lays hold on her.*

LUCINA.

Hold, Sir, for Mercy's ſake——
Love will abhor whatever Force can take.
I may perhaps perſuade my ſelf in time,
That this is Duty which now ſeems a Crime;
I'll to the Gods, and beg they will inſpire
My Breaſt, or yours, with what it ſhould deſire.

VALENTINIAN.

Fly to their Altars ſtraight, and let 'em know
Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,
If to my Wiſhes they your Heart incline,
Or they're no longer Favourites of mine. [*Ex.* Lucina.
Ho *Chylax*, *Proculus*!

Enter

Enter CHYLAX, PROCULUS, BALBUS *and* LYCINIUS.

As ever you do hope to be by me
Protected in your boundleſs Infamy,
For Diſſoluteneſs cheriſh'd, lov'd and prais'd,
On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd
Above the reach of Law, Reproof, or Shame,
Aſſiſt me now to quench my raging Flame.
'Tis not as heretofore a lambent Fire,
Rais'd by ſome common Beauty in my Breaſt,
Vapours from Idleneſs or looſe Deſire,
By each new Motion eaſily ſuppreſs'd,
But a fix'd Heat that robs me of all Reſt.
Before my dazzled Eyes could you now place
A Thouſand willing Beauties, to allure
And give me Luſt to every looſe Embrace,
Lucina's Love my Virtue would ſecure:
From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,
'T has ſeiz'd upon my Heart, and may defy
That great Preſervative, Variety!
Go, call your Wives to Council, and prepare
To tempt, diſſemble, promiſe, fawn and ſwear;
To make Faith look like Folly uſe your Skill,
Virtue and ill-bred Croſſneſs in the Will.
Fame, the looſe Breathings of a clam'rous Croud!
Ever-in Lyes moſt confident and loud!
Honour a Notion! Piety a Cheat!
And if you prove ſucceſsful Bawds, be great.

CHYLAX.

All hindrance to your Hopes we'll ſoon remove,
And clear the Way to your triumphant Love.

BAL-

BALBUS,

Lucina, for your Wiſhes we'll prepare,
And ſhew we know to merit what we are. [*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN.

Once more the Pow'r of Vows and Tears I'll prove,
Theſe may perhaps her gentle Nature move,
To pity firſt, by Conſequence to love.
Poor are the brutal Conqueſts we obtain
O'er barb'rous Nations by the force of Arms,
But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
And plant our Trophies in our Conqu'ror's Charms.

Enter ÆCIUS.

Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:
No Glory's vain, which does from Pleaſure ſpring.
How now, *Æcius!* are the Soldiers quiet?

ÆCIUS.

Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

VALENTINIAN.

They're pleas'd, I hear,
To cenſure me extremely for my Pleaſures;
Shortly they'll fight againſt me.

ÆCIUS.

Gods defend, Sir. And for their Cenſures, they are
Such ſhrewd Judges ——
A Donative of Ten Seſterces
I'll undertake ſhall make 'em ring your Praiſes
More than they ſung your Pleaſures.

VALENTINIAN.

I believe thee?
Art thou in Love, *Æcius*, yet?

ÆCIUS.

Oh no, Sir, I am too coarſe for Ladies; my Embraces,

That

That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

VALENTINIAN.

Never fear it.
They are ſtronger than you think——
The Empreſs ſwears thou art a luſty Soldier,
A good one I believe thee.

ÆCIUS.

All that Goodneſs is but your Creature, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

But tell me truly,
For thou dar'ſt tell me.

ÆCIUS.

Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to ſpeak, or you to pardon.

VALENTINIAN.

What ſay the Soldiers of me! And the ſame Words:
Mince 'em not, good *Ætius*, but deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

ÆCIUS.

I'll tell you, Sir; but with this Caution,
You be not ſtirr'd: For ſhould the Gods live with us,
Even thoſe we certainly believe are Righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they'd cenſure them too.

VALENTINIAN.

Forward!

ÆCIUS.

Then to begin, They ſay you ſleep too much,
By which they judge you, Sir, too ſenſual;
Apt to decline your Strength to Eaſe and Pleaſure:
And when you do not ſleep, you drink too much;
From which they fear Suſpicions firſt, then Ruin:

And

And when you neither drink nor ſleep, you gueſs, Sir,
Which they affirm firſt breaks your Underſtanding,
Then dulls the Edge of Honour, makes them ſeem,
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers and beaten Fools, and ſo regarded:
But I believe 'em not: For were theſe Truths,
Your Virtue can correct them.

VALENTINIAN.

They ſpeak vainly.

ÆCIUS.

They ſay moreover, Sir, ſince you will have it;
For they will take their Freedoms tho' the Sword
Were at their Throats: That of late times, like *Nero*,
And with the ſame Forgetfulneſs of Glory,
You have got a vein of Fidling: So they term it.

VALENTINIAN.

Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius*.

ÆCIUS.

So I hope, Sir.
They ſay beſides, you nouriſh ſtrange Devourers;
Fed with the Fat of th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazy and luſtful Creatures that abuſe you.

VALENTINIAN.

What Sin's next? For I perceive they have no mind
To ſpare me!

ÆCIUS.

Nor hurt you on my Soul, Sir: But ſuch People
(Nor can the Pow'r of Man reſtrain it)
When they are full of Meat, and Eaſe, muſt prate.

VALENTINIAN.

Forward.

ÆCIUS.

I have ſpoken too much, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

I'll have all.

ÆCIUS.

It is not fit
Your Ears ſhould hear their Vanities, no Profit
Can juſtly ariſe to you from their Behaviour,
Unleſs you were guilty of theſe Crimes.

VALENTINIAN.

It may be I am ſo. Therefore forward.

ÆCIUS.

I have ever learn'd to obey.

VALENTINIAN.

No more Apologies.

ÆCIUS.

They grieve beſides, Sir,
To ſee the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With loſs of many a daring Life ſubdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience; and ev'n murmur
To ſee the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obſcure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes;
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain
The Fruits of *Italy* are luſcious: Give us *Ægypt*,
Or ſandy *Africk* to diſplay our Valours,
There, where our Swords may get us Meat, and Dangers
Digeſt our well-got Food; for here our Weapons
And Bodies that were made for ſhining Braſs,
Are both unedg'd, and old, with Eaſe and Women!
And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*
Lin'd with hot *Spain* or *Gallia*? bring 'em near:
And let the Son of War, ſteel'd *Mithridates*,

Pour

Pour on us his wing'd *Parthians* like a Storm,
Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Showr's of Arrows,
Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Soldiers
Tir'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in theſe Scars that make 'em lovely.
And ſitting where a Camp was, like ſad Pilgrims
They reckon up the Times and loading Labours
Or *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
That *Rome*, whoſe Turrets once were topt with Honour,
Can now forget the Cuſtom of her Conqueſts?
And then they blame you, Sir — and ſay, Who leads us
Shall we ſtand here like Statues! Were our Fathers
The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Perſians!*
Nothing but Silk and Softneſs? Curſes on 'em
That firſt taught *Nero* Wantonneſs and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices,
For from the Spring of theſe, ſucceeding Princes——
Thus they talk, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

Well?
Why do you hear theſe things?

ÆCIUS.

Why do you do 'em?
I take the Gods to witneſs, with more Sorrow
And more Vexation hear I theſe Reproaches,
Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-Glaſs.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis like then you believe 'em, or at leaſt
Are glad they ſhould be ſo: Take heed — you were better
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a Prince's Anger.

ÆCIUS

ÆCIUS.

I am old, Sir:
And Ten Years more Addition is but nothing:
Now, if my Life be pleaſing to you, take it.
Upon my Knees, if ever any Service
(As let me brag, ſome have been worthy notice!)
If ever any Worth or Truſt you gave me
Deſerv'd a Favour, Sir; if all my Actions,
The Hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,
For you and for the Empire, be not Vices:
By the Stile you have ſtamp'd upon me, Soldiers!
Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

VALENTINIAN.

I underſtand you not.

ÆCIUS.

Let not this Body
That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæſar*,
And covetous of Wounds, and for your Safety;
After the 'ſcape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows,
'Gainſt which my beaten Body was my Armour,
Thro' Seas, and thirſty Deſarts, now be Purchaſe
For Slaves and baſe Informers: I ſee Anger,
And Death look through your Eyes —— I am mark'd for Slaughter,
And know the telling of this Truth has made me
A Man clean loſt to this World —— I embrace it,
Only my laſt Petition, Sacred *Cæſar*!
Is, I may die a *Roman* ——

VALENTINIAN.

Riſe, my Friend ſtill,
And worthy of my Love: Reclaim the Soldiers!
I'll ſtudy to do ſo upon my ſelf.

Go

Go — keep your Command and proſper.

ÆCIUS.

Life to *Caſar*. ——— [*Exit.*

VALENTINIAN.

The Honeſty of this *Æcius*,
Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire,
Is to be cheriſh'd for the good it brings,
Not valu'd as a Merit in the Owner!
All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,
And Duty has no Claim beyond Acknowledgment;
Which I'll pay *Æcius*, whom I ſtill have found
Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave,
Talents as I could wiſh 'em for my Slave:
But, oh this Woman! ——
Is it a Sin to love this lovely Woman?
No; ſhe is ſuch a Pleaſure, being good;
That tho' I were a God ſhe'd fire my Blood. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHYLAX, *and* LYCINIUS.

BALBUS.

I Never ſaw the like, ſhe's no more ſtirr'd,
No more another Woman, no more alter'd
With any Hopes or Promiſes laid to her,
Let them be ne'er ſo weighty, ne'er ſo winning,
Than I am with the Motion of my own Legs.

PRO-

PROCULUS.

Chylax!
You are a Stranger yet in theſe Deſigns,
At leaſt in *Rome*. Tell me, and tell me Truth;
Did you e'er know in all your Courſe of Practice,
In all the Ways of Women you have rode through?
For I preſume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,
As we to fetch and carry.

CHYLAX.

True — I have ſo.

PROCULUS.

Did you, I ſay again, in all this Progreſs,
Ever diſcover ſuch a Piece of Beauty,
Ever ſo rare a Creature, and no doubt,
One that muſt know her Worth too, and affect it;
Ay, and be flatter'd, elſe 'tis none; and Honeſt,
Honeſt againſt the Tide of all Temptations?
Honeſt to one Man, and to her Husband only,
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know
Why ſhe is Honeſt?

CHYLAX.

I confeſs it freely,
I never ſaw her Fellow, nor ever ſhall:
For all our *Grecian* Dames as I have try'd,
And ſure I have try'd a Hundred — if I ſay Two,
I ſpeak within my compaſs: All theſe Beauties,
And all the Conſtancy of all theſe Faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling,
So they be *Greeks* and fat; for there's my Cunning:
I would undertake, and not ſweat for't, *Proculus*,
Were they to try again, ſay twice as many,
Under a Thouſand Pound to lay them flat:

But

But this Wench ſtaggers me.

LYCINIUS.

Do you ſee theſe Jewels?
You would think theſe pretty Baits now; I'll aſſure you
Here's half the Wealth of *Aſia*.

BALBUS.

Theſe are nothing
To the full Honours I propounded to her.
I bid her think and be, and preſently
Whatever her Ambition, what the Counſel
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
Could more enlarge, what any Precedent
Of any Woman riſing up to Glory;
And ſtanding certain there, and in the higheſt,
Could give her more: Nay, to be Empreſs——

PROCULUS.

And cold at all theſe Offers?

BALBUS.

Cold as Cryſtal,
Never to be thaw'd.

CHYLAX.

I try'd her further:
And ſo far, that I think ſhe is no Woman;
At leaſt as Women go now.

LYCINIUS.

Why, what did you?

CHYLAX.

I offer'd that, that had ſhe been but Miſtreſs
Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her,
A ſafe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying down for ever of all Beauties,
That may be thought come near her:

PRO-

PROCULUS.

That was pretty.

CHYLAX.

I never knew that way fail; yet I tell you,
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saint ſtart, well conſider'd;
The Law to be her Creature; ſhe to make it,
Her Mouth to give it: Every thing alive
From her Aſpect to draw their Good or Evil,
Fix'd in 'em ſpight of Fortune, a new Nature
She ſhould be call'd, and Mother of all Ages;
Time ſhould be hers, what ſhe did, flatt'ring Virtues
Should bleſs to all Poſterities, her Air
Should give us Life, her Earth and Water feed us,
And laſt, to none but to the Emperor
(And then but when ſhe pleas'd to have it ſo)
She ſhould be held a Mortal.

LYCINIUS.

And ſhe heard you?

CHYLAX.

Yes, as a ſick Man hears a Noiſe, or he
That ſtands condemn'd, his Judgment.
Well, if there can be Virtue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,
If it be ſo as Fools are us'd to feign it,
A Power that can preſerve us after Death,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

BALBUS.

I would the Emperor were that God.

CHYLAX.

She has in her.

All

All the Contempt of Glory, and vain ſeeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Chriſtians,
And all their Conſtancy; Modeſty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended; when ſhe bluſhes
It is the holieſt thing to look upon;
The pureſt Temple of her Sex, that ever
Made Nature a bleſs'd Founder,
If ſhe were any way inclining
To Eaſe or pleaſure, or affected glory,
Proud to be ſeen or worſhipp'd, 'twere a venture:
But, on my Soul, ſhe is chaſter than cold Camphire.

BALBUS.

I think ſo too: For all the ways of Woman
Like a full Sail ſhe bears againſt: I ask'd her,
After my many Offers, walking with her,
And her many down Denials, How
If the Emperor, grown mad with Love, ſhould force her?
She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by,
And with an angry look — that from her Eyes
Shot Veſtal Fire againſt me, ſhe departed,

PROCULUS.

This is the firſt Woman I was ever pos'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty Year.

CHYLAX.

I find by this fair Lady
The Calling of a Bawd to be a ſtrange,
A wiſe and ſubtle Calling; and for none
But ſtaid, diſcreet and underſtanding People:
And as the Tutor to Great *Alexander*
Would ſay, A young man ſhould not dare to read
His Moral Books 'till after Five and Twenty,

So muſt that He or She that will be Bawdy,
(I mean diſcreetly Bawdy, and be truſted)
If they will riſe and gain experience,
Well ſteept in Years and Diſcipline, begin it ——
I take it 'tis no Boy's Play.

BALBUS.

What's to be thought of?

PROCULUS.

The Emperor muſt know it.

LYCINIUS.

If the Women ſhould chance for fail too——

CHYLAX.

As 'tis Ten to One.

PROCULUS.

Why, what remains but new Nets for the purpoſe —
Th' Emperor. ——

Enter VALENTINIAN.

VALENTINIAN.

What! Have you brought her?

CHYLAX.

Brought her, Sir! alas,
What would you do with ſuch a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love i'th' Empire cannot thaw.
A dull croſs thing, inſenſible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promiſes, dead to Deſire,
A tedious Stickler for her Husband's Rights,
Who, like a Beggar's Cur, hath brought her up
To fawn on him, and bark at all beſides.

VALENTINIAN.

Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, were't not for fear
To do thee good by mending of thy Manners,

I'd

I'd have thee whipt! Is this th' Account you bring
To eaſe the Torments of my reſtleſs mind?

BALBUS *kneeling.*

Ceſar! In vain your Vaſſals have endeavour'd
By Promiſes, Perſuaſions, Reaſons, Wealth,
All that can make the firmeſt Virtue bend,
To alter her. Our Arguments, like Darts
Shot in the Boſom of the boundleſs Air,
Are loſt, and do not leave the leaſt Impreſſion:
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome
Virtue that could reſiſt the Emperor.

VALENTINAN.

You impotent Provokers of my Luſt,
Who can incite, and have no Power to help,
How dare you be alive, and I unſatisfy'd,
Who to your Beings have no other Title
Nor leaſt Hopes to preſerve 'em, but my Smiles?
Who play like poiſonous Inſects all the Day,
In the warm Shine of me your vital Sun;
And when Night comes muſt periſh ——
Wretches! whoſe vicious Lives, when I withdraw
The abſolute Protection of my Favour,
Will drag you into all the Miſeries
That your own Terrors, univerſal Hate,
And Law, with Jails and Whips can bring upon you
As you have fail'd to ſatify my Wiſhes,
Perdition is the leaſt you can expect,
Who durſt to undertake and not perform!
Slaves! Was it fit I ſhould be diſappointed?
Yet live ——
Continue infamous a little longer;
You have deſerv'd to end. But for this once

I'll not tread out your nasty snuffs of Life;
But had your poisonous Flatteries prevail'd
Upon her Chastity I so admire,
A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames!
Dogs had devour'd ere this your Carcases;
Is that an Object fit for my Desires,
Which lies within the reach of your Persuasions!
Had you by your Infectious Industry
Shew'd my *Lucina* frail to that degree,
You had been damn'd for undeceiving me.
But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,
There lies the Joy and Glory of my Love!
A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,
And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe
The gaining of to any but my self:
Haste straight to *Maximus*, and let him know
He must come instantly and speak with me;
The rest of you wait here — I'll play to-night.
You saucy Fool! send privately away [*To* Chyl.
For *Lycias* hither by the Garden-Gate,
That sweet-fac'd Eunuch that sung
In *Maximus*'s Grove the other Day,
And in my Closet keep him 'till I come. [*Ex.* Val

CHYLAX.

I shall, Sir.
'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lycias*;
And rightly understood,
He's worth a thousand Womens Niceneſſes!
The Love of Women moves even with their Lust,
Who therefore still are fond, but seldom just:
Their Love is Usury, while they pretend
To gain the Pleasure double which they lend.

But

But a dear Boy's diſintereſted Flame
Gives Pleaſure, and for meer Love gathers Pain;
In him alone Fondneſs ſincere does prove,
And the kind, tender, naked Boy is Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE. II. *A Garden.*

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA *and* PHORBA.

ARDELIA.

You ſtill inſiſt upon that Idol Honour,
Can it renew your Youth? Can it add Wealth?
Or take off Wrinkles? Can it draw Mens Eyes,
To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,
And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,
Leave you the moſt reſpected Woman living?
Or can the common Kiſſes of a Husband
(Which to a ſprighly Lady is a Labour)
Make you almoſt immortal? You are cozen'd,
The Honour of a Woman is her Praiſes,
The way to get theſe, to be ſeen and ſought to,
And not to bury ſuch a happy Sweetneſs
Under a ſmoaking Roof.

LUCINA.

I'll hear no more.

PHORBA.

That white and red, and all that blooming Beauty,
Kept from the Eyes that make it ſo, is nothing:
Then you are truly fair, when Men proclaim it:
The *Phœnix* that was never ſeen is doubted,
But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,

And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the Way to Mens Petitions.

ARDELIA.

Nay, you ſhall love your Husband too; we
Come not to make a Monſter of you.

LUCINA.

Are you Women?

ARDELIA.

You'll find us ſo; and Women you ſhall thank too,
If you have but Grace to make your Uſe.

LUCINA.

Fie on you.

PHORBA.

Alas! poor baſhful Lady! By my Soul,
Had you no other Virtue but your Bluſhes,
And I a Man, I ſhould run mad for thoſe!
How prettily they ſet her off! how ſweetly!

ARDELIA.

Come, Goddeſs, come! you move too near the Earth;
It muſt not be, a better Orb ſtays for you.

LUCINA.

Pray leave me.

PHORBA,

That were a Sin, ſweet Madam, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy,
You muſt not be alone: In Converſation,
Doubts are reſolv'd, and what ſticks near the Conſcience
Made eaſy and allowable.

LUCINA.

Ye are Devils.

ARDELIA.

That you may one day bleſs for your Damnation.

LU-

LUCINA.

I charge you, in the name of Chaſtity,
Tempt me no more: How ugly you ſeem to me!
There is no wonder Men defame our Sex,
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
When ſuch as you ſhall bear the name of Women:
If you had Eyes to ſee your ſelves, or Senſe
Above the baſe Rewards ye earn with Shame!
If ever in your Lives ye heard of Goodneſs,
Tho' many Regions off, —— as Men hear Thunder:
If ever you had fathers, and they Souls,
Or ever Mothers, and not ſuch as you are!
If ever any thing were conſtant in you
Beſides your Sins!
If any of your Anceſtors,
Dy'd worth a noble Deed — that would be cheriſh'd,
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
You would run from one anothers Repentance,
And from your guilty Eyes drop out thoſe Sins
That made ye blind and Beaſts.

PHORBA.

You ſpeak well, Madam!
A ſign of fruitful Education,
If your Religious Zeal had Wiſdom with it.

ARDELIA.

This Lady was ordain'd to bleſs the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for her.

PHORBA.

I believe you.

ARDELIA.

If any thing redeem the Emperor,
From his wild flying Courſes, this is ſhe!

She can inſtruct him —— if you mark —— ſhe's wiſe too.

PHORBA.

Exceeding wiſe, which is a Wonder in her;
And ſo religious, that I well believe,
Tho' ſhe would ſin ſhe cannot.

ARDELIA.

And beſides
She has the Empire's Cauſe in Hand, not Love's:
There lies the main Conſideration,
For which, ſhe is chiefly born.

PHORBA.

She finds that Point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it,
I look by her means for a Reformation,
And ſuch a one, and ſuch a rare way carry'd.

ARDELIA.

I never thought the Emperor had Wiſdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
'Till he profeſs'd this Love. Gods give 'em Children
Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal;
I look to ſee a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

PHORBA.

Do you mark too,
Which is a noble Virtue —— how ſhe bluſhes,
And what flowing Modeſty runs through her
When we but name the Emperor.

ARDELIA.

Mark it!
Yes, and admire it too: For ſhe conſiders
Tho' ſhe be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy Truth; yet to the Emperor,

She

She is a kind of Nothing — but her Service;
Which ſhe is bound to offer, and ſhe'll do it;
And when her Country's Cauſe commands Affection,
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues;
Then fly the Bluſhes out like *Cupid*'s Arrows:
And though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,
Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina* — yet the Cauſe
And general Wiſdom of the Prince's Love
Makes her find ſurer Ends, and happier,
And if the firſt were chaſte, theſe are twice doubled.

PHORBA.

Her Tartneſs to us too.

ARDELIA.

That's a wiſe one.

PHORBA.

I like it, it ſhews a riſing Wiſdom,
That chides all common Fools, who dare enquire
What Princes would have private.

ARDELIA.

What a Lady ſhall we be bleſs'd to ſerve?

LUCINA.

Go — get you from me,
Ye are your Purſes Agents, not the Prince's,
Is this the virtuous Love you train'd me out to?
Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices?
But that I had a Mother, and a Woman
Whoſe ever-living Fame turns all it touches
Into the Good it ſelf was, I ſhould now
Even doubt my ſelf; I have been ſearch'd ſo near
The very Soul of Honour, Why ſhould you Two,
That happily have been as chaſte as I am!
Fairer I think by much (for yet your Faces,

Like ancient well-built Piles, ſhew worthy Ruins)
After that Angel-Age, turn Mortal Devils!
For Shame, for Womanhood, for what you have been,
(For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches)
If you have hope of any Heav'n but Court,
Which, like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vaniſh:
Or at the beſt but ſubject to Repentance!
Study no more to be ill ſpoken of,
Let Women live themſelves, if they muſt fail;
Their own Deſtruction find 'em.

ARDELIA.

You are ſo excellent in all,
That I muſt tell you with Admiration!
So true a Joy you have, ſo ſweet a Fear!
And when you come to Anger —— 'tis ſo noble,
That for my own part, I could ſtill offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided, (elſe I count it nothing),
Are either Fools or fearful.

PHORBA.

She were no Miſtreſs for the World's great Lord,
Could ſhe not frown a raviſh'd Kiſs from Anger;
And ſuch an Anger as this Lady ſhews us,
Stuck with ſuch pleaſing Dangers (Gods I ask ye)
Which of you all could hold from?

LUCINA.

I perceive you,
Your own dark Sins dwell with you, and that Price
You ſell the Chaſtity of modeſt Wives at,
Run to Diſeaſes with you — I deſpiſe you,
And all the Nets you have pitch'd to catch my Virtue,
Like Spider's webs, I ſweep away before me

Go! tell th'Emperor, you have met a Woman,
That neither his own Perſon, which is God-like,
The World he rules, nor what that World can purchaſe,
Nor all the Glories ſubject to a *Ceſar!*
The Honours that he offers for my Honour,
The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlaſting Flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt;
No! not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy Fires he worſhips,
Can make a Whore of me.

ARDELIA.

You miſtake us, Madam.

LUCINA.

Yet tell him this, h'as much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his Slaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurſes for his Sins! which Gods forgive me,
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Vice—aſſure him,
And from her Mouth, whoſe Life ſhall make it certain,
I never can; I have a noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too: Yet a noble Name,
A noble Family, and laſt a Conſcience.
Thus much by way of anſwer; for your ſelves;
You have liv'd the Shame of Women—die the better.

[*Exit* Lucina.

PHORBA.

What's now to do?

ARDELIA.

Even as ſhe ſaid, to die,
For there's no living here and Women thus,
I am ſure for us two.

PHORBA.

Nothing ſtick upon her?

AR

ARDELIA.

We have loſt a Maſs of Money; well, Dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good Luck ſerve!

PHORBA.

Worms take her.

ARDELIA.

So Godly ———
This is ill Breeding, *Phorba*;

PHORBA.

If the Women
Should have a longing now to ſee the Monſters,
And ſhe convert 'em all!

ARDELIA.

That may be, *Phorba!*
But if it be I'll have the young Men hang'd.
— Come — let's go think — ſhe muſt not 'ſcape us thus.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers the Emperor at Dice.

MAXIMUS, LYCINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHYLAX.

VALENTINIAN.

NAY! ſet my Hand out — 'Tis not juſt
I ſhould neglect my Luck when 'tis ſo proſp'rous.

CHYLAX.

If I have any thing to ſet you, Sir, but Clothes
And good Conditions, let me periſh;
You have all my Mony.

PRO-

PROCULUS.

And mine.

LYCINIUS.

And mine too.

MAXIMUS.

You may truſt us ſure 'till-to-morrow;
Or, if you pleaſe, I'll ſend home for Money preſently.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis already Morning, and ſtaying will be tedious.
My Luck will vaniſh ere your Money comes.

CHYLAX.

Shall we redeem 'em if we ſet our Horſes?

VALENTINIAN.

Yes fairly.

CHYLAX.

That at my *Villa.* ——

VALENTINIAN.

At it —— 'Tis mine.

CHYLAX.

Then farewel, Fig-trees; for I can ne'er redeem 'em.

VALENTINIAN.

Who ſets? —— Set any thing.

LYCINIUS.

At my Horſe.

VALENTINIAN.

The Dapple *Spaniard?*

LYCINIUS.

He.

VALENTINIAN.

He's mine.

LYCINIUS.

He is ſo.

MAXIMUS,

Ha!

LYCINIUS.

Nothing, my Lord! But Pox on my damn'd Fortune.

VALENTINIAN.

Come, *Maximus*; you were not wont to flinch.

MAXIMUS.

By Heav'n, Sir, I have not a Penny.

VALENTINIAN.

Then that Ring.

MAXIMUS.

O good Sir, this was not given to loſe.

VALENTINIAN.

Some Love-Token ——— Set it, I ſay!

MAXIMUS.

I beg you, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

How ſilly and how fond you are grown of Toys!

MAXIMUS.

Shall I redeem it?

VALENTINIAN.

When you pleaſe; to-morrow,
Or next day as you will: I do not care.
Only for Luck ſake ——

MAXIMUS.

There, Sir, will you throw?

VALENTINIAN.

Why then, have at it fairly; the laſt Stake!
'Tis mine.

MAXIMUS.

Y'are ever fortunate; to-morrow
I'll bring you —— what you pleaſe to think it worth.

VA-

VALENTINIAN.

Then your *Arabian* Horſe; but for this Night
I'll wear it as my Victory.

Enter BALBUS.

BALBUS.

From the Camp
Æcius in haſte has ſent theſe Letters, Sir;
It ſeems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

VALENTINIAN.

Maximus--This is ill News. Next Week they are to march;
You muſt away immediately; no ſtay,
No, not ſo much as to take leave at home.
This careful haſte may probably appeaſe 'em;
Send word, what are their Numbers;
And Money ſhall be ſent to pay 'em all.
Beſides ſomething by way of Donative.

MAXIMUS.

I'll not delay a Moment, Sir.
The Gods preſerve you in this mind for ever.

VALENTINIAN.

I'll ſee 'em march my ſelf.

MAXIMUS.

Gods ever keep you ——— [*Exit* Max.

VALENTINIAN.

To what end now d'ye think this Ring ſhall ſerve?
For you are the dull'ſt and the verieſt Rogues ———
Fellows that know only by rote, as Birds
Whiſtle and ſing.

CHYLAX.

Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

VALENTINIAN.

The Lady, Blockhead! which end of the Lady?
Her Noſe!

CHY-

CHYLAX.

Faith, Sir, that I know not.

VALENTINIAN.

Then pray for him that does ——

Fetch in the Eunuch; [*Ex.* Chyl.

You! See th'Apartment made very fine
That lies upon the Garden, Masks and Muſick,
With the beſt ſpeed you can. And all your Arts
Serve to the higheſt, for my Maſter-piece
Is now on foot.

PROCULUS.

Sir, we ſhall have a care.

VALENTINIAN.

I'll ſleep an Hour or two; and let the Women
Put on a graver ſhew of Welcome!
Your Wives! they are ſuch Haggard Bawds,
A Thought too eager. [*Enter* Chyl. *and* Lycias.

CHYLAX.

Here's *Lycias*, Sir.

LYCIAS.

Long Life to mighty *Caſar*.

VALENTINIAN.

Fortune to thee, for I muſt uſe thee, *Lycias*.

LYCIAS.

I am the humble Slave of *Caſar*'s Will,
By my Ambition bound to his Commands,
As by my Duty.

VALENTINIAN.

Follow me.

LYCIAS.

With Joy. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Grove and Foreſt.*

Enter LUCINA.

Dear ſolitary Groves where Peace does dwell,
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
How willingly could I for ever ſtay
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens.
Liſt'ning to Harmony of warbling Birds,
Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams,
Upon whoſe Banks in various Livery,
The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,
Sees their own Beauties in the Cryſtal Flood?
Of theſe I could myſterious Chaplets weave,
Expreſſing ſome kind innocent Deſign,
To ſhew my *Maximus* at his Return,
And fondly chiding make his Heart confeſs,
How far my buſy Idleneſs excels
The idle Buſineſs he purſues all day,
At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp.
Robbing my Eyes of what they love to ſee,
My Ears of his dear Words they wiſh to hear,
My longing Arms of th' Embrace they covet;
Forgive me Heav'n! if when I theſe enjoy,
So perfect is the Happineſs I find,
That my Soul ſatisfy'd feels no Ambition,
To change theſe humble Roofs and ſit above.

Enter MARCELLINA.

MARCELLINA.

Madam, my Lord, juſt now alighted here,
Was, by an Order from th' Emperor,
Cal'd back to Court! This

This he commanded me to let you know,
And that he would make haſte in his Return.

LUCINA.

The Emperor!
Unwonted Horror ſeizes me all o'er,
When I but hear him nam'd: ſure 'tis not Hate;
For tho' his impious Love with Scorn I heard,
And fled with Terror from his threatning Force,
Duty commands me humbly to forgive,
And bleſs the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!
Nay more, methinks, he is the gracefulleſt Man,
His Words ſo fram'd to tempt, himſelf to pleaſe,
That 'tis my Wonder how the Pow'rs above,
Thoſe wiſe and careful Guardians of the Good,
Have truſted ſuch a force of tempting Charms
To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!
'Tis then ſome ſtrange Prophetick Fear I feel,
That ſeems to warn me of approaching Ills.
Go, *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and ſing that Song
My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away
The melancholy Thoughts his Abſence breeds!
Come gentle Slumbers, in your flatt'ring Arms
I'll bury theſe Diſquiets of my Mind,
'Till *Maximus* returns —— for when he's here,
My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.

[Marcellina *ſings*.

SONG. By Mr. *W.*

WHERE would coy Aminta run
From a deſpairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conqueſts won,
Why ſhould her Ear refuſe the Glory?

Shall

Shall a Slave, whom Racks conſtrain,
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her ſcorn me, let her fly me,
Let her Looks her Life deny me.
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue ceaſe to tell my Grief;
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heaven the only Way.

MARCELLINA.

She ſleeps.

[*The Song ended, Exeunt* Claudia *and* Marcellina *before the Dance.*

SCENE III. *Dance of* Satyrs.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA *to* LUCINA.

CLAUDIA.

Prithee, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company?

MARCELLINA.

I know not,
Unleſs it be that Company cauſes Cuckolds.

CLAUDIA.

Ridiculous! That were a childiſh Fear;
'Tis Opportunity does cauſe 'em rather,
When two made one are glad to be alone.

MARCELLINA.

But *Claudia* —— why this ſitting up all Night,
In Groves by purling Streams? This argues Heat,
Great Heat and Vapours, which are main Corrupters.
Mark when you will, your Ladies that have Vapours,

They

They are not Flinchers, that inſulting Spleen,
Is the Artillery of powerful Luſt;
Diſcharg'd upon weak Honour, which ſtands out,
Two Fits of Headach at the moſt, then yields.

CLAUDIA.

Thou art the fraileſt Creature, *Marcellina!*
And think'ſt all Woman's Honour like thine own!
So thin a Cobweb, that each blaſt of Paſſion
Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl,
I think I may be well ſtil'd Honour's Martyr.
With firmeſt Conſtancy I have endur'd
The raging Heats of paſſionate Deſires!
While flaming Love and boiling Nature both,
Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture;
Iarm'd with Reſolution ſtood it out,
And kept my Honour ſafe.

MARCELLINA.

Thy Glory's great!
But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heav'n that I am made
The weakeſt of all Women; fram'd ſo frail,
That Honour ne'er thought fit to chooſe me out
His Champion againſt pleaſure: My poor Heart,
For divers Years, ſtill toſs'd from Flame to Flame,
Is now burnt up to Tinder, every Spark,
Dropt from kind Eyes, ſets it a-fire afreſh;
Preſs'd by a gentle Hand I melt away:
One Sigh's a Storm that blows me all along;
Pity a Wretch who has no Charm at all,
Againſt the impetuous Tide of flowing Pleaſure,
Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain
The glorious War made upon Fleſh and Blood,
But is a Sacrifice to every Wiſh,

And has no Power left to reſiſt a Joy.

CLAUDIA.

Poor Girl! how ſtrange a Riddle Virtue is!
They never miſs it who poſſeſs it not;
And they who have it, ever find a want.
With what Tranquillity and Peace thou liv'ſt!
For ſtript of Shame, thou haſt no Cauſe to fear;
While I, the Slave of Virtue, am afraid
Of every thing I ſee; and think the World
A dreadful Wilderneſs of Savage Beaſts;
Each Man I meet I fancy will devour me;
And ſway'd by Rules not natural but affected,
I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

MARCELLINA.

'Tis nothing leſs than Witchcraft can conſtrain,
Still to perſiſt in Errors we perceive!
Fain thee reform; what Nature prompts us to,
And Reaſon ſeconds, why ſhould we avoid?
This Honour is the vericſt Mountebank,
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
And makes us freakiſh; what a Cheat muſt that be,
Which robs our Lives of all their ſofter Hours!
Beauty our only Treaſure it lays waſte,
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
To the deteſted State of Age and Ugline ſs,
Tearing our deareſt Hearts Deſire from us;
Then in Reward of what it took away,
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wiſhes and Delights,
It bountifully pays us all with Pride!
Poor Shifts! ſtill to be proud, and never pleas'd,
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

CLAU-

CLAUDIA.

Concluded like thy ſelf, for ſure thou art
The moſt corrupt corrupting Thing alive;
Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit:
'Tis but falſe Wiſdom; and its Property
Has ever been to take the Part of Vice,
Which tho' the Fancy with vain Shews it pleaſe,
Yet wants a Power to ſatisfy the Mind. [Lucina *wakes.*
But ſee my Lady wakes, and comes this way.
Bleſs me! how pale, and how confus'd ſhe looks!

LUCINA.

In what fantaſtick new World have I been?
What Horrors paſt? what threatning Viſions ſeen?
Wrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,
The Hoſt of Heav'n and Hell did round me dance:
Debates aroſe betwixt the Powr's above,
And thoſe below: Methoughts they talk'd of Love,
And nam'd me often; but it could not be,
Of any Love that had to do with me.
For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,
I never heard one Word of *Maximus*,
Diſcourteous Nymphs! who own theſe murm'ring Floods,
And you unkind Divinities o'th' Woods!
When to your Banks and Bowers I came diſtreſs'd,
Half dead thro' Abſence, ſeeking Peace and Reſt,
Why would you not protect, by theſe your Streams,
A ſleeping Wretch from ſuch wild diſmal Dreams!
Miſ-ſhapen Monſters round in Meaſures went,
Horrid in Form, with Geſtures inſolent:
Grinning thro' Goatiſh Beards with half-clos'd Eyes,
They look'd me in the Face! frighted, to riſe

In

In vain I did attempt; methought no Ground
Was, to ſupport my ſinking Footſteps, found.
In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,
Crying for help, my Voice was ſnatch'd away.
And when I would have fled,
My Limbs benum'd or dead,
Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey.
Upon my abſent Lord for help I cry'd;
But in that Moment when I muſt have dy'd,
With Anguiſh of my Fears confuting Pains,
Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains.

CLAUDIA.

Madam, alas! ſuch Accidents as theſe,
Are not of value to diſturb your Peace.
The cold damp Dews of Night have mixt and wrought,
With the dark Melancholy of your Thought;
And thro' your Fancy theſe Illuſions brought;
I ſtill have mark'd your Fondneſs will afford
No Hour of Joy, in th' Abſence of my Lord.

Enter LYCIAS *with a Ring.*

LUCINA.

Abſent, all Night —— and never ſend me word!

LYCIAS.

Madam, while ſleeping by thoſe Banks you lay,
One from my Lord commanded me away.
In all obedient haſte I went to Court,
Where buſy Crowds confus'dly did reſort;
News from the Camp it ſeems was then arriv'd,
Of Tumults rais'd, and Civil Wars contriv'd;
The Emperor frighted from his Bed, does call
Grave Senators to Council in the Hall ——

Throngs

Throngs of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars
Wait for Employments, praying hard for Wars.
At Council Door attend with fair Pretence,
In Knaviſh Decency and Reverence,
Bankers, who with officious diligence
Lend Money to ſupply the preſent Need,
At treble Uſe, that greater may ſucceed,
So publick Wants will private Plenty breed.
Whiſp'ring in ev'ry Corner you might ſee.

LUCINA.

But what's all this to *Maximus* and me?
Where is my Lord? what Meſſage has he ſent?
Is he in health? What fatal Accident
Does all this while his wiſh'd Return prevent?

LYCIAS.

When e'er the Gods that happy Hour decree,
May he appear ſafe, and with Victory;
Of many Heroes, who ſtood candidate
To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate;
To quell Rebellion, and protect the Throne,
A choice was made of *Maximus* alone;
The People, Soldiers, Senate, Emperor,
For *Maximus* with one Conſent concur.
Their new-born Hopes now hurry him away.
Nor will their Fears admit one moment's ſtay:
Trembling through Terror leſt he come too late
They huddle his Diſpatch, while at the Gate
The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait.

LUCINA.

Theſe fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold!
Why ſhould the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold?
He ne'er reflects upon my Deſtiny,
So careleſs of himſelf, undoing me.

Ah,

Ah, *Claudia!* in my Viſions ſo unskill'd,
He'll to the Army go, and there be kill'd.
Forgetful of my Love; he'll not afford
The eaſy Favour of a parting Word;
Of all my Wiſhes he's alone the Scope,
And he's the only end of all my Hope,
My fill of Joy, and what is yet above
Joys, Hopes and Wiſhes—— He is all my Love:
Myſterious Honour, tell me what thou art!
That takes up different Forms in ev'ry Heart;
And doſt to divers Ends and Intereſts move:
Conqueſt is his—— my Honour is my Love.
Both theſe do Paths ſo oppoſitely chooſe,
By following one, you muſt the other loſe.
So two ſtraight Lines from the ſame Point begun,
Can never meet, tho' without end they run——
Alas, I rave!

LYCIAS.

Look on thy Glory, Love, and ſmile to ſee
Two faithful Hearts at Strife for Victory!
Who blazing in thy ſacred Fires contend,
While both their equal Flames to Heav'n aſcend.
The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue,
Leſt in my Meſſage I his Paſſion wrong;
You'll better gueſs the Anguiſh of his Heart,
From what you feel, than what I can impart;
But, Madam, know the Moment I was come,
His watchful Eye prerceiv'd me in the Room;
When with a quick precipitated haſte
From *Cæſar's* Boſom where he ſtood embrac'd,
Piercing the buſy Crowd to me he paſt——

Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,
He ſcarce had breath to give this ſhort Command.
With thy beſt ſpeed to my *Lucina* fly,
If I muſt part, unſeen by her, I die;
Decrees inevitable from above,
And Fate which takes too little care of Love,
Force me away: Tell her, 'tis my Requeſt,
By thoſe kind Fires ſhe kindled in my Breaſt,
Our future Hopes, and all that we hold dear,
She inſtantly would come and ſee me here:
That parting Griefs to her I may reveal,
And on her Lips propitious Omens ſeal.
Affairs that preſs in this ſhort ſpace of time,
Afford no other Place without a Crime;
And that thou may'ſt not fail of wiſh'd-for Ends,
In a Succeſs whereon my Life depends,
Give her this Ring. [*Looks on the Ring.*

LUCINA.

How ſtrange ſoever theſe Commands appear,
Love awes my Reaſon, and controls my Fear.
But how couldſt thou employ thy laviſh Tongue
So idly, to be telling this ſo long;
When ev'ry Moment thou haſt ſpent in vain,
Was half the Life that did to me remain.
Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wiſhes ſmile,
And make me happy yet a little while.
If through my Fears I can ſuch Sorrow ſhow,
As to convince I periſh if he go:
Pity perhaps his gen'rous Heart may move,
To ſacrifice his Glory to his Love.
I'll not deſpair!

Who knows how eloquent theſe Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.

[*Exit* Lucina.

LYCIAS.

Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's our own,
How eaſily this mighty Work was done!
Well! firſt or laſt all Women muſt be won ——
" It is their Fate, and cannot be withſtood,
" The Wife do ſtill comply with Fleſh and Blood;
" Or if through peeviſh Honour, Nature fail,
" They do but loſe their Thanks; Art will prevail.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆCIUS *purſuing* PONTIUS, *and* MAXIMUS *following.*

MAXIMUS.

Temper your ſelf, *Ætius.*

PONTIUS.

Hold, my Lord —— I am a Soldier and a *Roman.*

MAXIMUS.

Pray Sir!

ÆCIUS.

Thou art a lying Villain and a Traitor,
Give me my ſelf, or by the Gods, my Friend,
You'll make me dang'rous: How dar'ſt thou pluck
The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living?
And ſow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then,
When I am drawing out to Action?

PONTIUS.

Hear me,

MAXIMUS.

Are you a Man?

ÆCIUS.

I am true, *Maximus!*
And if the Villain live we are diſhonour'd.

MAXIMUS.

But hear him what he can ſay!

ÆCIUS.

That's the way
To pardon him; I am ſo eaſy natur'd,
That if he ſpeak but humbly, I forgive him.

PONTIUS.

I do beſeech you, worthy General;

ÆCIUS.

H' has found the way already. Give me room,
And if he 'ſcape me then, h' has Mercy.

PONTIUS.

I do not call you Worthy, that I fear you:
I never car'd for Death; if you will kill me,
Conſider firſt for what; not what you can do:
'Tis true, I know you are my General;
And by that great Prerogative may kill ——

ÆCIUS.

He argues with me!
By Heav'n, a made-up finiſh'd Rebel.

MAXIMUS.

Pray conſider what certain ground you have,

ÆCIUS.

What Grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers,
How lazily they liv'd, and what Diſhonour
It was to ſerve a Prince ſo full of Softneſs!
Theſe were his very Words, Sir.

MAXIMUS.

Theſe! *Ætius*, Tho'

Tho' they were raſhly ſpoke, which was an Error,
A great one, *Pontius!* yet from him that hungers
For War, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd.
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill, makes Traitors,
Nor ſpleeny Speeches ———

ÆCIUS.

Why ſhould you protect him?
Go to — it ſcarce ſhews honeſt ———

MAXIMUS.

Taint me not;
For that ſhews worſe, *Æcius*: All your Friendſhip,
And that pretended Love you lay upon me,
(Hold back my Honeſty) is like a Favour,
You do your Slave to-day — to-morrow hang him;
Was I your Boſom Friend for this?

ÆCIUS.

Forgive me!
So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,
That oft it makes me to forget my ſelf;
And tho' I ſtrive to be without my Paſſion,
I am no God, Sir: For you, whoſe Infection
Has ſpread it ſelf like Poiſon thro' the Army,
And caſt a killing Fog on fair Allegiance;
Firſt thank this noble Gentleman; you had dy'd elſe;
Next, from your Place and Honour of a Soldier
I here ſeclude you.

PONTIUS.

May I ſpeak yet?

MAXIMUS.

Hear him.

ÆCIUS.

And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation,

At leaſt Command; You bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.

PONTIUS.

Againſt her I ſhall never: The condemn'd Man
Has yet the Privilege to ſpeak, my Lord,
Law were not equal elſe.

MAXIMUS.

Pray hear him, *Ætius*.
For happily the Fault he has committed,
Tho' I believe it mighty; yet conſider'd,
If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a haſty Sin than heinous.

ÆCIUS.

Speak.

PONTIUS.

'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with Peace,
My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,
Telling the Soldiers what a Man we ſerve,
Led from us by the Flouriſhes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for Softneſs.

ÆCIUS.

To the reſt, Sir,

PONTIUS.

'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home to ſhew our Country
We durſt go naked, durſt want Meat and Money;
And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durſt be thirſty.
I told 'em too, the Trees and Roots
Were our beſt Pay-maſters.
'Tis likely too, I counſell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plowſhares, their ſure Targets,
And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades and Pruning-knives; their warlike
Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

What think you?
Were theſe Words to be ſpoken by a Captain,
One that ſhould give Example?

MAXIMUS.

'Twas too much.

PONTIUS.

My Lord, I did not woo 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel 'gainſt *Cæſar*;
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion
Were part of me: Give me but Employment,
And way to live, and where you find me vicious,
Bred up to Mutiny, my Sword ſhall tell you,
And if you pleaſe that Place I held maintain it,
'Gainſt the moſt daring Foes of *Rome*: I'm honeſt,
A Lover of my Country; one that holds
His Life no longer his, than kept for *Cæſar*:
Weigh not — (I thus low on my Knees beſeech you!)
What my rude Tongue diſcover'd, 'twas my Want,
No other part of *Pontius*. You have ſeen me,
And you, my Lord, do ſomething for my Country,
And both the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traitor.

ÆCIUS.

All your Language
Makes but againſt you, *Pontius!* You are caſt,
And by my Honour, and my Love to *Cæſar*,
By me ſhall never be reſtored in Camp;
I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himſelf,
Dare talk but near Sedition: As I govern,
All ſhall obey, and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service ſhall redreſs their Needs,

Not prating what they would be,

PONTIUS.

Thus I leave you;
Yet ſhall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune
Muſt follow you no more, be ſtill about you.
Gods give you where you fight the Victory.
You cannot caſt my Wiſhes.

ÆCIUS.

Come, my Lord;
Now to the Field again.

MAXIMUS.

Alas, poor *Pontius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHYLAX *at one Door*, LYCINIUS *and* BALBUS *at another.*

LYCINIUS.

HOW now!

CHYLAX.

She's come.

BALBUS.

Then I'll to the Emperor. [*Exit* Balbus.

CHYLAX.

Is the Muſick plac'd well?

LYCINIUS.

Excellent.

CHYLAX.

Lycinius, you and *Proculus* receive 'em
In the great Chamber, at her Entrance.

LYCI-

LYCINIUS.

Let us alone.

CHYLAX.

And do you hear, *Lycinius*,
Pray let the Women ply her farther off,
And with much more Diſcretion. One Word more,
Are all the Maskers ready?

LYCINIUS.

Take no care, Man. [*Exit*,

CHYLAX.

I am all over in a ſweat with pimping;
'Tis a laborious moiling Trade this ——

Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

VALENTINIAN.

Is ſhe come!

CHYLAX.

She is, Sir! but 'twere beſt
That you were laſt ſeen to her.

VALENTINIAN.

So I mean.
Keep your Court empty, *Proculus*.

PROCULUS.

'Tis done, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

Be not too ſudden to her.

CHYLAX.

Good ſweet Sir,
Retire and man your ſelf: Let us alone,
We are no Children this way: One thing, Sir!
'Tis neceſſary, that her She-Companions

Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women,
They'll break the Buſineſs elſe.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis true: They ſhall.

CHYLAX.

Remember your Place, *Proculus*.

PROCULUS.

I warrant you —— [*Exe.* Valen. Balb. *and* Proc.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA *and* LYCIAS.

CHYLAX.

She enters! Who waits there?
The Emperor calls for his Chariots, he will take the air.

LUCINA.

I am glad I came in ſuch a happy Hour
When he'll be abſent: This removes all Fears;
But *Lycias*, lead me to my Lord.
Heav'n grant he be not gone.

LYCIAS.

'Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!
I'll run and ſee. But if you miſs my Lord,
And find a better to ſupply his room,
A Change ſo happy will not diſcontent you —— [*Exit.*

LUCINA.

What means that unwonted Inſolence of this Slave?
Now I begin to fear again. Oh — Honour,
If ever thou hadſt Temple in weak Woman,
And Sacrifice of Modeſty offer'd to thee,
Hold me faſt now, and I'll be ſafe for ever.

CHYLAX.

The Fair *Lucina!* Nay, then I find
Our ſlander'd Court has not ſinn'd up ſo high

To

To fright all the good Angels from its Care,
Since they have ſent ſo great a Bleſſing hither.
Madam, —— I beg th' Advantage of my Fortune,
Who as I am the firſt have met you here,
May humbly hope to be made proud and happy
With the Honour of your firſt Command and Service.

LUCINA.

Sir, I am ſo far from knowing how to merit,
Your Service, that your Compliment's too much,
And I return it you with all my heart.
You'll want it, Sir, for thoſe who know you better.

CHYLAX.

Madam, I have the Honour to be own'd
By *Maximus*, for his moſt humble Servant,
Which gives me confidence.

MARCELLINA.

Now, *Claudia*, for a Wager,
What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

CLAUDIA.

Why, ſome grave Stateſman,
By his looks a Courtier.

MARCELLINA.

Claudia, a Bawd; By all my hopes a Bawd!
What uſe can reverend Gravity be of here,
To any but a truſty Bawd?
Stateſmen are mark'd for Fops by it; beſides,
Nothing but Sin and Lazineſs could make him
So very fat, and look ſo fleſhly on't.

LUCINA.

But is my Lord not gone yet, do you ſay, Sir?

CHYLAX.

He is not, Madam, and muſt take this kindly,

Exceed-

Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come ſo far to viſit him. I'll guide you.

LUCINA.

Whither?

CHYLAX.

Why to my Lord.

LUCINA.

Is it impoſſible
To find him in this Place without a Guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.

CHYLAX.

My only Trouble, Madam, is my fear
I'm too unworthy of ſo great an Honour:
But here you're in the publick Gallery,
Where th'Emperor muſt paſs, unleſs you'd ſee him.

LUCINA.

Bleſs me, Sir, — No — pray lead me any whither.
My Lord cannot be long before he finds me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LYCINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS. *Muſick.*

LYCINIUS.

She's coming up the Stairs; now the Muſick.
And as that ſoftens — her Love will grow warm,
'Till ſhe melt down. Then *Cæſar* lays his Stamp.
Burn theſe Perfumes there.

PROCULUS.

Peace, no Noiſe without.

A SONG.

NYMPH.

INjurious Charmer of my vanquiſh'd Heart,
Canſt thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know?
Since of my ſelf from thee I cannot part,
Invent ſome gentle way to let me go.
For what with Joy thou didſt obtain,
And I with more did give;
In time will make thee falſe and vain,
And me unfit to live.

SHEPHERD.

Frail Angel, that wou'dſt leave a Heart forlorn,
With vain Pretence Falſhood therein might lie;
Seek not to caſt wild Shadows o'er your Scorn,
You cannot ſooner change than I can die.
To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breaſt;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unbleſt.

CHORUS.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd;
While in that ſacred Fire,
Ere thou prove falſe, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

Enter CHYLAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA.

LUCINA.

Where is this Wretch, this Villain *Lycias?*
Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it,

I am

I am certainly betray'd. This curſed Ring
Is either counterfeit or ſtoln

CLAUDIA.

Your Fear
Does but diſarm your Reſolution,
Which may defend you in the worſt Extremes:
Or if that fail, are there not Gods and Angels?

LUCINA.

None in this Place, I fear, but evil ones,
Heav'n pity me!

CHYLAX.

But tell me, deareſt Madam,
How do you like the Song?

LUCINA.

Sir, I am no Judge
Of Muſick, and the Words, I thank my Gods,
I did not underſtand.

CHYLAX.

The Emperor
Has the beſt Talent at expounding 'em;
You'll ne'er forget a Leſſon of his teaching.

LUCINA.

Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*,
Would lead me to him? He ſhall thank you, Sir,
As you deſire.

CHYLAX.

Madam, he ſhall not need,
I have a Maſter will reward my Service,
When you have made him happy with your Love,
For which he hourly languiſhes — Be kind — [*Whiſpers.*

LUCINA.

The Gods ſhall kill me firſt.

CHY-

CHYLAX.

Think better on't.
'Tis ſweeter dying in the Emperor's Arms.

Enter PHORBA *and* ARDELIA.

But here are Ladies come to ſee you, Madam,
They'll entertain you better. I but tire you;
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring
Your lov'd Lord to you —— [*Exit.*

LUCINA.

Then I'll thank you.
I am betray'd for certain.

PHORBA.

You are a welcome Woman.

ARDELIA.

Bleſs me, Heav'n!
How did you find your way to Court?

LUCINA.

I know not; would I had never trod it.

PHORBA.

Prithee tell me.
Good pretty Lady, and dear Sweetheart, love us.
For we love thee extremely. Is not this Place
A Paradiſe to live in?

LUCINA.

Yes, to you,
Who know no Paradiſe but guilty Pleaſure.

ARDELIA.

Heard you the Muſick yet?

LUCINA.

'Twas none to me.

PHOR-

PHORBA.

You muſt not be thus froward. Well, this Gown
Is one o' th' prettieſt, by my Troth, *Ardelia*,
I ever ſaw yet; 'twas not made to frown in, Madam.
You put this Gown on when you came.

ARDELIA.

How d'ye?
Alas, poor Wretch, how cold it is!

LUCINA.

Content you.
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
So you will let me be ſo — Where's my Lord?
For that's the Buſineſs I came for hither.

PHORBA.

We'll lead you to him, he's i' th' Gallery.

ARDELIA.

We'll ſhew you all the Court too.

LUCINA.

Shew me him,
And you have ſhew'd me all I come to look on.

PHORBA.

Come on, we'll be your Guides; and as you go,
We have ſome pretty Tales to tell you, Madam,
Shall make you merry too. You come not hither
To be ſad, *Lucina*.

LUCINA.

Would I might not — [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHYLAX *and* BALBUS *in haſte.*

CHYLAX.

Now ſee all ready, *Balbus*; run.

BAL-

BALBUS.

I fly, Boy, ——— *Exit.*

CHYLAX.

The Women by this time are warming of her,
If ſhe holds out them, the Emperor
Takes her to task — he has her, — Heark, I hear 'em.

Enter VALENTINIAN, *drawing in* LUCINA.

VALENTINIAN.

Would you have run away ſo ſlily, Madam?

LUCINA.

I beſeech you, Sir,
Conſider what I am, and whoſe.

VALENTINIAN.

I do ſo.
For what you are, I am fill'd with ſuch amaze,
So far tranſported with Deſire and Love,
My ſlippery Soul flows to you while I ſpeak:
And whoſe you are I care not, for now you are mine,
Who love you, and will dote on you more
Than you do on your Virtue.

LUCINA.

Sacred *Caſar!*

VALENTINIAN.

You ſhall not kneel to me; riſe.

LUCINA.

Look upon me,
And if you be ſo cruel to abuſe me,
Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay more, I will become ſo leprous,
That you ſhall curſe me from you. My dear Lord

Has

Has ever ſerv'd you truly——— fought your Battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for *Cæſar*;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted,
In all the Actions of his Life.

VALENTINIAN.

How high does this fantaſtick Virtue ſwell?
She thinks it Infamy to pleaſe too well. [*Aſide.*
I know it——— [*To her.*

LUCINA.

His Merits and his Fame have grown together,
Together flouriſh'd like two ſpreading Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem. O let not
(As you have a Heart that's human in you)
The having of an honeſt Wife decline him;
Let not my Virtue be a Wedge to break him;
Much leſs my Shame his undeſerv'd Diſhonour.
I do not think you are ſo bad a Man;
I know report belyes you; you are *Cæſar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Glory:
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakeſt of all Creatures, Woman.

VALENTINIAN.

I dare not do it here. [*Aſide.*] Riſe, fair *Lucina*.
When you believe me worthy, make me happy.
Chylax; wait on her to her Lord within.
Wipe your fair Eyes——— [*Ex.* Chyl. *and* Lucina.
Ah Love! ah curſed Boy!
Where art thou that torments me thus unſeen,
And rageſt with thy Fires within my Breaſt,
With idle purpoſe to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inacceſſible and cold,
As the proud Tops of thoſe aſpiring Hills,

Whoſe

Whoſe Heads are wrapt in everlaſting Snow,
Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er 'em ev'ry Day?
And as his Beams which only ſhine above,
Scorch and conſume in Regions round below,
Soft Love, which throws ſuch Brightneſs thro' her Eyes,
Leaves her Heart cold, and burns me at her Feet;
My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.
Who waits without? *Lycinius?*

Enter LYCINIUS.

LYCINIUS.

My Lord.

VALENTINIAN.

Where are the Maskers that ſhould dance to-night?

LYCINIUS.

In the old Hall, Sir, going now to practiſe.

VALENTINIAN.

About it ſtraight. 'Twill ſerve to draw away
Thoſe liſt'ning Fools who trace it in the Gallery;
And if by chance odd Noiſes ſhould be heard,
As Womens Shrieks, or ſo; ſay, 'tis a Play
Is practiſing within.

LYCINIUS.

The Rape of *Lucrece*, or ſome ſuch merry Prank.
It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit.*

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade
Where Appetite directs, and ſeize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
'Till dull Conſent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I ſcorn thoſe Gods who ſeek to croſs my Wiſhes,

And

And will in ſpight of 'em be happy: Force,
Of all the Power, is the moſt generous;
For what that gives it freely does beſtow,
Without the After-Bribe of Gratitude.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Deſires,
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
And tear up Pleaſures by the Roots: No matter
(Tho' it never grow again) what ſhall enſue,
Let Gods and Fate look to it; 'tis their Buſineſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Opens and diſcovers Five or Six Dancing-Maſters practiſing.*

1 DANCER.

That is the damn'dſt ſhuffling Step, Pox on't.

2 DANCER.

I ſhall never hit it.
Thou haſt naturally
All the neat Motions of a merry Tailor,
Ten thouſand Riggles with thy Toes inward,
Cut clear and ſtrong; let thy Limbs play about thee;
Keep Time, and hold thy Back upright and firm:
It may prefer thee to a Waiting-woman.

1 DANCER.

Or to her Lady, which is worſe. [*Ten dance.*

Enter LYCINIUS.

LYCINIUS.

Bleſs me! the loud Shrieks and horrid Outcries
Of the poor Lady! Raviſhing d'ye call it?
She roars as if ſhe were upon the Rack:
'Tis ſtrange there ſhould be ſuch a difference
Betwixt half raviſhing, which moſt Women love,

And

And thorough Force, which takes away all Blame;
And ſhould be therefore welcome to the Virtuous,
Theſe tumbling Rogues, I fear, have over-heard 'em;
But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.
Good-morrow, Gentlemen;
What, is all perfect? I have taken care
Your Habits ſhall be rich and glorious.

3 DANCER.

That will ſet off. Pray ſit down and ſee,
How the laſt Entry I have made, will pleaſe you.

[*Second Dance.*

LYCINIUS.

'Tis very fine indeed.

2 DANCER.

I hope ſo, Sir——

[*Exe. Dancers.*

Enter CHYLAX, PROCULUS *and* LYCIAS.

PROCULUS.

'Tis done, *Lycinius.*

LYCINIUS.

How?

PROCULUS.

I bluſh to tell it.
If there be any Juſtice we are Villains,
And muſt be ſo rewarded.

LYCIAS.

Since 'tis done,
I take, it is not time now to repent it,
Let's make the beſt of our Trade.

CHYLAX.

Now Vengeance take it:
Why ſhould not he have ſettled on a Beauty,

Whoſe

Whoſe Modeſty ſtuck in a piece of Tiſſue;
Or one a Ring might rule? Or ſuch a one
That had a Husband itching to be honourable,
And Ground to get it? If he muſt have Women,
And no allay without them, Why not thoſe
That know the Myſtery, and are beſt able
To play a game with Judgment? Such as ſhe is,
Grant they be won with long Siege, endleſs Travel;
And brought to Opportunities with Millions,
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue
Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

LYCINIUS.

A good Whore
Had ſav'd all this, and happily as wholeſome,
And the thing once done, as well thought of too.
But this ſame Chaſtity, forſooth.

CHYLAX.

A Pox on't.
Why ſhould not Women be as free as we are?
They are but will not own it, and far freer:
And the more bold you bear your ſelf, more welcome;
And there is nothing you dare ſay, but Truth,
But they dare hear.

PROCULUS.

No doubt of it ——— away.
Let them, who can repent, go home and pray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens, diſcovers* Valentinian's *Chamber*; Lucina *newly unbound by him.*

VALENTINIAN.

Your only Virtue now is Patience,
Be wiſe, and ſave your Honour; if you talk ——

LUCI-

LUCINA.

As long as there is Life in this Body,
And Breath to give me Words, I'll cry for Juſtice.

VALENTINIAN.

Juſtice will never hear you; I am Juſtice.

LUCINA.

Wilt thou not kill me, Monſter, Raviſher,
Thou bitter Bane o' th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty Eyes dare ſee the Ruins
Thy wild Luſt hath laid level with Diſhonour,
The ſacrilegious razing of that Temple,
The Tempter to thy black Sins would have bluſh'd at,
Behold, and curſe thy ſelf. The Gods will find thee,
That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;
Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,
In which thou liv'ſt a ſtrong continu'd Surfeit,
Like Poiſon will diſgorge thee; good Men raze thee
From ever being read again;
Chaſte Wives and fearful Maids make Vows againſt thee;
Thy worſt Slaves, when they hear of this, ſhall hate thee,
And thoſe thou haſt corrupted, firſt fall from thee,
And if thou let'ſt me live, the Soldier,
Tir'd with thy Tyrannies, break thro' Obedience,
And ſhake his ſtrong Steel at thee.

VALENTINIAN.

This prevails not,
Nor any Agony you utter, Madam:
If I have done a Sin, curſe her that drew me;
Curſe the firſt Cauſe, the Witchcraft that abus'd me;
Curſe your fair Eyes, and curſe that heav'nly Beauty,
And curſe your being good too.

LUCINA.

Glorious Thief!
What Reſtitution canſt thou make to ſave me?

VALENTINIAN.

I'll ever love — and ever honour you.

LUCINA.

Thou can'ſt not;
For that which was my Honour, thou haſt murder'd;
And can there be a Love in Violence?

VALENTINIAN.

You ſhall be only mine.

LUCINA.

Yet I like better
The Villany than Flattery; that's thy own,
The other baſely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or for thy Safety's ſake and Wiſdom kill me;
For I am worſe than thou art: Thou may'ſt pray,
And ſo recover Grace — I am loſt for ever;
And if thou let'ſt me live, thou'rt loſt thy ſelf too.

VALENTINIAN.

I fear no Loſs but Love — I ſtand above it.

LUCINA

Gods! What a wretched thing has this Man made me?
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*;
No Company for Women that are Virtuous;
No Family I now can claim, or Country,
Nor Name but *Cæſar's* Whore: Oh, ſacred *Cæſar!*
(For that ſhould be your Title) was your Empire,
Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Juſtice,
And from the Gods themſelves — to raviſh Women?
The Curſes that I owe to Enemies, even thoſe the *Sabines* ſent,

When

When *Romulus* (as thou haſt me) raviſh'd their noble Maids,
Made more and heavier light on thee.

VALENTINIAN.

This helps not.

LUCINA.

The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaſte Wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
And laſt for ever thine the fear'd Example.
Where ſhall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen?
What can your Honours now and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore?

VALENTINIAN.

A better Woman.
If you be blind and ſcorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave theſe Lamentations; you do nothing
But make a noiſe — I am the ſame Man ſtill,
Were it to do again: Therefore be wiſer; by all
This holy Light I would attempt it.
You are ſo excellent, and made to raviſh,
There were no Pleaſure in you elſe.

LUCINA.

Oh Villain!

VALENTINIAN.

So bred for Man's Amazement, that my Reaſon,
And every Help to do me right, has left me:
The God of Love himſelf had been before me,
Had he but Eyes to ſee you; tell me juſtly
How ſhould I chooſe but err — then if you will
Be mine, and only mine, for (you are ſo precious)
I envy any other ſhould enjoy you,
Almoſt look on you, and your daring Husband

Shall know he has kept an Off'ring from th' Emperor,
Too holy for the Altars —— Be the greateſt;
More than my ſelf I'll make you; if you will not,
Sit down with this and Silence; for which Wiſdom,
You ſhall have uſe of me; if you divulge it,
Know, I am far above the Faults I do;
And thoſe I do, I am able to forgive;
And where your Credit in the telling of it
May be with Gloſs enough ſuſpected,
Mine is as my own Command ſhall make it. Princes,
Tho' they be ſometimes ſubject to looſe Whiſpers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd Swords for open Cenſures:
Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Soldiers;
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
And only, where I bid 'em, ſtrike — I feed 'em.
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
Who, as they made me greateſt, meant me happieſt,
Which I had never been without this Pleaſure.
Conſider, and farewel. You'll find your Women
Waiting without. [Ex. Valentinian.

LUCINA.

Deſtruction find thee.
Now which way ſhall I go —— my honeſt Houſe
Will ſhake to ſhelter me — my Husband fly me,
My Family,
Becauſe they're honeſt, and deſire to be ſo.
Is this the End of Goodneſs? This the Price
Of all my early Prayers to protect me?
Why then I ſee there is no God —— but Power;
Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or ſenſual;
How had I been thus wretched elſe?

Enter

Enter MAXIMUS *and* ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

Let *Titus*
Command the Company that *Pontius* loſt.

MAXIMUS.

How now, ſweet Heart!
What make you here, and thus?

ÆCIUS,

Lucina weeping!
This is ſome ſtrange Offence.

MAXIMUS.

Look up and tell me.
Why art thou thus? my Ring! Oh Friend,
I have found it, you are at Court then?

LUCINA.

This, and that vile Wretch *Lycias*,
Brought me hither.

MAXIMUS.

Riſe and go home, I have my Fears, *Æcius*!
Oh my beſt Friend! I am ruin'd. Go, *Lucina*,
Already in thy Tears I've read thy Wrongs.
Already found a *Ceſar*! Go, thou Lily,
Thou ſweetly drooping Flower; be gone, I ſay,
And if thou dar'ſt —— out-live this Wrong.

LUCINA.

I dare not.

ÆCIUS.

Is that the Ring you loſt?

MAXIMUS.

That, that, *Æcius*,
That curſed Ring, my ſelf
And all my Fortunes have undone.

Thus pleas'd the Emperor, my noble Maſter,
For all my Services and Dangers for him,
To make me my own Pander! Was this Juſtice?
Oh my *Ætius!* Have I liv'd to bear this?

LUCINA.

Farewel for ever, Sir.

MAXIMUS.

That's a ſad Saying;
But ſuch a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.
And yet, methinks, we ſhould not part ſo ſlightly;
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the ſharp Blaſt of one Farewel can ſcatter.
Kiſs me——— I find no *Cæſar* here. Theſe Lips
Taſte not of Raviſher, in my Opinion.
Was it not ſo?

LUCINA.

O yes.

MAXIMUS.

I dare believe you.
I know him, and thy Truth, too well to doubt it.
Oh my moſt dear *Lucina!* Oh my Comfort!
Thou Bleſſing of my Youth! Life of my Life!

ÆCIUS.

I have ſeen enough to ſtagger my Obedience.
Hold me, ye equal Gods! this is too ſinful.

MAXIMUS.

Why wert thou choſen out to make a Whore of,
Thou only among Millions of thy Sex?
Unfeignedly Virtuous! fall, fall Cryſtal Fountains,
And ever feed your Streams, you riſing Sorrows,
Till you have wept your Miſtreſs into Marble.
Now go for ever from me.

LU-

LUCINA.

A long Farewel, Sir!
And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

ÆCIUS.

Madam, farewel, ſince you reſolve to die.
Which well conſider'd,
If you can ceaſe a while from theſe ſtrange Thoughts,
I wiſh were rather alter'd.

LUCINA.

No.

ÆCIUS.

Miſtake not.
I would not ſtain your Virtue for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to Diſhonour:
It is not my Profeſſion, but a Villain's:
I find and feel your Loſs as deep as you do,
And ſtill am the ſame *Æcius*, ſtill as honeſt;
The ſame Life I have ſtill for *Maximus*,
The ſame Sword wear for you where Juſtice bids me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore miſconceive me not.
Only I'd have you live a little longer.

LUCINA.

Alas, Sir! Why,
Am I not wretched enough already?

ÆCIUS.

To draw from that wild Man a ſweet Repentance;
And Goodneſs in his Days to come.

MAXIMUS.

They are ſo,
And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

ÆCIUS.

For who knows, but the ſight of you, preſenting

His ſwoln Sins at the full, and your wrong'd Virtue,
May, like a fearful Viſion, fright his Follies,
And once more bend him right again, which Bleſſing,
If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious;
Death only eaſes you; This the whole Empire.
Beſides, compell'd and forc'd by Violence
To what was done, the Deed was none of yours.
For ſhould th' Eternal Gods deſire to periſh,
Becauſe we daily violate their Truth,
Which is the Chaſtity of Heav'n? No, Madam ——

LUCINA.

The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me.
For, could the World again reſtore my Honour,
As fair and abſolute as e'er I bred it,
That World I ſhould not truſt again; the Emperor
Can by my Life get nothing, but my Story,
Which whilſt I breathe muſt be his Infamy:
And where you counſel me to live, that *Cæſar*
May ſee his Errors and repent; I'll tell you,
His Penitence is but increaſe of Pleaſure;
His Pray'rs are never ſaid but to deceive us;
And when he weeps (as you think, for his Vices)
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,
That rot his harmleſs Neighbours: If he can grieve,
As one that yet deſires his free Converſion,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in —— my ſad Aſhes.

ÆTIUS.

The Farewel then of happy Souls be with thee.
And to thy Memory be ever ſung,
The Praiſes of a juſt and conſtant Woman:
This ſad Day, whilſt I live, a Soldier's Tears
I'll offer on thy Monument.

MAXI-

MAXIMUS.

All that is chaſte upon thy Tomb ſhall flouriſh;
All living Epitaphs be thine: Time's Story,
And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles.

ÆCIUS.

But full of thee ſtand to Eternity.
Once more farewel ——— Go, find *Elyſium*,
There where deſerving Souls are crown'd with Bleſſings.

MAXIMUS.

There where no vicious Tyrants come: Truth, Honour,
Are Keepers of that bleſt Place; go thither.

[*Exit* Lucina.

ÆCIUS.

Gods give thee Juſtice.
His Thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet;
He ever was a worthy *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't. He has ſuffer'd
Beyond a Man, if he ſtand this.

MAXIMUS.

Æclus,
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep ſeiz'd me?
It was my Wife th' Emperor abus'd thus,
And I muſt ſay — I am glad I had her for him:
Muſt I not, *Æcius?*

ÆCIUS.

I am ſtricken
With ſuch a ſtiff Amazement, that no Anſwer
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my Houſe?

MAXIMUS.

Neither. I have no Home, and you are mad, *Æcius*,

To keep me Company — I am a Fellow,
My own Sword would forſake, not ty'd to me.
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.

ÆCIUS.

You do better.

MAXIMUS.

I am made a branded Slave, *Ætius*.
Yet I muſt bleſs the Maker.
Death on my Soul! Shall I endure this tamely?
Muſt *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrong?
I am a Child too; what do I do railing?
I cannot mend my ſelf. 'Twas *Cæſar* did it;
And what am I to him?

ÆCIUS.

'Tis well remember'd;
However you are tainted, be no Traitor.

MAXIMUS.

O that thou wert not living, and my Friend!

ÆCIUS.

I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions:
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,
If you break out; for, by the Gods your Wrong
Deſerves a general Ruin. Do you love me?

MAXIMUS.

That's all I have to live on.

ÆCIUS.

Then go with me.
You ſhall not to your own Houſe.

MAXIMUS.

Nor to any.
My Griefs are greater far than Walls can compaſs;
And yet I wonder how it happens with me.

I am

I am not dang'rous, and in my Conſcience,
Should I now ſee the Emperor i' th' heat on't,
I ſhould ſcarce blame him for't; an Awe runs thro' me,
I feel it ſenſibly, that binds me to it,
'Tis at my Heart now, there it ſits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a Pleaſure to obey it,

ÆCIUS.

This is a Mask to cozen me, I know you,
And how far you dare do. No *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearleſs Valour, and I'll watch you.

MAXIMUS.

Is a Wife's Loſs ——
More than the fading of a few freſh Colours?

ÆCIUS.

No more, *Maximus*, to one that truly lives.

MAXIMUS.

Why then I care not, I can live well enough,
Æcius; for look you, Friend, for Virtue and thoſe Trifles,
They may be bought, they ſay.

ÆCIUS.

He's craz'd a little.
His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.
Will you go any ways?

MAXIMUS.

I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this ſhould be a Whore now,
'Twould vex me:
For I am not angry yet. The Emperor
Is young and handſom, and the Woman Fleſh,
And may not theſe two couple without ſcratching?

ÆCIUS.

Alas, my *Maximus!*

MAXIMUS.

Alas not me, I am not wretched, for
There's no Man miſerable, but he
That makes himſelf ſo.

ÆCIUS.

Will you walk yet?

MAXIMUS.

Come, come; ſhe dares not die, Friend,
That's the Truth on't.
She knows the enticing Sweets and Delicacies
Of a young Prince's Pleaſure, and, I thank her,
She has made way for *Maximus* to riſe.
Will't not become me bravely?

ÆCIUS.

Deareſt Friend,
Theſe wild Words ſhew your violated Mind;
Urg'd with the laſt Extremity of Grief;
Which ſince I cannot like a Man redreſs,
With Tears I muſt lament it like a Child;
For when 'tis *Cæſar* does the Injury,
Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

MAXIMUS.

'Tis then a certain Truth that I am wrong'd,
Wrong'd in that barbarous manner I imagin'd.
Alas! I was in hopes I had been mad,
And that theſe Horrors which invade my Heart,
Were but diſtracted melancholy Whimſies:
But they are real Truths (it ſeems) and I
The laſt of Men, and vileſt of all Beings.
Beat me, cold Earth, who am too weak to move
Beneath my Load of Shame and Miſery!
Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,

Branded

Branded with everlaſting Infamy.
Take pity, Fate, and give me leave to die:
Gods! would you be ador'd for being good,
Or only fear'd for proving miſchievous?
How would you have your Mercy underſtood?
Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
Ordain'd, tho' guiltleſs, to be infamous?
Supreme firſt Cauſes! you, whence all things flow,
Whoſe Infiniteneſs does each Little fill,
You who decree each ſeeming Chance below,
(So great in Power) were you as good in Will,
How could you ever have produc'd ſuch Ill?
Had your eternal Minds been bent to Good?
Could human Happineſs have prov'd ſo lame,
Rapine, Revenge, Injuſtice, Thirſt of Blood,
Grief, Anguiſh, Horror, Want, Deſpair and Shame,
Had never found a Being nor a Name.
'Tis therefore leſs Impiety to ſay,
Evil with you has Coeternity,
Than blindly taking it the other way,
That merciful, and of Election free,
You did create the Miſchiefs you foreſee.
Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,
When this poor Tributary Worm below,
More than my ſelf in nothing but in Name,
Who durſt invade me with this fatal Blow,
I dare not cruſh in the Revenge I owe.
Not all his Power ſhall the wild Monſter ſave;
Him and my Shame I'll tread into one Grave.

ÆCIUS.

Does he but ſeem ſo?
Or is he mad indeed?——— Now to reprove him

Were

Were Counſel loſt; but ſomething muſt be done,
With ſpeed and care, which may prevent that Fate,
Which threatens this unhappy Emperor.

MAXIMUS.

O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly break;
Methinks I am ſomewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the Gods, I know my Duty.

Enter CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA.

Forgive me my ſad Tidings, Sir — She's dead.

MAXIMUS.

Why ſo it ſhould be — [*He riſes.*] How?

CLAUDIA.

When firſt ſhe enter'd
Into the Houſe, after a world of Weeping,
And bluſhing like the Sun-ſet ———
Dare I, ſaid ſhe, defile my Husband's Houſe,
Wherein his ſpotleſs Family has flouriſh'd?
At this ſhe fell — choak'd with a thouſand Sighs:
And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,
Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty ſhines,
Oppreſs'd with Bluſhes, modeſtly declines,
While Death approach'd with a majeſtick Grace,
Proud to look lovely once in ſuch a Face:
Her Arms ſpread to receive her welcome Gueſt,
With a glad Sigh ſhe drew into her Breaſt:
Her Eyes then languiſhing towards Heav'n ſhe caſt,
To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at laſt.
And at the Approach of the cold ſilent God,
Ten thouſand hidden Glories ruſh'd abroad.

MAXIMUS.

No more of this —— Be gone. Now, my *Ætius*,
If thou wilt do me Pleaſure, weep a little;
I am ſo parch'd I cannot — Your Example
Has taught my Tears to flow — Now lead away, Friend,
And as we walk together —— Let us pray,
I may not fall from Truth.

ÆCIUS.

That's nobly ſpoken.

MAXIMUS.

Was I not wild, *Ætius?*

ÆCIUS.

You were troubled.

MAXIMUS.

I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like feſtering Wounds grown cold, begins to ſmart,
The raging Anguiſh gnaws and tears my Heart.
Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ÆCIUS *ſolus. Letter.*

ÆCIUS.

LOOK down, ye equal Gods, and guide my Heart;
Or it will throw upon my Hands an Act
Which After-ages ſhall record with Horror:
As well may I kill my offended Friend,
As think to puniſh my offending Prince.
The Laws of Friendſhip we ourſelves create,

And

And 'tis but ſimple Villany to break 'em;
But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacrilege,
An Injury to the Gods; and that loſt Wretch,
Whoſe Breaſt is poiſon'd with ſo vile a Purpoſe,
Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,
And leaves a Curſe to his Poſterity:
Judge him your ſelves, ye mighty Gods, who know
Why you permit ſometimes that Honour bleed,
That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppreſs'd.
My Duty's my Religion, and howe'er
The great Account may riſe 'twixt him and you,
Through all his Crimes, I ſee your Image on him,
And muſt protect it no way then but this,
To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*,
And keep him there faſt Priſoner to my Friendſhip;
Revenge ſhall thus be flatter'd or deſtroy'd,
And my bad Maſter, whom I bluſh to ſerve,
Shall by my means at leaſt be ſafe. This Letter
Informs him I am gone to *Ægypt*;
There I ſhall live ſecure and innocent;
His Sins ſhall ne'er o'ertake me, nor his Fears.

Enter PROCULUS.

Here comes one for my Purpoſe. *Proculus*.
Well met, I have a Courteſy to ask of you.

PROCULUS.

Of me, my Lord! Is there a Houſe on Fire?
Or is there ſome knotty Point now in debate,
Betwixt your Lordſhip and the Scavengers?
For you have ſuch a popular and publick Spirit,
As in dull Times of Peace will not diſdain
The meaneſt Opportunity to ſerve your Country.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

You witty Fools are apt to get your Heads broke:
This is no Seaſon for buffooning, Sirrah;
Though heretofore I tamely have endur'd
Before th' Emperor your ridiculous Mirth,
Think not you have a Title to be ſaucy;
When Monkies grow miſchievous they are whipt;
Chain'd up and whipt. There has been Miſchief done,
And you (I hear) a wretched Inſtrument:
Look to't, whene'er I draw this Sword to puniſh,
You, and your grinning Crew will tremble, Slaves;
Nor ſhall the ruin'd World afford a Corner
To ſhelter you, nor that poor Prince's Boſom,
You have envenom'd and polluted ſo;
As if the Gods were willing it ſhould be
A Dungeon, for ſuch Toads to crawl and croak in.

PROCULUS.

All this in earneſt to your humbleſt Creature?
Nay then, my Lord, I muſt no more pretend,
With my poor Talent to divert your Ears;
Since my well-meaning Mirth is grown offenſive.
Tho' Heav'n can tell,
There's not ſo low an Act of Servile Duty,
I would not with more Pride throw my ſelf on,
For great *Æcius*'s ſake, than gain a Province,
Or ſhare with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

ÆCIUS.

Thou art ſo fawning and ſo mean a Villain,
That I diſdain to hate, tho' I deſpiſe thee:
When e'er thou art not fearful, thou art ſaucy;
Be ſo again, my Pardon gives thee leave,
And to deſerve it, carry this my Letter

To the Emperor: Tell him I'm gone for *Ægypt*,
And with me, *Maximus*; 'twas ſcarce fit two
Should take our leaves of him: Pray uſe your Intereſt,
He may forgive us. 'Twill concern you much;
For when we are gone, to be baſe vicious Villains
Will prove leſs dangerous ——— [*Exit.*

PROCULUS.

What the Devil poſſeſſes
This ruſty Back and Breaſt without a Head-piece?
Villains and vicious! *Maximus* and *Ægypt!*
This may be Treaſon, or I'll make it ſo:
The Emperor's apt enough to Fears and Jealouſies,
Since his late Rape. I muſt blow up the Fire,
And aggravate this doting Hero's Notions,
'Till they ſuch Terrors in the Prince have bred,
May coſt the Fool his worſt part, that's his Head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter VALENTINIAN, LYCINIUS, CHYLAX, *and* BALBUS.

VALENTINIAN.

Dead?

BALBUS.

'Tis too certain.

VALENTINIAN.

How?

LYCINIUS.

Grief and Diſgrace, as People ſay.

VALENTINIAN.

No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you. You Whetters of my Follies;

Ye

Ye Angel-formers of my Sins; but Devils;
Where is your Cunning now? you would work Wonders.
There was no Chaſtity above your Practice;
You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
And dote upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you.
If ſhe be dead!

CHYLAX.

Alas, Sir!

VALENTINIAN.

Hang you Raſcals.
Ye Blaſters of my Youth, if ſhe be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
Groan'd under Weights of Wool and Water ——
Am I not *Cæſar*?

LYCINIUS.

Mighty, and our Maker ——

VALENTINIAN.

Than thus have given my Pleaſures to Deſtruction ——
Look ſhe be living, Slaves ——

CHYLAX.

We are no Gods, Sir,
If ſhe be dead, to make her live again.

VALENTINIAN.

She cannot die, ſhe muſt not die: Are thoſe
I plant my Love upon but common Livers?
Their Hours told out to them: Can they be Aſhes?
Why do you flatter a Belief in me,
That I am all that is? The World my Creature;
The Trees bring forth their Fruit, when I ſay Summer;
The Wind that knows no Limits, but its Wildneſs,
At my Command moves not a Leaf: The Sea,
With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,

When

When I ſay Still, runs into Cryſtal Mirrors.
Can I do this, and ſhe die? Why, ye Bubbles,
That with my laſt Breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and periſh;
Why do you make me a God that can do nothing?
Is ſhe not dead?

CHYLAX.

All Women are not dead with her.

VALENTINIAN.

A common Whore ſerves you, and far above you.
The Pleaſures of a Body lam'd with Lewdneſs,
A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.
Am I a Man to traffick with Diſeaſes?
You think, becauſe ye have bred me up to Pleaſures,
And almoſt run me over all the rare ones,
Your Wives will ſerve the turn: I care not for 'em.
Your Wives are Fencers *Whores*, and ſhall be Footmens.
Tho' ſometimes my fantaſtick Luſt or Scorn,
Has made you Cuckolds for Variety;
I would not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,
Always ſo great a Bleſſing from me. Go,
Get your own Infamy hereafter, Raſcals; ye enjoy,
Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Cæſar*,
And I may curſe ye for it.
Thou, *Lycinius*,
Haſt ſuch a *Meſſalina*, ſuch a *Lais*,
The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
The Sweat of fifty Men a-night does nothing.

LYCINIUS.

I hope, Sir, you know better things of her.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis Oracle.

The

The City can bear Witneſs, thine's a Fool, *Chylax*,
Yet ſhe can tell her Twenty, and all Lovers,
All have lain with her too; and all as ſhe is,
Rotten, and ready for an Hoſpital.
Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*.

BALBUS.

Well, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

One that can pray away the Sins ſhe ſuffers,
But not the Puniſhment; ſhe has had ten Baſtards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet ſhe prays.
She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Paſquil*,
Since I durſt ſee a Wench, ſhe was Camp-Miſtreſs,
And muſter'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to ſhew, and yet ſhe prays.
She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,
That have forgot their Rudiments; and am I
Left for theſe wither'd Vices? And was there but one,
But one of all the World, that could content me,
And ſnatch'd away in ſhewing? If your Wives
Be not yet Witches, or your ſelves, now be ſo,
And ſave your Lives; raiſe me the deareſt Beauty,
As when I forc'd her full of Chaſtity,
Or by the Gods——

LYCINIUS.

Moſt ſacred *Ceſar*——

VALENTINIAN.

Slaves.

Enter PROCULUS.

PROCULUS.

Hail, *Ceſar!* Tidings of Concern and Danger,
My Meſſage does contain in furious manner:

With

With Oaths and Threatnings, ſtern *Ætius*
Enjoin'd me on the Peril of my Life,
To give this Letter into *Cæſar*'s Hands;
Arm'd at all Points, prepar'd to march he ſtands,
With Crowds of mutinous Officers about him;
Among theſe, full of Anguiſh and Deſpair,
Like pale *Tyſiphone* along Hell Brinks,
Plotting Revenge and Ruin —— *Maximus*
With ominous Aſpect, walks in ſilent Horror,
In threatning Murmurs and harſh broken Speeches:
They talk of *Ægypt* and their Provinces,
Of Cohorts ready with their Lives to ſerve 'em,
And then with bitter Curſes they nam'd you.

VALENTINIAN.

Go tell thy Fears to thy Companions, Slave!
For 'tis a Language Princes underſtand not.
Be gone, and leave me to my ſelf. [*Ex. all but Emp.*
The Names of *Ætius* and of *Maximus*.
Run thro' me like a Fever, ſhake and burn me;
But to my Slaves I muſt not ſhew my Poorneſs.
They know me vicious, ſhould they find me baſe,
How would the Villains ſcorn me, and inſult?

He reads the Letter.

SIR,

Would ſome God inſpire me with another way
To ſerve you, I would not thus fly from you without
Leave; but Maximus *his Wrongs have touch'd too*
Many, and ſhould his Preſence here encourage 'em,
Dangers to you might follow; in Ægypt *he will be*
More forgot, and you more ſafe by his Abſence.

VALEN-

VALENTINIAN.

A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,
This is too ſubtle for my dull Friend, *Ætius.*
Heav'n give you, Sir, a better Servant to guard you,
A faithfuller you will never find than Ætius
Since he reſents his Friend's Wrongs, he'll revenge 'em:
I know the Soldiers love him more than Heav'n,
Me they hate more than Peace; what this may breed,
If dull Security and Confidence
Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.
Who waits there? *Proculus,*

Enter PROCULUS.

Well, haſt thou obſerv'd
The growing Pow'r and Pride of *Ætius?*
He writes to me with Terms of Inſolence,
And ſhortly will rebel if not prevented;
But in my baſe lewd Herd of vicious Slaves,
There's not a Man that dares ſtand up to ſtrike
At my Command, and kill this riſing Traitor.

PROCULUS.

The Gods forbid *Cæſar* ſhould thus be ſerv'd:
The Earth will ſwallow him, did you command it!
But I have ſtudied a ſafe ſure way
How he ſhall die, and your Will ne'er ſuſpected.
A Soldier waits without, whom he has wrong'd,
Caſhier'd, diſgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or ſtarve.
This Fellow, for Revenge, would kill the Devil;
Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,
Which in your Name I'll give him inſtantly,
Will make him fly more ſwiftly on the Murther,
Than longing Lovers to their firſt Appointment.

VALEN-

VALENTINIAN.

Thou art the wiſeſt, watchful, wary Villain,
And ſhalt partake the Secrets of my Soul,
And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.
Tell the poor Soldier, he ſhall be a *General*,
Ætius once dead.

PROCULUS.

Ay, there y'have found the Point, Sir,
If he can be ſo brutiſh to believe it.

VALENTINIAN.

Oh never fear! urge it with Confidence,
What will not flatter'd angry Fools believe?
Minutes are precious, loſe not one.

PROCULUS.

I fly, Sir — [*Exit.*

VALENTINIAN.

What an infected Conſcience do I live with,
And what a Beaſt am I grown? when Luſt has gain'd
An uncontroll'd Dominion in Man's Heart,
Then Fears ſucceed with Horror and Amazement,
Which rack the Wretch, and tyrannize by Turns.
But hold — Shall I grow then ſo poor as to repent?
Tho' *Ætius*, Mankind, and the Gods forſake me,
I'll never alter and forſake my ſelf.
Can I forget the laſt Diſcourſe he held?
As if he had intent to make me odious
To my own Face, and by a way of Terror,
What Vices I was grounded in, and almoſt
Proclaim'd the Soldiers Hate againſt me.
Is not the Name and Dignity of *Cæſar* ſacred?
Were this *Ætius* more than Man, ſufficient
To ſhake off all his Honeſty? He is dangerous,

Tho'

Tho' he be good; and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,
And ſuch I muſt not ſleep by; as for *Maximus*,
I'll find a time when *Ætius* is diſpatch'd.
I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him;
Twas time to look about; if I muſt periſh,
Yet ſhall my Fears go foremoſt, that's determin'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

PROCULUS.

Beſides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble Name of *Patrician*; more than that too,
The Friend of *Caſar* y'are ſtil'd. There's nothing
Within the Hopes of *Rome*, or preſent being,
But you may ſafely ſay is yours.

PONTIUS.

Pray ſtay, Sir.
What has *Ætius* done to be deſtroy'd?
At leaſt I would have a Colour.

PROCULUS.

You have more.
Nay, all that can be given; he is a Traitor.
One, any Man would ſtrike that were a Subject.

PONTIUS.

Is he ſo foul?

PROCULUS.

Yes, a moſt fearful Traitor.

PONTIUS.

A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'ſt. [*Aſide.*
I ever thought the Soldiers would undo him,
With their too much Affection.

PRO-

PROCULUS.

You have it.
They have brought him to Ambition.

PONTIUS.

Then he is gone.

PROCULUS.

The Emperor, out of a fooliſh Pity,
Would ſave him yet.

PONTIUS.

Is he ſo mad?

PROCULUS.

He's madder, would go to the Army to him.

PONTIUS.

Would he ſo?

PROCULUS.

Yes, *Pontius*, but we conſider.

PONTIUS.

Wiſely.

PROCULUS.

How elſe Man, that the State lies in it.

PONTIUS.

And your Lives.

PROCULUS.

And every Man's.

PONTIUS.

He did me
All the Diſgrace he could.

PROCULUS.

And ſcurvily.

PONTIUS.

Out of a Miſchief meerly. Did you mark it?

PROCULUS.

Yes, well enough. Now

Now you have Means to quit it;
The Deed done, take his Place.

PONTIUS.

Pray let me think on't, 'tis ten to one I do it.

PROCULUS.

Do, and be happy —— [*Exit.*

PONTIUS.

This Emperor is made of nought but Miſchief,
Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conſcience
The Man is truly honeſt, and that kills him.
For to live here, and ſtudy to be true,
Is all one as to be Traitor. Why ſhould he die?
Have they not Slaves and Raſcals for their Offerings,
In full abundance? Bawds, more than Beaſts for Slaughter?
Have they not ſinging Whores enough, and Knaves beſides?
And Millions of ſuch Martyrs to ſink *Charon*,
But the beſt Sons of *Rome* muſt fall too? I will ſhew him,
(Since he muſt die) a way to do it truly.
And tho' he bears me hard, yet ſhall he know,
I'm born to make him bleſs me for a Blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PHIDIUS, ARETUS *and* ÆCIUS.

ARETUS.

The Treaſon is too certain; fly, my Lord.
I heard that Villain *Proculus* inſtruct
The deſperate *Pontius* to diſpatch you here,
Here in the Anti-chamber.

PHIDIUS.

Curs'd Wretches?
Yet you may eſcape to the Camp, we'll hazard with you,

ARETUS.

Loſe not your Life ſo baſely, Sir you are arm'd,
And many when they ſee your Sword, and know why,
Muſt follow your Adventures.

ÆCIUS.

Get you from me.
Is not the Doom of *Cæſar* on this Body?
Do I not bear my laſt Hour here now ſent me?
Am I not old *Æcius* ever dying?
You think this Tenderneſs and Love you bring me;
'Tis Treaſon, and the Strength of Diſobedience;
And if ye tempt me further ye ſhall feel it.
I ſeek the Camp for Safety, when my Death
Ten times more glorious than my Life, and laſting,
Bids me be happy! Let Fools fear to die,
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kiſſes.
Æcius is not now to learn to ſuffer;
If ye dare ſhew a juſt Affection, kill me:
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt. Why do you weep?
Am I ſo wretched as to deſerve Mens Pities?
Go, give your Tears to thoſe that loſe their Worths,
Bewail their Miſeries: For me wear Garlands,
Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Paans* to my Praiſe,
I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæſar*,
For *Cæſar* fears to die, I love to die.

PHIDIUS.

O my dear Lord!

ÆCIUS.

No more, go, go, I ſay,
Shew me not Signs of Sorrow, I deſerve none.
Dare any Man lament I ſhould die nobly?

When

When I am dead, ſpeak honourably of me;
That is, preſerve my Memory from dying;
There, if you needs muſt weep your ruin'd Maſter,
A Tear or two will ſeem well; this I charge you,
(Becauſe ye ſay ye yet love old *Ætius*)
See my poor Body burnt, and ſome to ſing
About my Pile what I have done and ſuffer'd,
If *Cæſar* kill'd not that too: At your Banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The Times that have been ſad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis ſufficient.
No more I ſay; he that laments my End,
By all the Gods, diſhonours me; be gone,
And ſuddenly, and wiſely from my Dangers,
My Death is catching elſe.

PHIDIUS.

We fear not dying.

ÆCIUS.

Yet fear a wilful Death, the juſt Gods hate it,
I need no Company to that, that Children
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchaſe,
Live 'till your Honeſties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted Age ſick of your Virtues,
Then die a Sacrifice, and then you'll know
The noble uſe of dying well, and *Romans*.

ARETUS.

And muſt we leave you, Sir?

ÆCIUS.

We muſt all die,
All leave our ſelves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, ſo we die well. And can that Man that does ſo
Need Lamentation for him? Children weep,

Becauſe they have offended, or for Fear;
Women for want of Will, and Anger; is there
In noble Man, that truly feels both Poiſes,
Of Life and Death, ſo much of this Weakneſs,
To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
I am aſham'd to ſee you, yet you move me,
And were it not, my Manhood would accuſe me,
For covetous to live, I ſhould weep with you.

PHIDIUS.

O we ſhall never ſee you more!

ÆCIUS.

'Tis true. Nor I the Miſeries that *Rome* ſhall ſuffer.
Which is a Benefit Life cannot reckon;
But what I have been, which is juſt and faithful;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honeſt Man durſt die.
Ye ſhall have daily with you, could that die too,
And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
No Annals of old *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
My Friends, ye had cauſe to weep, and bitterly;
The common Overthrows of tender Women,
And Children new born; Crying were too little,
To ſhew me then moſt wretched; if Tears muſt be,
I ſhould in Juſtice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold thoſe Slaughters,
The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at.
But ſooner than I have time to think what muſt be,
I fear you'll find what ſhall be. If you love me,
Let that Word ſerve for all. Be gone, and leave me;
I have ſome little Practice with my Soul,
And then the ſharpeſt Sword is welcomeſt —— Go,
Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living,

Be not for ſhame now ſtubborn — So — I thank ye —
And fare you well —— A better Fortune guide ye.

PHIDIUS.

What ſhall we do to ſave our beſt lov'd Maſter? [*Aſide.*

ARETUS.

I'll to *Afranius*, who with half a Legion
Lies in the old *Suburra*, all will riſe for the brave *Ætius*.

PHIDIUS.

I'll to *Maximus*,
And lead him hither to prevent this Murther,
Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make ſure of.

[*Exit* Phidius *and* Aretus.

ÆCIUS.

I hear 'em come; who ſtrikes firſt? I ſtay for you.

Enter BALBUS, CHYLAX, *and* LYCINIUS.

Yet will I die a Soldier, my Sword drawn,
But againſt none. Why do you fear? come forward.

BALBUS.

You were a Soldier, *Chylax*.

CHYLAX.

Yes, I muſter'd, but never ſaw the Enemy.

LYCINIUS.

He's arm'd: By Heav'n I dare not do it.

ÆCIUS,

Why do you tremble?
I am to die. Come ye not from *Cæſar* to that end? Speak.

BALBUS.

We do, and we muſt kill you; 'tis *Cæſar*'s Will.

CHYLAX.

I charge you put your Sword up,
That we may do it handſomly.

ÆCIUS.

Ha, ha, ha!
My Sword up! Handſomly! Where were you bred?
You are the merrieſt Murtherers, my Maſters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, Fools.
Why do you ſtare? Upon my Honour, Bawds,
I will not ſtrike you.

LYCINIUS.

I'll not be the firſt.

BALBUS.

Nor I.

CHYLAX.

You had beſt die quietly. The Emperor
Sees how you bear your ſelf.

ÆCIUS.

I would die, Raſcals,
If you would kill me quietly.

BALBUS.

Plague on *Proculus*,
He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

ÆCIUS.

I'll call the Guard,
Unleſs you kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beaſtly, baſe, cowardly Companions
The Emperor has truſted with his Safety;
Nay, I'll give out you fell on my Side, Villains;
Strike home, you bawdy Slaves.

CHYLAX.

He will kill us; I mark'd his Hand; he waits
But time to reach us: Now do you offer.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

If you do mangle me,
And kill me not at two Blows, or at three,
Or not ſo ſtagger me, my Senſes fail me,
Look to your ſelves.

CHYLAX.

I told ye.

ÆCIUS.

Strike me manly,
And take a thouſand Strokes.

Enter PONTIUS.

BALBUS.

Here's *Pontius.* [Lycinius *runs away.*

PONTIUS.

Not kill him yet!
Is this the Love you bear the Emperor?
Nay, then I ſee you are Traitors all; have at ye.

CHYLAX.

Oh, I am hurt.

BALBUS.

And I am kill'd — [*Ex.* Chylax *and* Balbus.

PONTIUS.

Die Bawds, as you have liv'd and flouriſh'd.

ÆCIUS.

Wretched Fellow, what haſt thou done?

PONTIUS.

Kill'd them that durſt not kill, and you are next.

ÆCIUS.

Art thou not *Pontius?*

PONTIUS.

I am the ſame you caſt, *Æcius,*
And in the Face of all the Camp diſgrac'd.

ÆCIUS.

Then ſo much nobler, as thou art a Soldier,
Shall my Death be. Is it Revenge provokes thee?
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

PONTIUS.

Both.

ÆCIUS.

Then do it.

PONTIUS.

Is that all?

ÆCIUS.

Yes.

PONTIUS.

Would you not live?

ÆCIUS.

Why ſhould I? to thank thee for my Life?

PONTIUS.

Yes, if I ſpare it.

ÆCIUS.

Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any Courteſy but killing me,
A Fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

PONTIUS.

Do you not fear me?

ÆCIUS.

No.

PONTIUS.

Nor love me for it?

ÆCIUS.

That's as thou doſt thy Buſineſs.

PONTIUS.

When you are dead your Place is mine, *Ætius*.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee, *Pontius*, but the Empire.

PONTIUS.

Why, I can govern, Sir.

ÆCIUS.

I wou'd thou coud'ſt, and firſt thy ſelf:
Thou can'ſt fight well and bravely, thou canſt
Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'ns angry Flames are not ſuddener,
Than I have ſeen thee execute, nor more mortal,
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I have ſtood and ſee the mow away like Ruſhes.
And ſtill kill the Killer; were thy Mind
But half ſo ſweet in Peace as rough in Dangers,
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me.
Come ſtrike, and be a General ———

PONTIUS.

Prepare then,
And, for I ſee your Honour cannot leſſen,
And 'twere a Shame for me to ſtrike a Man,
Fight your ſhort Span out.

ÆCIUS.

No, thou know'ſt I muſt not;
I dare not give thee ſuch Advantage of me
As Diſobedience.

PONTIUS.

Dare you not defend you
Againſt your Enemy?

ÆCIUS.

Not ſent from *Cæſar*,
I have no Power to make ſuch Enemies,

For, as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held
To ſhew I was a Soldier. Had not *Cæſar*
Chain'd all Defence in this Doom, Let him die,
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
And open in an Enemy ſuch Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on.

PONTIUS.

Then have at you,
And look upon me, and be ſure you fear not,
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: Cry not Hold,
Nor think it baſe Injuſtice I ſhould kill thee.

ÆCIUS.

I am prepar'd for all.

PONTIUS.

For now *Æcius*,
Thou ſhalt behold and find I was no Traitor;
And as I do it, bleſs me —— Die as I do ——

[Pontius *kills himſelf.*

ÆCIUS.

Thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee,
By all my Hopes in Heav'n thou'rt a *Roman*.

PONTIUS.

To ſhew you what you ought to do this is not;
But, noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the Rank of dangerous Perſons,
And I muſt dying ſay it was but Juſtice,
You caſt me from my Credit; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but Truth to ſave me,
And your Forgiveneſs, tho' you hold me heinous

And

And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire
Turns all to Flames it meets with: You miſtook me,
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Eaſe,
Want of the Soldier's Due — The Enemy!
The Nakedneſs we found at Home, and Scorn,
Children of Peace and Pleaſures, no Regard,
Nor Comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em;
To ruſty Time that eats our Bodies up,
And ev'n began to prey upon our Hours,
To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuſes;
To them that when the Enemy invaded,
Made us the Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;
To ſilken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers ſail'd,
And under whoſe Protection their ſoft Pleaſures
Grow full and Numberleſs. To this I am a Foe.
Not to the State, or any Point of Duty;
And let me ſpeak but what a Soldier may;
Truly I ought to be ſo, yet I err'd,
Becauſe a far more nobler Sufferer
Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I loſt it;
This is the End I die for: To live baſely,
And not the Follower of him that bred me,
In full Account and Virtue, *Pontius* dares not;
Much leſs to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

ÆCIUS.

I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,
For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
The Gods ſhall find thee one: Thou haſt faſhion'd Death
In ſuch an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder Men can live! Canſt thou ſpeak one word more?
For thy Words are ſuch a Harmony, a Soul
Would chooſe to fly to Heav'n in.

PON.

PONTIUS.

A Farewel, good noble General, your Hand:
Forgive me, and think whatever was diſpleaſing to you,
Was none of mine; you cannot live.

ÆCIUS.

I will not; yet one Word more.

PONTIUS.

Die nobly; *Rome* farewel;
And *Valentinian* fall.
In Joy you've given me a quiet Death,
I would ſtrike more Wounds if I had more Breath. [*Dies.*

ÆCIUS.

Is there an Hour of Goodneſs beyond this?
Or any Man that would out-live ſuch Dying?
Would *Cæſar* double all my Honours on me,
And ſtick me o'er with Favours like a Miſtreſs;
Yet would I grow to this Man: I have lov'd,
But never doted on a Face 'till now. Oh Death!
Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleaſures
Beyond Poſterity: Come, Friends, and kill me.
Cæſar, be kind, and ſend a thouſand Swords,
The more, the greater is my Fall. Why ſtay you?
Come, and I'll kiſs your Weapons: Fear me not,
By all the Gods, I'll Honour ye for killing.
Appear, or thro' the Court and World I'll ſearch ye,
I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye,
The Weeds of *Italy*, the Droſs of Nature.
Whereare ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves ——. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

VALENTINIAN *and the Eunuch diſcover'd on a Couch.*

VALENTINIAN.

Oh let me preſs theſe balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my Love-ſcorch'd Soul in thy moiſt Kiſſes.
Now by my Joys thou art all ſweet and ſoft,
And thou ſhalt be the Altar of my Love;
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleaſure and bleſs'd Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*.
No God nor Goddeſs ever was ador'd with ſuch Religion,
As my Love ſhall be; for in theſe charming Raptures
Of my Soul, claſpt in thy Arms I'll waſte my ſelf away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;
While to the Honour of *Lucina*'s Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loſs for ever.

A SONG.

I.

Kindneſs hath reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides can weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

II.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade,
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

Enter

Enter ÆCIUS *with Two Swords.*

VALENTINIAN.

Ha! what deſperate Mad-man weary of his Being,
Preſumes to preſs upon my happy Moments?
Ætius? And arm'd whence comes this impious Boldneſs?
Did not my Will, the World's moſt ſacred Law,
Doom thee to die?
And dar'ſt thou in Rebellion be alive?
Is Death more fruitful grown than Diſobedience?

ÆCIUS.

Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,
Which in your Service has been ſtill expos'd
To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,
And all the dreadful Toils of horrid War,
Am I thus lowly laid before your Feet:
For what mean Wretch, who has his Duty done,
Would care to live, when you declare him worthleſs?
If I muſt fall, which your ſevere Diſfavour
Hath made the eaſier and the nobler Choice;
Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice,
To the poor Spleen of a baſe Favourite.
Let not vile Inſtruments deſtroy the Man,
Whom once you lov'd; but let your Hand beſtow
That welcome Death your Anger has decreed.
[*Lays his Sword at his Feet.*

VALENTINIAN.

Go, ſeek the common Executioner,
Old Man, thro' Vanity and Years grown mad:
Or to reprieve thee from the Hangman's Stroke,
Go, uſe thy military Intereſt,

To

To beg a milder Death among the Guards,
And tempt my kindled Wrath no more with Folly,

ÆCIUS.

Ill-counſell'd, thankleſs Prince, you did indeed
Beſtow that Office on a Soldier;
But in the Army could you hope to find,
With all your Bribes, a Murderer of *Æcius?*
Whom they ſo long have follow'd, known and own'd,
Their God in War? and thy good Genius ever!
Speechleſs and cold without, upon the Ground,
The Soldier lies, whoſe generous Death will teach
Poſterity true Gratitude and Honour;
And preſs as heavily upon thy Soul,
Loſt *Valentinian*, as by the barb'rous Rape.
For which ſince Heav'n alone muſt puniſh thee,
I'll do Heav'ns Juſtice on thy baſe Aſſiſter,

[*Runs at* Lycias.

LYCIAS.

Save me, my Lord.

VALENTINIAN.

Hold, honeſt *Æcius*, hold,
I was too raſh. Oh ſpare the gentle Boy!
And I'll forgive thee all.

LYCIAS.

Furies and Death. [*Dies.*

VALENTINIAN.

He bleeds! Mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n!
For ſure my lovely Boy was one of you!
But he is dead, and now ye may rejoice,
For ye have ſtoln him from me, ſpiteful Powers!
Empire and Life, I ever have deſpis'd,
The Vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear,

In

In Love alone my Soul found real Joys!
And ſtill ye tyrannize and croſs my Love.
Oh that I had a Sword [*Ætius throws him a Sword.*
To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell. [*Fight.*

ÆCIUS.

Take your Deſire, and try if lawleſs Luſt
Can ſtand againſt Truth, Honeſty, and Juſtice:
I have my Wiſh. Gods give you true Repentance;
And bleſs you ſtill. Beware of *Maximus.*

[*They fight. Ætius runs on the Emperor's Sword, falls and dies.*

VALENTINIAN.

Farewel, dull Honeſty, which tho' deſpis'd,
Canſt make thy Owner run on certain Ruin.
Old *Ætius!* Where is now thy Name in War?
Thy Intereſt with ſo many conquer'd Nations?
The Soldier's Reverence, and the People's Love?
Thy mighty Fame and Popularity?
With which thou kept'ſt me ſtill in certain Fear;
Depending on thee for uncertain Safety:
Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,
Who, urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his Pow'r,
To hope Protection from his Favourite?
Wallowing in Eaſe and Vice, feels no Contempt,
But wears the empty Name of Prince with Scorn;
And lives a poor led Pageant to his Slave?
Such have I been to thee, honeſt *Ætius!*
Thy Pow'r kept me in Awe, thy Pride in Pain,
Till now I liv'd; but ſince thou'rt dead, I'll reign.

Enter

Enter PHIDIUS *with* MAXIMUS.

PHIDIUS.

Behold, my Lord, the cruel Emperor,
By whoſe tyrannick Doom the noble *Ætius*
Was judg'd to die.

VALENTINIAN.

He was ſo, ſaucy Slave!
Struck by this Hand, here groveling at my Feet
The Traitor lies! as thou ſhalt do, bold Villain!
Go to the Furies, carry my Defiance, [*Kills him.*
And tell 'em, *Cæſar* fears not Earth nor Hell.

PHIDIUS.

Stay, *Ætius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghoſt.
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long Vault of Death,
I hear thy Wife cry out, Revenge me!
Revenge me on the Raviſher! no more!
Aretus comes to aid thee! Oh! farewel. [*Dies.*

VALENTINIAN.

Ha! what not ſpeak yet? thou whoſe Wrongs are greateſt;
Or do the Horrors that we have been doing
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,
Anſwer the Emperor: *Cæſar* bids thee ſpeak!

MAXIMUS.

A *Roman?* Ha! and *Cæſar* bids thee ſpeak!
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o'er in Groans;
But oh! the Story is ineffable!
Cæſar's Commands back'd with the Eloquence
Of all the inſpiring Gods, cannot declare it.
Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!
Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatneſs!

Speak.

Speak, ſay'ſt thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*?
Yes, I will ſpeak. Imperial Murderer!
Raviſher! Oh thou Royal Villany!
In Purple dipt to give a gloſs to Miſchief.
Yet ere thy Death enriches my Revenge,
And ſwells the Book of Fate, you ſtatelier Madman,
Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,
To make thy Fall more dreadful. Why haſt thou ſlain
Thy Friend, thy only Stay for ſinking Greatneſs?
What Frenzy, what blind Fury did poſſeſs thee,
To cut off thy right Hand, and fling it from thee?
For ſuch was *Ætius*.

VALENTINIAN.

Yes, and ſuch art thou;
Joint Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.
Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever; leave me.
Tho' Traitor, yet becauſe I once did wrong thee,
Live like a vagrant Slave. I baniſh thee.

MAXIMUS.

Hold me, you Gods; and judge your Paſſions rightly,
Leſt I ſhould kill him: Kill this luxurious Worm,
Ere yet a Thought of Danger has awak'd him.
End him even in the Midſt of Night-Debauches,
Mounted upon a *Tripos*, drinking Healths
With ſhallow Raſcals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,
Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,
And bear the drunken *Cæſar* to his Bed;
Where, to the Scandal of all Majeſty,
At every Graſp he belches Provinces,
Kiſſes off Fame, at the Empire's Ruin
Enjoys his coſtly Whore.

VALENTINIAN.

Peace, Traitor, or thou dy'ſt,
Tho' palè *Lucina* ſhould direct thy Sword,
I would aſſault thee if thou offer more.

MAXIMUS.

More? by the immortal Gods I will awake thee,
I'll rouſe thee, *Cæſar*, if ſtrong Reaſon can,
If thou hadſt ever Senſe of *Roman* Honour,
Or the Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee,
Why haſt thou us'd me thus for all my Service,
My Toils, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?
Why didſt thou tear the only Garland from me,
That could make proud my Conqueſts? O ye Gods!
If there be no ſuch thing as Right or Wrong,
But Force alone muſt ſwallow all Poſſeſſion,
Then to what purpoſe in ſo long Deſcents
Were *Roman* Laws obſerv'd, or Heav'n obey'd?
If ſtill the Great for Eaſe or Vice form'd,
Why did our firſt Kings toil? Why was the Plough
Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?
Why was the luſtful *Tarquin* with his Houſe
Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*.

VALENTINIAN.

I cannot bear thy Words. Vext Wretch, no more.
He ſhocks me. Prithee, *Maximus*, no more,
Reaſon no more; thou troubleſt me with Reaſon.

MAXIMUS.

What ſervile Raſcal, what moſt abject Slave,
That lick'd the Duſt where-e'er his Maſter trod,
Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,
And ſhook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus'* Vengeance?
Who that e'er heard the Cauſe, applauded not

That

That *Roman* Spirit, for his great Revenge?
Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer:
Lucrece was not his Wife as she was mine,
For ever ravish'd, ever lost *Lucina*.

VALENTINIAN.

Ah name her not: That Name, thy Face and Reason,
Are the Three Things on Earth I would avoid:
Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,
And give thee half the Empire to be gone.

MAXIMUS.

Thus steel'd with such a Cause, what Soul but mine
Had not upon the Instant ended thee?
Sworn in that Moment ——— *Cæsar* is no more;
And so I had. But I will tell thee, Tyrant,
To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears;
Æcius, whom thou hast slain, prevented me;
Æcius, who on this bloody Spot lies murder'd
By barb'rous *Cæsar*, watch'd my vow'd Revenge,
And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cæsar*.

VALENTINIAN.

How then durst thou, reviewing this great Example,
With impious Arms assault the Emperor?

MAXIMUS.

Because I have more Wit than Honesty;
More of thy self, more Villany than Virtue,
More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,
Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.
What, share your Empire? Suffer you to live?
After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,
Coud'st thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh in deed.

VALENTINIAN.

I am satisfy'd that thou didst ever hate me

Thy Wife's Rape therefore was an Act of Juſtice,
And ſo far thou haſt eas'd my tender Conſcience.
Therefore to hope a Friendſhip from thee now,
Were vain to me, as is the World's continuance,
Where ſolid Pains ſucceed our ſenſeleſs Joys,
And ſhort-liv'd Pleaſures fleet like paſſing Dreams,
Ætius, I mourn thy Fate as much as man can do
In my Condition, that am going, and therefore
Should be buſy with my ſelf; yet to thy Memory I will allow
Some grains of Time, and drop ſome ſorrowing Tears.
Oh, *Ætius!* Oh!

MAXIMUS.

Why this is right, my Lord;
And if theſe Drops are Orient, you will ſet
True *Cæſar*, glorious in your going down,
Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy,
Allow at leaſt a Poſſibility,
Where Thought is loſt, and think there may be Gods,
An unknown Country, after you are dead,
As well as there was one ere you were born.

VALENTINIAN.

I've thought enough, and with that Thought reſolve
To mount Imperial from the burning Pile.
I grieve for *Ætius!* yes, I mourn him, Gods!
As if I had met my Father in the dark,
And ſtriving for the way had murder'd him.
Oh, ſuch a faithful Friend! that when he knew
I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,
Yet then he ran his Heart upon his Sword,
And gave a fatal Proof of dying Love,

MAXIMUS.

'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my purpoſe,
Elſe at my Entrance with a brutal Blow,
I'd fell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,
Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your Hour,
And if whene'er Fate call'd a *Cæſar* home,
The judging Gods look'd down to mark his dying.

VALENTINIAN.

Oh ſubtle Traitor! how he dallies with me?
Think not, thou ſaucy Counſellor, my Slave,
Tho' at this Moment I ſhould feel thy Foot
Upon my Neck, and Sword within my Bowels,
That I would ask a Life from thee. No, Villain,
When once the Emperor is at thy Command,
Power, Life and Glory muſt take leave for ever:
Therefore prepare the utmoſt of thy Malice;
But to torment thee more, and ſhew how little
All thy Revenge can do appears to *Cæſar*,
Would the Gods raiſe *Lucina* from the Grave,
And fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,
Before thy Face I'd raviſh her again.

MAXIMUS.

Hark, hark! *Aretus* and the Legions come.

VALENTINIAN.

Come all, *Aretus*, and the Rebel Legions;
Let *Æcius* too part from the Goal of Death,
And run the flying Race of Life with us;
I'd be the foremoſt ſtill, and ſnatch freſh Glory
To my laſt Gaſp, from the contending World;
Garlands and Crowns too ſhall attend my Dying,
Statues and Temples, Altars ſhall be rais'd

To

To my great Name, while your more vile Inſcriptions
Time rots, and mould'ring Clay is all your Portion.

Enter ARETUS *and Soldiers. They kill the Emperor.*

MAXIMUS.

Lead me to Death or Empire, which you pleaſe,
For both are equal to a ruin'd Man:
But, Fellow-Soldiers, if you are my Friends,
Bring me to Death, that I may there find Peace,
Since Empire is too poor to make amends
For half the Loſſes I have undergone.
A true Friend, and a tender faithful Wife,
The two bleſt Miracles of Human Life.
Go now and ſeek new Worlds to add to this;
Search Heav'n for Bleſſings to enrich the Gift;
Bring Power and Pleaſure on the Wings of Fame,
And heap this Treaſure upon *Maximus*,
You'll make a great Man not a happy one;
Sorrows ſo juſt as mine, muſt never end,
For my Love raviſh'd, and my murder'd Friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

'TIS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,
'Twould bring in queſtion elſe our Author's Senſe,
Two monſtrous things, produc'd for this our Age,
And no where to be ſeen but on the Stage.
A Woman Raviſh'd, and a great Man Wiſe,
Nay Honeſt too, without the leaſt Diſguiſe.
Another Character deſerves great Blame,
A Cuckold daring to revenge his Shame.
Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, *wanting Wit,*
Angry when all true Engliſhmen *ſubmit;*
Witneſs the Horns of the well-headed Pit.
Tell me, ye Fair Ones, pray now tell me, why
For ſuch a Fault as this to bid me die.
Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey,
'Twould ſpoil our Audience for the next new Play,
Too many wanting, who are here to-day.
For I ſuppoſe if e'er that happen'd to ye,
'Twas Force prevail'd, ye ſaid, he would undo ye.
Struggling, cry'd out, but all alas in vain,
Like me ye underwent the killing Pain.
Did you not pity me, lament each Groan,
When left with the wild Emperor alone?
I know in Thought ye kindly bore a part,
Each had her Valentinian *in her Heart.*

FINIS.

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